Everybody's Magazine

May 1917

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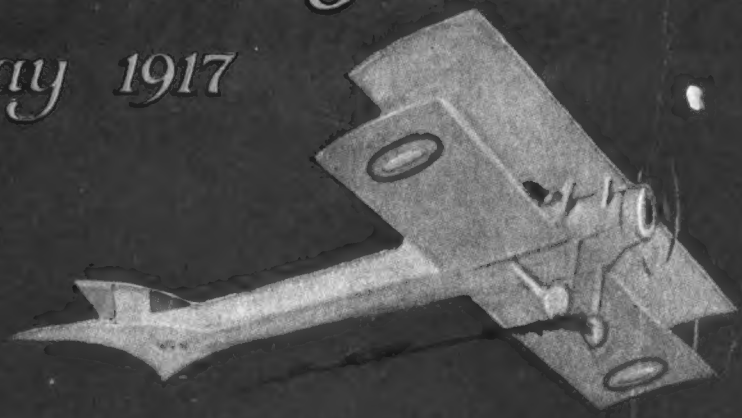

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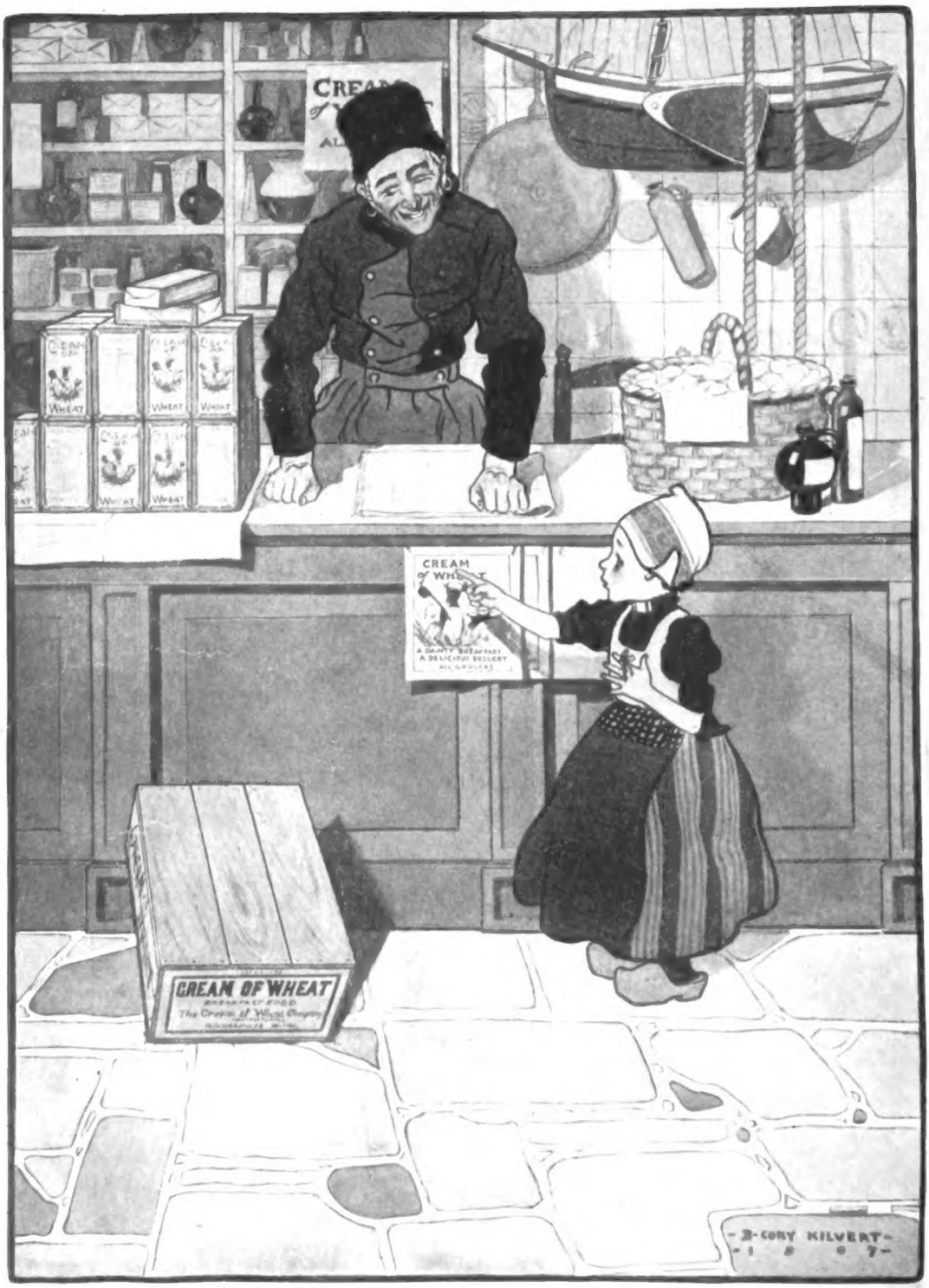

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"LEST WE FORGET."

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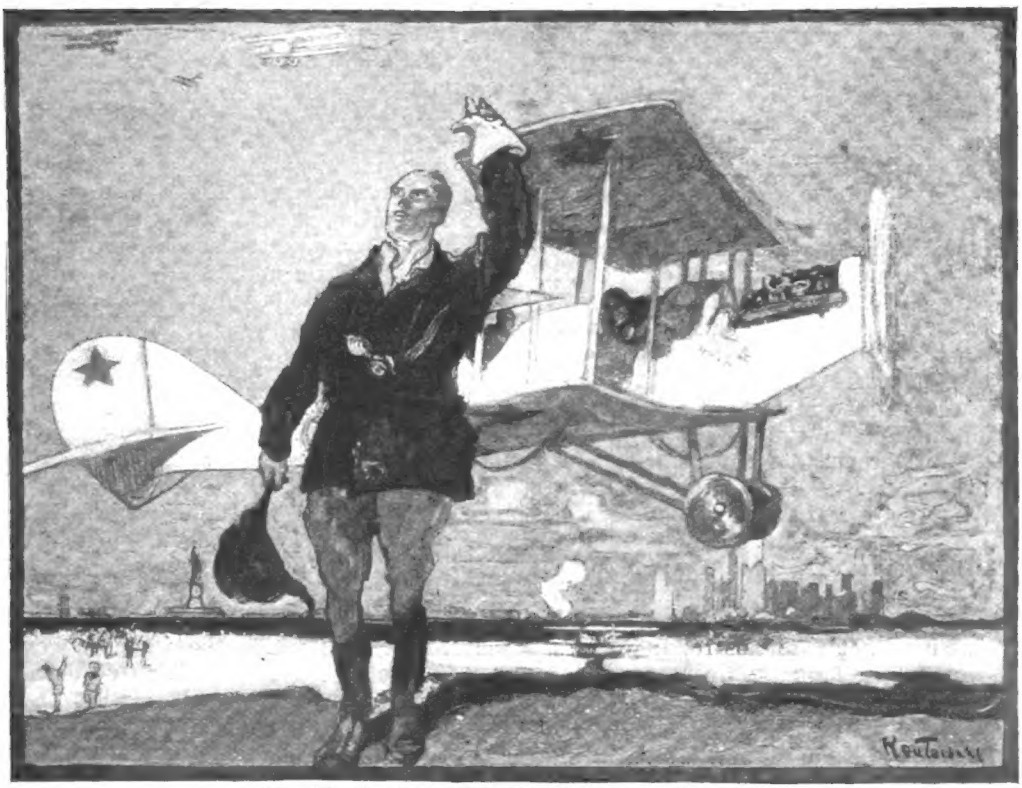
Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER FIVE MAY 1917 VOLUME XXXVI.



THE WINGS OF THE U.S.A.

By William G. Shepherd

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

THIS story of airships and air fighting, by a man who has had unusual opportunities to watch air achievement in Europe, is written to show America a great need. Mr. Shepherd has reported the war from every important battle-front in Europe. As correspondent of the United Press, he covered the destruction of Belgium; he has been at the British front in France; at the German front in Servia; with the Austrians at Przemysl; with the Italians in the Trieste district. Mr. Shepherd's interesting Confessions of a War Correspondent have been running in EVERYBODY'S.

In the article that follows, Mr. Shepherd has revealed no military secrets. He has assembled in a telling fashion facts that any American could discover for himself; and he offers a big, constructive suggestion which we believe every American should endorse.

Just after completing "The Wings of the U. S. A." he started for Petrograd, and later numbers of EVERYBODY'S will include articles by him on the Russian Revolution and the situations that may develop.—THE EDITOR.

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THERE is a short cut which the United States can make toward mastery, in war, over enemies on land or sea. It is a recipe for victory, and it has to do with our strength in the air.

I am writing this article to show that it is superlatively important that we take this short cut. The wings of the U. S. A. will be palsied (and palsied wings, in this twentieth-century war, are far more dangerous than palsied arms) for at least one year, if we do not. I know definitely, and every man who has seen the war in Europe knows definitely, just exactly what step we ought to take—nay, MUST take—to escape an early catastrophe in the air if war comes upon us. And a catastrophe in the air means catastrophes on both land and sea. What this one thing is which we must do, I intend to point out in this article. It is as simple and clear as day.

The long, hard road along which the nations in Europe have struggled in learning aerial warfare is not pleasant to view. But we need not take this road: we must cut across, profiting by their experiences and their lessons in how *not* to do things, and quickly reach the same point of excellence they have attained to-day after so much trouble.

The United States gave wings to mankind through the Wright Brothers. It also gave the idea of the war-time Zeppelin to Germany; for it was by watching the work of Union troops in spying on Confederate lines from observation balloons that Count Zeppelin first got the idea of sending an army's eyes and arms into the sky. Count Zeppelin's first ascent was made at St. Paul, Minnesota. We know how to fly in the United States, but we have before us now the duty of learning the value of properly using our wings in warfare.

It is a feverish and bloody progress that has been made in flying in Europe. In the laboratory of aerial warfare, during the last thirty-three months, human lives have been spent in experiments like the lives of animals on the vivisectionist's table; but thousands of airmen, testing every new idea, and hundreds of aerial engineers and scientists, madly struggling in their laboratories, have achieved a progress that not a hundred years of peace could have brought about.

While in peace times we find one Pegoud who shocks the world by taking his life in his hand to prove that an aeroplane can fly upside down, there have been hundreds of grim men in Europe since the war began who have lost their lives in showing how aerial warfare ought *not* to be conducted.

No one, for instance, knows how many lives have been lost, on all sides, in proving that the monoplane was not practicable. In England one day, early in the war, two young men of fine families went up in a monoplane to test its value as a machine for observation purposes. They fell, and both were killed. The next day two young men were sent up to try to find out whether or not the accident of the day before was due to inherent dangers in the one-winged type of aeroplane. They too fell, and both were killed. Wherefore the monoplane was wiped off the British books. No army uses monoplanes to-day.

Not half of the mechanical improvement can be told. When the world comes to, after the war madness, and takes count of the few benefits which the war has bestowed, one of the most striking of them will be the discovery that the air has become a safer sphere for travel than the land. Zeppelins have done the equivalent of transatlantic flights, and there are aeroplanes in use to-day that could fly from Ireland to Newfoundland, 1,800 miles, without any great special preparation.

"I say! You!" shouted an Englishman to me on a street in The Hague some months ago. I turned and saw a young man in the uniform of the British flyers whom I had known during the Orozco revolution in northern Mexico in 1912; he had brought a flying-machine to El Paso, intending to help Orozco upset Madero. "Come out to my house to dinner," he said. "I want to show you my home." He lived in a beautiful little suburban château, and he presented me to his wife, a charming American girl.

"I was shot down, after over a year of flying at the front," he explained, "but I just managed to soar across the Dutch border. If I had had two minutes less time I'd have been a prisoner in Germany to-day. But, as it was, here I am. The Dutch don't lock us up. They give us freedom in The Hague on parole. I met

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THE WAR EAGLES OF THE FLEET.

IT IS SAFE PROPHESY THAT THE NEXT GREAT SEA-FIGHT IN EUROPE, PERHAPS THE FINAL CLASH BETWEEN THE GREAT FLEETS OF GERMANY AND ENGLAND, WILL SEE SCORES OF AEROPLANES AND MANY OBSERVATION BALLOONS ENGAGED.

an American girl who was visiting here, and we fell in love and were married. And now we're waiting for the war to end."

When we got to talking of old times in Mexico, he drew a photograph of his old flying-machine from a writing-desk. It

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had been taken in the baseball park at El Paso in 1913.

"By Jove! Just to think that I ever went into the air in a thing like that, made of bamboo fishpoles! We didn't know any better then, and that was only forty months ago. I've been all through every kind of danger a man can have in air-fighting, but I've never been in so much danger, here on the front, as I used to be just riding in that old machine at El Paso. And I flew over a moving freight-train in that thing and let a movie operator drop from it to the top of a box car. Ugh! It gives me the shudders!"

"The machines you use to-day must be pretty good," I suggested.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "It's a beastly bore to fly in them. It's just like sitting on a log. You get your levers set and then you can take your hands off them and not touch them. There you sit, just like a man alone in the woods on a log, thinking about everything on earth, and bored to death. Believe me, flying-men weren't bored in the machines we had two years ago. Flying then was like walking a tight rope: your mind had to be on it every second."

The stork was settling down over this British flying-man's home when I left the Hague; a tiny human being was coming into the world who would owe his existence to the fact that one day, in the sky, a man who was flying amid shrapnel had just the necessary margin of two minutes in which to fly out of the enemy's country on to neutral soil.

"And I hope it's a boy," said the flying-man, "because I want him to be able to boast that his daddy flew across the Atlantic Ocean. I've got my machine all picked out for the job."

The United States will not be behind in this matter of mechanical perfection. No danger lies in that direction. We will take every short cut in the matter of mechanical improvement that the experience of the European air-fighters has suggested. A census of the eleven aeroplane factories in the country will show that we are able to produce any sort of a machine that the war has demanded. Not long ago an American factory sent to Europe a hydro-aeroplane which had a stretch of wings a third of a block long. It carried two tons of weight besides itself, and in addition to the two 400-horse-power engines for the air propellers, there was a 30-horse-power engine in the boat which operated a water propeller. The steering-gear was operated by electricity. Up to now, it is the last word in aeroplanes. And more of this type are being built.

This is the first public mention that has ever been made of this fact.

Any short cut in the method of getting young men to control the wings of the United States in war, as compared with the system of training flying-men in Europe, will be impossible. Can we outdo the following example, for instance?

A young Englishman, leading a bulldog and carrying a grip, walked casually into the lounging-room of a château in France which was being used as a billet for flying-men and said in a worried way: "I've been told to report to Captain ——. Is he here?"

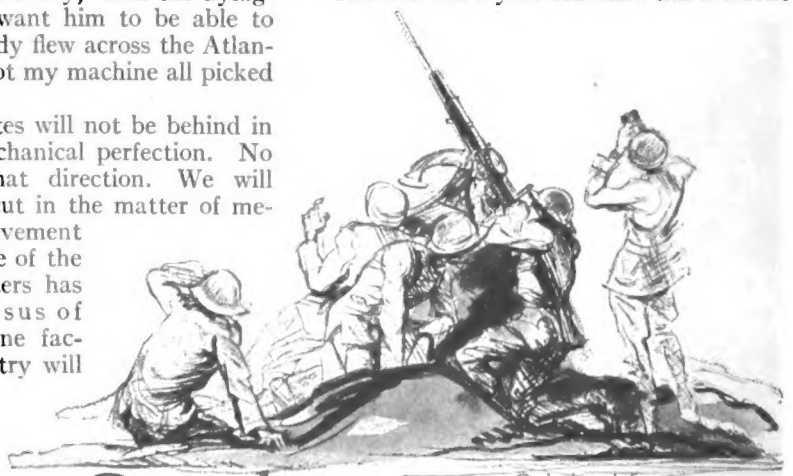
The captain, who was present, rose and shook hands. "How'd you come?" he asked.

"Oh, I flew across, dog and all," explained the young man.

"There's an Oxford chap who has flown only three weeks," the captain said to us, after the youth had gone to the room which had been set aside for him. "He'll be looping within two weeks."

As a matter of fact, within two weeks he *was* looping.

The war was a year old when this incident



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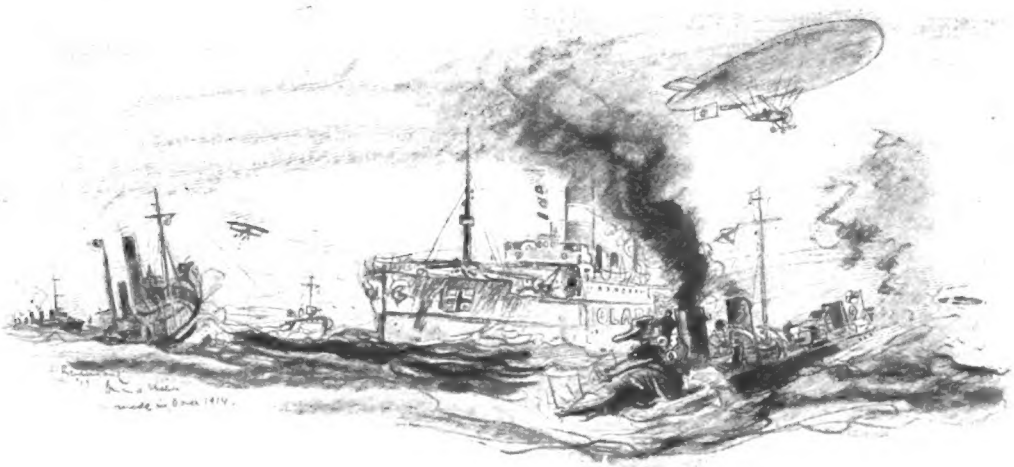
occurred, and a saner light has dawned on the war departments, at least on the Ally side, since that time. Pilots in those early days were looked upon in England as mere chauffeurs for trained military observers. Any man who could fly a machine at all was sent to the front and was expected to take the observers into the sky whenever observation was necessary.

machine a "dud," and his skill as a pilot was so great that by skilful flying he could bring almost any machine across the Channel if the motor would pull it. There are scores and scores of pilots as good as he in the European armies of to-day, and we in the United States ought to have at least five thousand of them at this very moment.

The war offices in Europe got off on the



THE AIRCRAFT PATROL AGAINST SUBMARINES.

SMALL BRITISH DIRIGIBLES AND AEROPLANES GUARD THE CHANNEL SHIPPING AGAINST SUBMARINES. IF A SUBMARINE IS SPOTTED BENEATH THE WATER, PATROL BOATS AND DESTROYERS ARE SUMMONED BY MEANS OF THE AIRCRAFTS' WIRELESS. IT HAS BEEN FOUND THAT BECAUSE OF ITS SLOWER SPEED, THE DIRIGIBLE IS BETTER ADAPTED TO TRACE THE MOVEMENTS OF THE SUBMARINE UNDER WATER THAN IS THE AEROPLANE. IN BRITISH NAVAL LANGUAGE THESE DIRIGIBLES ARE KNOWN AS "BLIMPS."

Observers, next to spies, were considered the bravest men in warfare in those days, for, though none of them had ever been trained to fly an aeroplane, they risked their helpless necks many times daily in machines which were operated by young men who had qualified as pilots with only a few weeks' training.

The pilots in those days and the pilot of to-day can not be compared. Into the barroom of the Savoy Hotel in London, at lunch-time and just before dinner every evening, a tall young British flying-man used to saunter on a quest for a cocktail appetizer. He always had the latest tell-tale gossip from the front, because it was his job to fly from London to the British headquarters in France every morning and every afternoon with a new aeroplane. And he always flew back to London in a broken aeroplane. He called the broken

wrong foot at the beginning of the war in their use of aeroplanes, and it has cost many lives to set them right. On all the fronts, for example, as soon as the fixed trench warfare began, the military leaders on both sides attempted to systematize aerial observation. The results were deadly to the flying-men. At certain hours every day flying-men were sent over certain fixed routes. They ran on stated schedules and at stated heights over these routes, and it was not long before the artillery on both sides knew exactly when and where to expect an enemy aeroplane.

"We used to call 'em the bus routes," an English flying-man said to me recently. "They were deadly, but we had orders to follow them and it had to be done. The Huns had our ranges to a 'T,' and it got so bad at last that only a few of us ever got clear around the route. The Germans had

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their bus routes, too. But both sides stopped this scheduled flying after a while. The generals found out that the best thing was to give a flying man his head and let him fly in his own way, as long as he got the results they wanted."

It required imagination to use the aeroplane in warfare and the military men didn't have it. It was the flying-man and not the old-time military men who discovered how to use the aeroplane in war. It was in the air and not in the offices of the "gold-hat boys" that the full use of wings in warfare was developed.

Some of the tricks which the flying men learned for themselves went contrary to the books, and even contrary to the theories of the flying-men themselves. The things which it seemed a flying-man *ought* to do were discovered to be the very things that he ought *not* to do.

Under shrapnel fire, for example, it seemed to be the proper thing to climb out of range. And yet the flying-men learned, by deadly experiences, that the best way to avoid shrapnel was to drop, instead of climb, because climbing lessened the speed and afforded a slower target, while dropping increased the speed and spoiled the enemy's range. No doubt our army experts know this trick, although I have never seen an American flyer, except those who have served in the European war, who knew it.

To get above an enemy flyer and in front of him was the early-war idea of plane-to-plane fighting in the air, but experience proved that the best way to bring down the foe was to get below and behind him.

Air-fighters who tried to fly without goggles, on the theory that they interfered with sight, discovered that in fast movements they could not always keep their faces behind their screens. The wind got under their eyelids and puffed them up like little balloons, blinding them.

And the biggest discovery of all was that, if you get into trouble in the sky by an enemy's hit, the best thing to do is to do nothing. "If you're hit, just leave your controls alone," is the extreme motto of men who have had the experience. "If your machine has got anything left, and you're far enough from the ground, she'll right herself. If she doesn't, there's nothing you can do to right it."

The improvements in the flying-machines and in the methods of using them in warfare came from the flying-men themselves. In England Lord Northcliffe made one of the stiffest of his stiff fights against the Government with the cry, "Listen to the flying-men and let them tell us what we need." Too many theoretical old gentlemen in comfortable offices were theorizing about how the aerial department of modern warfare ought to be conducted, while the flying-men themselves, out of their own rich experiences, had gained an adequate knowledge of the possibilities of the aeroplane. These possibilities outdid the most sanguine theories of the chair-warmers.

This may be illustrated by the development of the use of bombs. The British flying-men learned for themselves that to drop a huge weight from an aeroplane would not disturb its equilibrium, provided the weight fell from the exact center of gravity of the machine. Having proved this to their own satisfaction, they demanded eight-hundred-pound bombs. And they got them. And after experience in dropping these bombs they began to demand improvements in the bombs themselves.

"I was flying over a town behind the German lines," said a British flyer one day in the "Flyers' Château," "when I let go my eight-hundred-pound bomb. For some reason or other it wobbled through the air all the way down, and when it struck, it landed on its side. It blew down a whole row of houses. It reminded me of a hose washing away a sand-pile. What we need, now, is a bomb that will always fall on its side. We're wasting too much ammunition in blowing holes in the ground."

Reliable information runs to the effect that the Ally flying-men now have bombs that will drop on their sides instead of their noses. The European flyers, with their new bombs, now speak of "fanning down" a railroad station, instead of "blowing it up."

The flying-men have also worked out for themselves such principles of military organization and management as these: For every machine in use, two other machines must be in reserve, if a general is to expect constant aerial observation. For every pilot in the field, there should be three machines in the hangar. No engine, of any make, is to be depended upon in over-the-trench flying for more than twenty-four

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hours of service. After this service it must be taken apart and thoroughly cleaned and repaired—a week's job for one man. For every pilot in a flying-squad it is necessary to have two machinists and four handy workmen. In other words, it requires six men and three machines to keep one flying-man in the air, over the front.

There has never been a time when the flying-men in Europe have not been heroes in their own armies—and, often enough, in the other fellow's as well.

"One aeroplane is worth a thousand men," said Lord Kitchener after the progress of the war had indicated the possibilities of the aeroplane, and the fact is that the thousand men realized this as thoroughly as Lord Kitchener did. I have walked on the streets with British, German, and Austrian flying-men in various army headquarters, and I have seen soldiers, forgetting all the code of salute and deference, stand, gaping-mouthed in hero-worship, while these men passed by.

Always, the flying-men live in a camp of their own, and, outside of actual working hours, they have as much liberty as an officer of the highest rank. To call them the prima donnas of warfare is no exaggeration. In the early days of the war British flying-men were usually billeted in fine châteaus in France, considerably behind the lines. Pianos, fine pictures, beautiful gardens, daily baths, and even valets made their lives pleasant. I have known a camp of star flyers with a limousine at its disposal. In the morning the limousine would call at the château for the man who had to do the "early watch" on the "bus route." He would enter it and be whisked to the flying-field, where his aeroplane, tended by a mechanic whom he trusted thoroughly, would be in readiness. After receiving his orders, he would climb into the machine, and fly off to work.

Within two hours—if he ever came back at all—he would alight at the flying-field, make his report to the commanding officer, step into the limousine, and be whisked back to his beautiful "Old Château in France." But it was fifty-fifty in those days that a man wouldn't come back. I am not able to give the figures in regard to the early British losses of aeroplane pilots in those days of the uncertain machines and the deadly "bus route"; but French flyers say that of the first three thousand flyers in the French army one thousand five hundred were killed. Life was easy but insecure.

Every evening, on the British flying-fields, about sundown, one may see groups of young Englishmen standing about, chatting casually and with apparent unconcern. They seem to have come to the field without purpose, but, as they swish the grass with their swagger-sticks and talk of unimportant things, you will see that all of them are keeping an eye on the sky. You are beholding that tense ceremony which takes place at sundown on every battle flying-field in Europe—the ceremony of "watching the chickens come home to roost." From time to time, during the day, flyers have failed to return. Sundown is the last call, for if a flying-man can not reach his field by sundown, the chances are that he will never reach it at all.

"There's So-and-so," I heard a flying-man say, in a relieved tone, as I watched the "roosting" ceremony one evening. All he saw was a dot in the sky, and there were half a dozen pilots missing.

"How can you tell it is his machine?"

"Funny!" said the Britisher. "I don't see how I can, but I know it is." And it was.

So-and-so climbed out of the machine, and with his observer came over to the waiting group. "Everybody in?" he asked.

"No," answered the flight commander of the group. "There are five more out," and he named them.

The man who had just come down out of the gloaming joined our group and looked into the sky as anxiously as we. Another dot was identified as "Old Jimmy." When "Old Jimmy" climbed out he proved to be perhaps twenty-two. "Everybody in?" he asked anxiously. They gave him the names of the four men who were still up in the embattled skies, and he too with his observer joined the group.

One after the other, each man asking, "Is everybody in?" they came back to the field; and when the last chicken had come home they started across the fields like a lot of laughing schoolboys—as indeed they were—to dinner and the piano and singing and cards.

"Everybody chipper to-night," said the man who sat next to me at the table with the flying-men that night. "But it's mighty different when some fellow doesn't come home.

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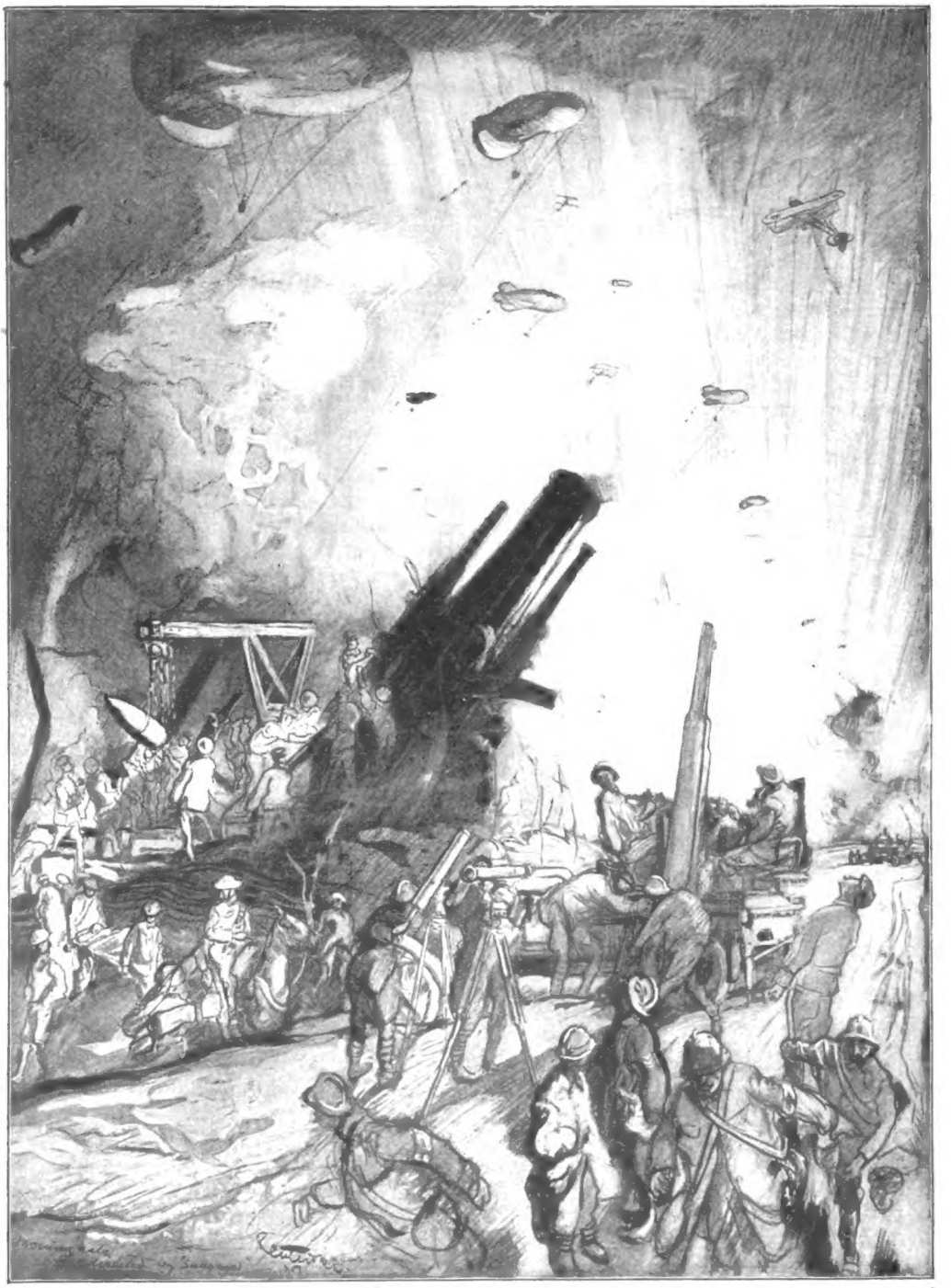

THE EYES OF THE BIG GUNS.

HUNDREDS OF OBSERVATION BALLOONS LINE THE FRONT AND BY MEANS OF TELEPHONE DIRECT THE FIRE OF THE BIG GUNS. THESE BALOONS ARE ANCHORED TO THE GROUND. IN CASE OF ACCIDENT THE OBSERVERS DESCEND BY MEANS OF PARACHUTES.

THE DRAWING REPRESENTS WHAT THE BRITISH SOLDIERS CALL "THE MORNING HATE WITH SAUSAGES"— SAUSAGES BEING THE SLANG TERM FOR THIS TYPE OF AIRCRAFT.

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"Does that happen often?" I asked.

"Two or three times a week," he answered.

This happened in the days of the "bus routes," when flyers were ordered to hold at certain levels and were given little leeway in acting for themselves.

During the last winter's fighting, out of some three thousand flying-men on the British front the missing numbered about ten a week, the wounded about eight, and the dead about seven. The spring fighting has increased these figures, but the early-war proportion of losses has been reduced, so that a flyer's chances of returning to his roost unharmed are now about two out of three instead of even. War-time flying in the United States, if we profit by European example, can and ought to be put on this maximum basis of loss.

Lessons which the British and French flying-men learned for themselves in Zeppelin fighting were bloody, but rich in knowledge. In the old days in London it was little short of murder to send flying-men into the sky. A Zeppelin night for the flying-men went something like this:

A Zeppelin would be sighted over the Channel or the North Sea, heading for London. Telephones and the telegraph would carry the word to Whitehall, and from the Admiralty building the orders would go out to the aeroplane stations around London:

"No. 1, take the 7,000-foot level at 9:15 P. M., with bombs. No. 2, take the 6,500-foot level at 9:20, with bombs. No. 28, take the 3,000-foot level at 9:30, with bombs. Remain in the air until searchlights give descending signals."

At each one of these stations the flying-men would take to the air at the appointed time, covering each his own district of London. Fogs didn't matter; nor winds. One night, to my knowledge, seven out of seventeen young men who went into the sky after a Zeppelin were killed in alighting. The danger of falling and being blown up by their own bombs was incalculable. This all grew out of the unwillingness of the conservative military chair-warmers (they've all departed in England, now) to admit that a flying-man was anything more than a common soldier, with no initiative of his own. When the flying-men of England began to bring down the Zeppelins, it was because this idea had changed. Each flying-man went into the sky, his own man's man, with his night's work to be done on his own orders and with all God's sky around in which to fight wherever he could achieve the deadliest results.

While the land flyers of Europe were working out their own plans, the navy flying-men, too, found many problems to be solved. To-day, the best information runs, there is not a single ship of size in the British, French, Italian, German, and Austrian navies that does not carry its own aeroplane and flying-man. An aeroplane is as necessary to a fighting ship as a periscope to a submarine; without it, in this twentieth-century warfare, a war-ship, no matter what its strength, is as helpless as a blinded giant. With aeroplanes and balloons giving ranges to gunners it has now become possible, so navy experts believe, for fighting fleets to hide from each other behind the horizon and to fire over the rim of the "world's edge" as artillerymen on land fire across hills or soldiers fire over the top of their trenches.

The layman will understand this point more clearly when he realizes that from a deck thirty feet above the water the edge of the horizon is only seven miles distant, and that from a spotting station on the masts it is impossible to see a ship at a greater distance than eleven miles. Without the use of aeroplanes the British registered hits on a German man-of-war in the battle of the Bight of Heligoland at a distance of eleven miles, and with the assistance of aerial observation the guns on both the British and the German ships might have registered hits at fifteen miles.

Naval guns used on land by the Germans, and more highly elevated in range than it is possible, with present construction, to elevate them on a ship, have carried shells twenty-four miles and hit their marks. If guns throw shells twenty-four miles and an aeroplane pilot can see twenty-four miles, it will be possible to register occasional hits at that distance.

During an aeroplane flight which I took over Hampton Roads within the past few weeks, I made a layman's observations under the instructions of a naval expert, which indicated to my layman's mind—and assist me to lay before the layman minds of my readers—the tremendous importance of aeroplane or balloon observation in naval warfare. At a height of a mile we were

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THE AIR BATTLE OVER THE TRENCHES.

IN THE AIR SUPREMACY, WHICH TO-DAY BELONGS TO THE ALLIES, THERE IS A DISTINCT AMERICAN TOUCH. THE AMERICAN ESCADRILLE OF THE FRENCH FLYING CORPS HAVE WON UNDYING LAURELS. AIRPLANES AND MOTORS COME FROM BUFFALO; THE LEWIS GUN, AN AMERICAN INVENTION REJECTED BY OUR WAR DEPARTMENT, IS THE BRITISH AIR-FIGHTERS' PRINCIPAL WEAPON, AND BY MEANS OF THIS MACHINE GUN SIX ZEPPELINS HAVE BEEN BROUGHT DOWN.

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theoretically able to see ninety-six miles in every direction. By means of a wireless we could have spoken to Fortress Monroe, which lay below us, or to a battle-ship which lay in the harbor and directed a fire against enemy ships which were out of sight of the gunners, but which we in the air might have seen as clearly as we saw the fortress or the American man-of-war.

As we circled over the historic old fortress I remembered the instructions of my naval friend and tried to picture to myself the consternation of the men in the fort or the men on the battle-ship if we were an enemy aeroplane, directing the fire of an enemy ship. Down there, below us, I knew that there was not one single fighting aeroplane; theoretically we, as an enemy plane, would be armed. One after another we might shoot down the American planes which would rise into the sky to try to give the American gunners their ranges, and in the meantime the shells from the enemy ship, directed by our wireless information, would be falling on the blind and helpless fort and battle-ship.

Everything that I imagined, there in the air, might have happened on that particular spring afternoon in Hampton Roads if we had been at war with a European enemy.

Incidentally, the possibility of our destroying an enemy ship by bomb-dropping seemed too remote for consideration; the ships that were below us appeared as small as pictures on a postage-stamp.

"Look for submarines when you get up there," the navy man had said, and I followed his advice. It was a choppy day, but no periscope could have left its trail anywhere in Hampton Roads that day and escaped without notice. More than that, we could see to the bottom except in certain places where the water was deepest, and there are clear days when the floor of Hampton Roads is as clearly seen by the flying-men as the farms around Hampton and Newport News. The white shape of a moving submarine below the surface—strangely enough, the darkest-colored submarine appears, when submerged, almost white to the air-pilot who sees it from aloft—could never escape a flyer's notice on such a day.

This one experience proved to my layman's mind, more than all the cries of the navy men might have done, the extreme necessity for the United States, in its efforts toward preparedness, to equip itself with enough aeroplanes—thousands of them—to patrol the waters of our vast coast-line and bays. Coast-patrol boats, in these days of aerial observation in warfare, are almost as sightless and happy-go-lucky as floating mines. Eyes in the air they must have to summon them to the enemy's presence.

All of these possibilities of the aeroplane or balloons in naval warfare which I have indicated, and others upon which I have not touched, were worked out by the British Navy and flying-men during the early days of the war. To-day the aeroplane is considered so important that it is generally believed in the British Navy that both German and British submarines are being devised to carry an aeroplane.

The battle of Jutland, which is the first sea-fight that has taken place since the development of the aeroplane as an adjunct of the navy, is still hidden in mystery as to some of its chief details; but in its mists, both historical and actual, we catch the gleam of aeroplane wings and the dim outlines of the hulks of huge air-ships. It is safe prophecy that the next great sea-fight in Europe, perhaps the final clash between the great fleets of Germany and England, will see scores of aeroplanes and many observation balloons engaged.

What could we prophesy of a sea-fight between the United States and Germany under the very recent conditions which gave our navy thirty-seven sea-planes, with only FORTY *ordered for future delivery, and* THREE *kite balloons?*

However, the problem of a short cut to effective aerial mastery which has been mentioned does not have to do directly with the number of aeroplanes we may possess. There is little doubt, in fact, that under the urge of imminent war we should shortly become possessed of a large and even sufficient number of aeroplanes. The problem is a deeper one than a matter of mechanics.

But to return to our European land-and sea-flyers. A harmful contest arose, at the outset of the war, in most of the countries of Europe, between the land- and sea-flying forces. To secure pilots was extremely difficult, and the army bureaus were inclined to demand that the navy sacrifice its aerial power to the land aerial forces until the latter were fully established. The land

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"I GOT ACQUAINTED WITH THE WHOLE TURKISH ARMY, CAMELS AND ALL. I EVEN GOT SO I RECOGNIZED SOME OF THE FACES."

fighters in England, for instance, pointed out how aeroplanes were used in the military maneuvers in 1913, long before the navy seriously thought of adopting them. They recounted how on this occasion the high technical plans of the most expert old generals were broken up, much to the disgust of the old generals themselves, by the fact that a fellow in greasy overalls, who wasn't even a soldier, could walk into their offices, and in a few words, perhaps ungrammatical, tell them of things that he had seen from his wobbly aeroplane during the day that would upset their deepest-laid military schemes.

A story in London goes that a famous but crusty old general in the maneuvers of 1913 kicked one of these "overalled persons"

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out of his office, saying "Get the hell out of here! You're only a civilian, and you're muddling up our whole game!"

The army men pointed out that they had been the first to adopt this greasy, oily-faced chap, this "air person," this "showman," and make a soldier out of him, and for this reason they felt that the aeroplane was peculiarly the property of the army. The navy had its own strong arguments, and the contest between the two branches of the fighting forces of Britain became intense and harmful. The young men of England were inclined to favor the navy.

The flying-men themselves worked out this problem of paralleling the naval and the military flying corps and consolidating their efforts. It was along the Suez Canal, during the winter of 1914-15, that the army and navy flyers of England showed their superiors how both branches might be used at the same time. As the Turks labored across the desert toward the canal, dragging their steel pontoons over the sands and urging along their staggering camels, laden with the water and food that meant the army's very life, the aeroplanes of the British flying-men were over them almost every daylight minute. A British flying-man in Salonica told me of his experience in this desert work.

"It was really pathetic," he said. "We'd fly over them, and watch the poor blighters struggling through the sands. I got acquainted with the whole Turkish army, camels and all. I even got so I recognized some of the faces. We knew all about their progress, of course, and we had weeks to get ready for them, at the canal. They didn't seem to have any aeroplanes themselves, and they were as helpless as a worm with a bird hovering above it."

Some of these flying-men who followed the Turkish advance and retreat were flying-men from ships in the Mediterranean; others came from the land forces at the canal. For the first time, on this occasion the British flying forces of land and sea worked together, and to-day this alliance is being brought in England, France, and Italy to the top notch of efficiency. The flying-men themselves have shown the British Government, and all the other governments, in fact, that land-fighting is one thing, sea-fighting another, and air-fighting still another; the army for the land, the navy for the water, and the "avry" for the air.

To-day, in England, there is a minister for the air forces, just as there is a head of the navy and another head of the army. Lord Cowdray, who holds this new twentieth-century office, has taken over the Cecil Hotel in the Strand, and there he holds forth with all the aerial activities of the British flying forces, both land and water, under his hand. He has army and navy advisers who work with him, but Great Britain's victory in the air is the one job he has to achieve. He must find the air pilots and develop and train them. He must give the navy the aeroplanes and pilots it needs, and he must also satisfy the demands of the army. In addition, he must secure the funds for these purposes. Neither the army nor the navy controls his department any more than either the army or the navy controls each other.

It was in a contest to secure a similar independence of the aviation forces in France that General Lyautey, Minister of War in the French Cabinet, was forced to resign some weeks ago.

The present arrangement in England marks the short cut to aerial mastery which, in the event of war or even in the progress of mere preparedness, we can make in the United States to-day. The establishment of a Department of the Air will bring about the speediest progress in the realm of military aviation, and such progress is of supreme importance. Progress along all the other lines we are fully prepared to make. I find that our flying-schools, which are being utilized by the Government, are turning out flyers in three months; four hundred minutes of actual flying qualifies the average young man as a pilot. We have eleven aeroplane factories, five of which are capable of immediate and unlimited enlargement. In some of these factories to-day they are producing better and stronger machines than any of the European nations are capable of creating without our help. Machines that will carry a ton, with planes so wide and strong and stability so certain that men can move about on their wings and adjust their engines while in full flight or sit at a machine-gun and do the work of a soldier—I have seen these in our factories in the United States.

We can do more, in the way of mechanical perfection of aerial war aids, than any other nation in the world to-day; our past

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assistance given to European nations is proof of that. Our needs are plain before us. In actual war we must have thousands of aeroplanes; fifteen or twenty thousand. We must have at least five thousand flying-men. We must have aerial torpedoes for land use, built like small aeroplanes, that can be "herded" through the air by a "driver" who sits at a radio key in a master aeroplane and directs their movements by wireless electric impulses, sending them where he will. We must have torpedoes that can be dropped from aeroplanes on to the sea and sent against the sides of enemy ships. We must have an aeroplane equipment on every big ship and an aviation ship with every fleet.

We have more ideas, in regard to perfected aviation, I learn, from conversing with American army and navy men and American aeroplane builders and flyers, than I have ever heard put into words in all the capitals of the warring countries in Europe.

The United States gave the world its wings. We know best how to make wings. But how to get enough of them for war purposes and how to use them in war with the least waste of effort, is a brand-new problem in war management and in war itself. We can learn these things for ourselves if we are willing to lose time following the long road which the nations have followed in Europe. Or we can take the short cut of establishing a Department of the Air, which will work with the army and navy as they now work with each other. Flying-men know more about air-fighting than do generals and admirals. Eventually, the flying-man will have his say and, more or less, his way, just as he has to-day in Europe. Our short cut is to put him into a job at Washington as soon as possible. We want no white-haired old admirals or set-in-their-way generals for this job. This is a brand-new thing, and we must have men with brand-new minds in charge of it.

To-day the Signal Corps, a branch of the United States Army, has to fight for whatever money it can get out of the army appropriations for army aviation. The navy begrudgingly lets go a small part of its appropriation to air-craft. If we want the best and quickest results in this supremely important field of preparedness, we must have a separate department that will furnish and maintain the wings of the U. S. A.

INK POTS

BY FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN

FUZZY-HEADED youngsters
Dipping into ink,
On a shining April day
Trying to think!

Wouldn't it be better
To run them like the hounds
Up across the crocus fields
Till the heart bounds?

Ink pots are for old men
Blinking in the sun.
Boys and girls are slim and free
To run, run, run!

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MARCH 1917

by ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

LONDON, March 23d.

THE Russian Revolution, as it is viewed from London, has a supreme significance for the United States and her part in the war. It lies in the fact that with the overthrow of the ancient autocracy which drove millions of refugees to the sanctuary of our shores the last barrier to a complete American accord with the Entente cause is removed. In other words, the American who accepted all the Allies save Russia because of her chronic tyranny, may now welcome the Slavic domain as part and parcel of democracy. The historic events of the past week have loosed liberalism in one of the largest strongholds of the reactionary.

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PROFESSOR PAUL N. MILIUKOFF

RUSSIA'S FOREIGN MINISTER WHO IS HELPING TO SHAPE HER NEW DESTINY.

At the time I write this dispatch, March 23d, on the eve of my departure for Petrograd, the revolution is not sufficiently visualized here in London to warrant definite or sweeping prophecy. People are quick to make hasty comparison with the French Revolution—yet chaos followed that epochal event. It is appreciated that Russia is still plastic. But the right hands seem to be shaping its new destiny. Giants are not remade overnight. Yet, in the light of known events and after conversations with high British officials and eminent Russians, some reasonably safe deductions may be made.

Foremost amongst them is the belief, widely held and expressed in England, that one of the most serious dangers to Allied success, the cancer of German intrigue at the Russian Court, with all its menacing possibilities, is removed by an almost bloodless operation.

In the second place, the old bureaucracy, which throttled liberty and made representative government a farce, appears to be blotted out. "Russia," to quote Mr. Asquith, "is at last constitutionally articulate." Life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and I might also add a livelihood, have suddenly become part of the Russian creed.

Of equal importance, so far as the conduct of the war is concerned, is the effect of the vast change upon the ethics of the great struggle. It makes the Entente battle-front one unbroken bulwark of democracy, and it

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puts the odium and the responsibility of autocracy squarely and solely up to the Central Powers. Here is the clearly defined issue. Not that there was any lack of issue before the revolution, but it crystallizes the whole line-up so that the average American may see it at a glance and understand.

This is one reason why the revolution has made such a tremendous impression in England. Before it happened more than one Briton shied at manifesting any delight over declaring himself an ally of Russia. Like most of his brothers in many neutral lands, he felt that Russia was a joker in the great game being played for world freedom. Now that the shackles have fallen, the Slav mammoth becomes a vital factor in a war of liberation. He incarnates liberation itself. The one jarring note in the whole Allied protest against Teutonic aggression is now silent.

These, then, are the outstanding facts one week after the curtain was lifted from the fateful Russian silence. That silence was like the last dark hour before the dawn. Not even the outbreak of the war has so startled Europe. The war was expected; the revolution was a thunderclap. Everywhere it is acclaimed.

I can give no more striking evidence of the way the news is received than to quote one of the most eminent of British statesmen, who said if the war had only produced the Russian Revolution it would have been worth all its cost in blood and treasure.

Lloyd George expressed the general Allied view when he said: "I believe that the revolution whereby the Russian people have based their destinies on the sure foundation of freedom is the greatest service which they have yet made to the cause for which the Allied peoples have been fighting since August, 1914. It reveals the fundamental truth that this war is at bottom a struggle for popular government as well as for liberty."

How was this mighty reversal made possible? Seen from this part of the world, with much still obscure, the answer seems to be about this: The passion for liberty in Russia is no new thing. It has long surged against the bars of oppression. Siberia is merely a tragic biography of protest written in blood and agony. What years of organized assassination could not achieve has been made possible by the great war. Without the stimulus of war the revolution would have been impossible. The immense conflict welded the soul of Russia. It made the people intolerant of the human rubbish that stood in the way of the national desire. It made the army the ally of the people. It recreated the Cossack into a human being.

Here you have one of the miracles of a war of miracles. It explains why the revolt was calm; why the whole nation voiced its feelings and was heard and heeded; why an upheaval, which in ordinary times would have been a shambles, cost comparatively few lives.

It all means that this war is a great revealer, and not the least of its revelations is the light that pointed the path to Russian freedom. Whatever may happen in Russia—and no one can foresee the end—one thing is certain: the institution of government by and for the people has at last arisen, and is more than a phrase. It overshadows even so astounding an act as the abdication of the Czar.

Out of this abdication looms one baffling problem which the new Russia must solve—the eternal question of the church in Russia. Autocracy and orthodoxy have long been inseparable.

Meanwhile, the pregnant question trembles on the lips of all Europe that lies outside the pale of the Central Powers. It is: Will Germany be the next? The Russian Revolution leaves only one remaining autocrat. Will the Kaiser follow the Czar into the twilight of the gods?

Not all the generalship in war is on the firing-line. There is a remarkable "general" in command of our industrial forces. This man is Daniel Willard, president of the B. & O. Edward Hungerford has seen Willard at work. He knows him. On page 596 you will find Mr. Hungerford's estimate of one of our most important leaders in the war.

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LARS THE UNTHINKING

By Harold Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN

AN HOUR, possibly, passed after a rush of water licked off the other two and left them alone, before Tim Bell, cowering in the shelter of Larsen's hulking body, an arm linked through a stiff coil of line for safety, lifted his pinched, sharp face and whimpered:

"Don't let me go, Lars!"

The unpleasant voice struck through the squeal of the wind in the rigging, through the hiss of cheated combers, through the ice that clung in the big Dane's ears, and he responded with a shake of his head. He growled:

"Ay won't. Move. You'll freeze."

Then, as he strained against the wheel to hold the distressed schooner on what he hoped was her course, his slippery footing gave and he floundered heavily to regain uprightness and keep his stiff hands in control of the reluctant steering-rig.

Bell made no response; Lars added nothing.

Each time the *Elsa*, caught off her poise, failed to rise to the heave of the lake and shoved her ugly snout into the swift gray seas, she came up more slowly, for the ice accumulated that fast. When the other two had been there they had chopped—chopped until the axes slipped from their frozen mittens and disappeared into Lake Michigan with a negligible spatter and a sound that could not be distinguished. But the other two were gone, after their axes; and Tim Bell was so afraid to die that he could not fight to live; and the ice casting on the bows grew heavier—along the rails, too, and up the masts, and in Larsen's thin, pale mustache.

The bitter air over the warmer water formed a scudding blanket of steam to mingle with the fine, dry snow, and even the wild gale could not tatter the thickness enough to give Lars a bearing-point; so he guessed where he sailed and guessed meagerly, for his imagination was not fertile.

Tim Bell did not move as Lars had told him to do. He was afraid to leave the loop of frozen line. His shoulders sagged low and lower toward the deck and his face became more livid and the flying spray sheathed his bowed back.

Of a sudden the ship staggered and recoiled as the furious lake struck from a fresh angle, and he rolled to his side. The hooked arm slid from its anchorage and he fought clumsily against the pitch of the ice-coated deck.

"Lars!" he cried in a voice weak from low vitality, from high terror.

The man at the wheel, straining to pull his schooner up on even keel again, looked quickly. His lips opened and let out an inarticulate cry that might have been prayer or curse, or, perhaps, both, and in his vivid blue eyes flamed the light of helplessness.

Bell, on elbows and knees, shed his ice-mail in flakes as he pawed unavailingly for hold. The water, pouring over the rail, reached for him. He raised his hatchet-face again, and seeing the bright look of horror in his eyes Larsen let go the wheel. It spun with a sharp rattle of chains and his great body thudded dully as he fell beside Bell, threw an arm about his shoulders and fought back toward the wheel and problematical safety.

The unguided schooner swung round in sodden impotence and righted with a lurch that half threw Lars erect again. He dragged Bell to his knees and they swayed there a moment, balancing ponderously while they watched the hoary crest of a

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wave stand high above them. Lars heard, with strange attention to such detail, the popping of ice-hung rigging as the strain upon it shifted.

Then the water was about his ankles and his knees and thighs; the deck seemed to swell and the other's scream rose shrill in his ears. He felt Tim's arms clutch at him frantically. He felt his hand-hold beneath the man's armpit give; felt the strain on his shoulder-tendons relax and turned and flailed for a grip on Bell's slipping body and fought against the water that would sweep him, too, out over the lost rail into the lake.

Somehow he clasped Tim Bell's head between his hands. The weight of the water tearing at his burden made his clamp slip. He could not let go to fasten elsewhere because the release of a pound's resistance would let the lake suck Tim from him, and he bared his teeth as he strove to shove his hands tighter together against the man's head, moaning aloud in desperation. Bell tried to clasp Larsen's knees, but his efforts against the greedy water only made the Dane's hold on his head slip—faster—until his wrists came against the brim of Tim's hat and bent it upward and put weight on the chin-strap until Bell gave a sound of strangling; then the strap broke and the hard hat fell off, and Lars, with that dull cry again, grappled with gloved fingers that were heavy from cold for a hold in the black, tangled hair. Just an instant he delayed the finish, and the deck's new tilt, causing a change in the current which gurgled for them, swung Bell's body over on its back, and his beseeching eyes met the Dane's. Then he was gone.

His black rubber coat bellied stiffly and let him go under slowly. The last of him to slip from sight was a white, white hand, stripped of mitten in the struggle. It struck above the black water a moment and its movement might have been a gesture of last appeal or, in a flash of tardy courage, a brave farewell. No matter. It disappeared in a patch of silver foam scarcely whiter.

Then Lars found himself winding his arms in the wheel to stay on deck and felt the schooner righting drunkenly, and in a queer, detached way took up the fight for his life and the schooner's life and the safety of the cargo which meant so much to the fishing people back there on Petit Blanc; and as he let his weight fall on the slippery spokes he called aloud the name of the girl: "Sigrid! . . . Sig . . ."

He did not think of his slim chance of life, of the improbability of being able to pull the *Elsa* through, nor of the island village back somewhere in the lake; he was seeing again the light of eager anticipation in a girl's face as she gazed into Tim Bell's beady eyes when he promised with bravado to grant the useless, precious trifle for which he had encouraged her to wish. Most men, had they confronted the situation Lars had faced through those months, would have put her from their minds long ago; and, anyhow, had they been in his place then with the thick gale and the lake and the cold reaching for the life in him, they would have cried out to their God rather than to a slender, distant woman!

But he was Lars, Lars the unthinking, and he could deal only with those things which, to him, were essential. Just now life and the safety of his cargo were secondary matters. He had forgotten his torture at the girl's whims. He remembered only that he loved her, just as he had loved her even while Tim Bell loved her. Only then it had been a forlorn love and now it was leavened by hope. He had learned how to hold a woman's love. *That* was what made him put aside fear of the lake, the blizzard, thought of his single-handedness, as inconsequential trifles!

SIGRID had grown up in a springtime, as girls of the open often develop. One week Lars had thought her just a child of Petit Blanc, working about her father's house, in the evening playing on the white beach with the other children; one of the several of negligible age to whom he waved his hand at rare intervals when he put out into the lake, and who, at other times, he told gruffly to go away from where he worked on shore. But the next time he noticed the girl—ah, she had become a woman! Not one to wave the hand at, not one to order out of his way. One to watch longingly; one to encourage by brief, grinning banter to come closer and stay longer as he painted floats or mended nets.

A fair creature she was, with the silver of flashing gulls' wings in her light hair and the color of the lake brimming in her eyes; a flush in her cheeks like a ripened peach, and a shyness, a delicacy that set her as far

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LARS FELT TIM'S ARMS CLUTCH AT HIM FRANTICALLY. HE FELT HIS HAND-HOLD BENEATH THE MAN'S ARMPIT GIVE.

apart from the other women as—as the lawyer's yacht differed from the gray fishing-tugs.

The lawyer's being there was what removed her a second time from the child Lars had not noticed. The lawyer's house was the most luxurious of the half-dozen summer homes which topped the bluff off into the north where the low mainland stretched endlessly. The other cottages were more magnificent than anything any of the villagers could have dreamed, unassisted; but the lawyer's was quite beyond their comprehension. The ways of the lawyer's household were equally strange.

Before Sigrid went there to work she was as simple and direct in her thinking as the life her people led. She loved and accepted love with almost the same matter-of-factness as she did her share of the housework

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and took her portions of food and shelter. When she learned about another life she changed.

Lars was her first lover. Perhaps because he was the first to notice that the girl had grown up; perhaps because Sigrid's delicacy was, in the eyes of the other unmarried men, a weakness, making her less desirable than the big-hipped girls of the island.

Their courtship began when Lars, swinging his feet from the wharf in early evening, tossed a chip so it splashed water on Sigrid as she walked back with a group of girls. The rest screamed and ran, but Sigrid's eyes, meeting the Dane's, lowered quickly and her shy smile became suffused with a flush. She had always known Lars; she had never seen him do so unserious and playful a thing; she knew his intention as soon as their glances met.

The second evening Sigrid strolled apart from the others, in timid but eloquent invitation, and Lars joined her, blushing, silent, but purposeful. Within the week she came from her home to talk in brief, infrequent sentences with him as he calked a boat, and it was no time at all until they paused under a whispering pine-tree through which the sharp stars shone, and Lars's arm, as sturdy as the limbs above them, trembled as it dropped about her waist. Sigrid's low laughter vibrated her white, smooth throat, and she turned, face against his rough shirt, and lifted her cool, firm arms to his weather-burned neck. They kissed after a silent interval, and when their lips had met and Lars had stroked the hair back from her brow and looked seriously into her eyes, they both laughed happily.

"We'll get marriet, yeah?" he said soberly.

Sigrid nodded and sighed.

"My mother, she'll be sick with a baby in September. I'll have to wait till she's well."

Lars did not protest. He was accustomed to letting circumstances dictate. He calculated his meager savings and told his old mother and dreamed in his limited, short-visioned way of his new household. He was very happy, though no one but his mother could have known it. Her sight was failing, but that was no handicap, because Lars gave no evidence that eyes could detect. He *radiated* something.

The troth was made late in May; early in June the lawyer's family came, and, attracted by the wage, Sigrid went to work in his house until her mother should need her. That was the first time any of the islanders had been employed as house servants for the people who escaped heat and found quiet on Petit Blanc; their help had always been brought from the city. Consequently the inner workings of the homes on the bluff would have been mysteries had the island people been curious. They were not curious. That is, such a condition prevailed until Sigrid went to work for the lawyer.

The girl returned to the village and her waiting Lars, that first evening, with a strange volubility. She was confused by what she had seen, and her seemingly endless descriptions were unintelligible because she would not quite finish telling of one thing before commencing another; the whole narrative a jumble of unconvincing fragments; just enough to stimulate wonder. Her talk remained so for the first evening or two, and then, growing accustomed to her new environment, Sigrid could make her people comprehend, to a certain extent, the incredible grandeur of it. Many listened eagerly; but when Lars understood that she talked only of silver and rugs and pictures and unheard-of foods and clothing, he lost interest, for those things were unnecessary, did not influence his life—therefore unimportant. When she paused and gave him opportunity to speak, his short sentences were always of their own world, usually repetitions of something he had already said.

Secretly he did not favor Sigrid's enthusiasm. He always had taken his living by the efforts of his bare hands; he had never laid by more than enough to carry him and his old mother safely over to another producing season. His horizon of thought shut down at food, shelter, and, now, Sigrid. Some latent bitterness was roused by ideas of useless luxuries, of words, or actions, or material things that were not needed, that did not bear directly on the problem of existence.

And to annoy him further, one of the articles in the lawyer's house which demanded a growing interest from Sigrid was a clock on the dressing-table of his eldest daughter's boudoir. Clocks on Petit Blanc were rare. The few in the village were either old-country timepieces or rackety, unreliable alarm-clocks. But this one was of pale china, painted with flowers, having a

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sweet, soft, deliberate chime; and the lawyer's daughter did not even think enough of it to wind it at the required interval!

To the island daughter that fact epitomized the spirit of life on the bluff; any clock was a luxury; this clock was so dainty, so beautiful that to possess it was quite beyond belief; yet the girl whose it was did not value it enough to keep the gold hands turning.

Sigrid told Lars of it and he shrugged his shoulders, saying: "I have never had a clock. She is foolish to have that kind."

"But it is so pretty!" came the protest. "If we could only have one like it!"

"It would not help me fish; it would not help you wit' babies"—surlily. After a time Sigrid's enthusiasm over those fresh experiences subsided. On several occasions she told Lars of the clock, but with each repetition he chided her stolidly for thinking of foibles; and so she gave up talking about that treasure, even. But in Lars's mind was planted a disquieting suspicion. He did not think that the girl was content with the old way; the silent passages when they were together seemed to make her uneasy, their cramped conversational circle found her less readily responsive. And all because of foolishness . . . silver knives and varnished floors and clocks and such!

Came August and the young man to see the lawyer's daughter—and Tim Bell.

Once again Sigrid's mind was occupied with the new, and this time the result was disquieting complexity. The visitor at the big house was a lover, as was Lars; the lawyer's daughter was a beloved, as was she. And yet . . .

She watched closely; she saw his constant attentions, his alert search for services he might render, his ceaseless effort to discover for his sweetheart the fresh, the unusual; saw how completely his thought was centered around the girl, excluding all ideas of self or of the life about them when those ideas did not have a direct bearing on his lady's comfort or interest. And after a day of watching, Sigrid would go to Lars, to walk or sit silently, speaking, when they did speak, of the fishing, of the other people on Petit Blanc; gentle, in his way, true, but unthinking—unthinking of how the girl longed for solicitude, longed for him to talk of her, plan for her, to be lovingly trivial. . .

And at that time of unrest the newcomer, Tim Bell, set his beady eyes on Sigrid and loosed his glib tongue for her. His eyes made her uneasy, but his talk thrilled. He had a way of looking at her so insolently that it made her back chill; but he called her kiddo and told her she was pretty and fed her growing hunger for flattery with a hard cunning. He was so different from Lars! The big Dane's glances never frightened her the way this man's did; but his talk did not thrill her, either. Tim Bell's attentions came somewhere near answering the yearning set in her heart by her knowledge of luxuries and of the young lover's constant concern for the lawyer's daughter; unnecessary, yet so precious!

Lars was slow to comprehend. His mother saw, though, and warned him curtly.

"But why?" he asked, surprised into accented speech. "He is little and weak; he's not a good fisherman, even!"

His old mother laughed deprecatingly and answered in their tongue:

"She has got notions. She has got notions up yonder"—nodding toward the bluff. "She is a good girl, but those notions have turned her head. She wants you to say pretty things to her; she wants her ears tickled with soft words!"

Lars stared dumbly at his plate.

"His talk is wasted wind," he growled. "It does not make him a good worker; it will not feed a woman. I am a good fisherman. I will give her a good home."

"Tell her about it, then! Tell the same thing in sixty ways!" his mother shrilled, old eyes dancing. "You think all the time of work and sleep; you are unthinking about the things that make girls' hearts light; you are always long-faced, like a sick old man. You should laugh and joke and be silly!"

"Foolishness won't put bread in our bellies," he scoffed.

"No, but it'll put Sigrid's babies in your cradle. You'll learn. She wants you to talk nonsense! If you don't—euh!"—with an apprehensive shrug.

But Lars could not follow that advice. He could say only the direct, simple things that came from his prosaic, sincere heart. He experienced a strange weakness about his middle when he saw Tim Bell glance at Sigrid and grin. He disliked the man, yet he knew that Bell possessed something he did not, and that, secretly, he wanted and could not have because he was so engrossed with the rudiments of life that he could find no thinking space for lighter subjects; only,

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of course, he did not realize this reason.

A coolness came between Lars and Sigrid. They walked less alone on the sand. It made him dumber than ever. He did not see her every day and then she was not to be found when he went for her one evening—until late, when she strolled into the village with Tim Bell whispering in her ear. The next Sunday she said to Lars: "We won't get married."

"No?" he queried, stupefied; and again: "No? You don't like me?"

The girl swallowed sharply between quick breaths.

"Tim Bell," she said just above a whisper. "He and I——"

Lars took one step forward, quickly, almost in a threat; then turned and walked away, hands driven deeply into his pockets, shoulders hunched. He did not see people who spoke to him as he passed. A strange, sharp ache was in his throat.

It required no time for the news to fly throughout the village that Lars and Sigrid were not to marry; and on its heels went the story that Bell was to be the girl's husband. This was received with grunts or shrugs or lifted brows, causing its ripple of surprise; then the fact was accepted, and, being accepted, was no longer discussed; and Petit Blanc gave up looking rather hard at Lars Larsen.

September, and Sigrid's prolific mother was delivered again. In a week she was about; within the fortnight she helped with the washing; and the time the girl had set for her marriage arrived. No ceremony was announced, however. She had told Lars she must wait until her mother was well; no longer. With Tim Bell she dallied.

"Don't you see what's wrong?" Larsen's mother asked with the poke of a gnarled finger and a laugh he did not like. "Are you as blind as your old mother, euh?"

"Why?" he asked dully.

The old woman's cackling voice broke into shrill mirth as she stood with palms on her pudgy hips.

"She's waiting for your tongue to loose!" she chuckled, thrusting her face close into his. "She's waiting for your eyes to open! She's waiting for you to think of the things that will make her glad." She bent back again and surveyed her big son as he sat hunched over the cook-stove.

"She's nothing to stop the wedding only she doesn't like the bridegroom! Haven't you seen her, for weeks and weeks, following you with her eyes? Listening for your voice? Expecting you back beside her every evening?

"It's a way girls have, hurting their lovers. This other, this slick-tongued dwarf, he grew stale, like old butter. Can't you see she only used him to punish you for being as solemn as a judge in the court? Can't you see? All she wants is some of his foolishness from you and she'll come running. Don't wait too long!"

But Lars did not believe his mother. She was so old that she talked to herself. Anyhow, no such explanation could be warranted, for each time he saw Tim and Sigrid together, he noticed that the girl, seeing him, talked the harder, became the more attentive to the man who had supplanted him.

The big Dane went about his work with a wretched spirit. The hurt in his breast grew worse instead of curing with time. Now and then he envied Tim Bell consciously. He would not admit to himself the belief that Sigrid could be won back by mere words, but he would have given his standing as a fisherman—his most-prized possession—to know how to go about following his mother's advice. He loved her so! so helplessly, so dumbly! And he mistrusted Bell, feared he did not mean well by little Sigrid; he knew other men of the village felt the same way, but it was none of their affair—no more than it was his!

OCTOBER passed, with no wedding. Lars did not detect the change in Sigrid's quick glances at him—the alarmed quality. All he saw was her attentiveness to Tim Bell, and he could not even catch the uneasiness in that. November came and the flow of island life was broken by plans for the season's last shipment of salted fish.

Old Jens who owned the *Elsa* was down with rheumatism and to Lars he gave command of his stubby craft that was to beat the length of the lake to Chicago with the cargo of heavy casks and bring back flour and other staples, to last from the time navigation closed until solid ice formed; because during that span of weeks—which often totaled over three months—the island was cut off from the world.

Lars's old mother was proud to have him in charge of an event of so much importance. She came, a shawl pinned about her face, a

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crooked stick helping her limbs, to watch them off.

Four were to sail; one was Tim Bell. He, too, had some one to wave a special good-by —Sigrid.

"See," Lars's mother whispered, poking his shins with her stick, "she watches you while she talks to him! Say something pretty to make her remember you; bring her a present from the city. Her tongue is for him, but her eyes are for you—and a girl's heart is in her eyes."

Surely this last was wisdom, but Lars only shook his head stupidly. He could not believe in words for words' sake; he resented the idea of presents, because presents were useless. Anyhow—and this was the idea which rankled—he did not know how to delight a girl!

"Don't wait too long!" the old woman warned, very seriously. "It's your chance. If you wait too long she'll think you don't care. And she'll marry him to save her face if she thinks you don't care. . . ."

And at that he flung himself aboard and began work, a thrill of apprehension running through and through him. For a moment he hated himself for his stupidity, for his thick tongue, his heavy wits. Then the emotion was gone; he just felt helpless, with the ache in his throat.

Shortly he straightened, and there, not ten feet from him, stood Tim Bell saying farewell to Sigrid.

"You know it," he cried, "I'll bring you somethin'! What'll it be?"

Sigrid thought a moment, slow color mounting; then she looked at him quickly.

"A clock?" she said, timidly, daringly, half questioningly, clasping her hands. "A little china clock, with flowers painted on it?"

It was a wish for the most desired possession of all those impossible things she had learned about that summer; asking for it was a wild plunge into the zone of improbabilities. Because of this her answer to Bell's question was in the form of a question itself; and she leaned forward from the hips as though she shyly dared ask this man just how far he would go to please her. And when he replied, he overwhelmed her and roused in her an admiration that made her breath catch, for he said lightly: "You're on, kiddo! That'll be it! Nothin' 's too good for you!"

Lars saw her eyes kindle, saw her lips part, saw the joy in her face; and he realized that then her eyes were for Tim Bell, as well as her tongue. Never had he seen her look that way before; never could he hope to rouse such a look of ecstasy!

In his consciousness rang his mother's warning: "Don't wait! She'll think you don't care—you don't care——"

All the way out into the lake those words were confused with the creak of blocks and noises from the rigging. All that day when they dawdled over a surface that faded from bright blue to dead gray he saw the girl's face before him, looking eagerly into the greedy eyes of Tim Bell as the man promised foolish uselessness! And once Lars asked himself why he had not thought of such a simple thing before it was too late—as his mother had said it would be too late—as it *was* too late! Her eyes and heart may have been for him until that morning; they were no longer. That easy, boastful promise of a senseless gift had made her forget him—wholly.

So occupied was he with that misery, those regrets, that he did not feel apprehensive when the southwest muddied and thickened and the water became ominously flat; and even as he felt the air chill and caught the first slap of wind that he knew meant a gale, he was not wholly unmindful of the hurt in his throat, set there anew by the sudden realization of the importance of a puny trifle like a china clock!

And all through that wild night with its death he clung to the wheel with a queer, detached hopelessness depressing him, making him somehow heedless of the fact that life might last no longer than the next moment! Life *should* be the only thing that really mattered. But values had changed so strangely!

Then Tim Bell went overboard, and he was alone, crying the girl's name into the freezing weather! And while he shouted he knew that that repressed misery in his heart was liberated; knew that the ache in his throat was through; knew that when he told the others back on Petit Blanc how Tim Bell had gone out, sniveling and cringing and surely shortening, if not wasting, lives by his cowardice, no barriers of rivalry would stand between him and Sigrid——

Yet a barrier was between them: this winter hurricane, perhaps, squealing for one more life from the *Elsa*. If so, he did not reckon it. Something else remained,

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THE GIRL, SEEING LARS, TALKED THE HARDER, BECAME THE MORE ATTENTIVE TO THE MAN WHO HAD SUPPLANTED HIM.

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something to be accomplished, more essential, even, than living—and so essential for Lars the unthinking! A sense for the necessity of accomplishment burned in his consciousness, a white-hot wire of thought standing sharp and clear against mental confusion; and he clamped his jaws and spread his feet wider and took up his lone-handed fight against wind and water and frost with a swelling joy in his heart! This was something he could do, he could do . . .

Some time passed before he discovered that the flood which swept Tim Bell away had filled his boots and that his legs were numbing. He stamped to keep the blood going, but the effort seemed only to spread the cold up his thighs and into his torso. The oilskin sleeves, strapped at the wrist, had not excluded water, either, and the thick Mackinaw jacket beneath held the sop against his laboring arms, driving back the warmth that exertion started. That chill, too, worked back toward his heart, and soon his whole body was in a quivering convulsion.

All but his face. Another cloud of fine ice particles had come on the gale. He had not noticed the sting of them before, but now the sharp bits drove into his face with a force that pricked the skin painfully. They stung his eyes until tears ran out on his reddened cheeks. And those cheeks burned; they were as hot as his body was cold. His ears seemed to be crisping; he felt the skin about his mouth shrivel, and thought it crackled when he stirred the muscles beneath it.

A hand slipped from the spoke it held and he did not notice until he drew up heavily and found his clamped fingers grasping nothing. He swore softly. He bent a knee to stamp again and, driving it downward, saw that its force fell on the instep of his other foot. He grinned at that, for his sense of feeling did not make the miscalculation known; he happened to *see*. And he grinned because the situation was so bad that he might as well.

The schooner had ceased to roll so violently. She lifted slower to the seas that broke against her, for each left some of its weight in crystals to drag her down. She was steadier, with portentous poise. She did not fall away quickly before the wind; nor, when she did, could Lars bring her back as easily. The encrustment on rail and spar and line grew thicker, took on a greener cast. The *Elsa* was becoming a hunk of ice . . .

The stinging squall passed and with surprising abruptness the sun silvered the scud. Larsen stared up at a fleeting patch of blue, but low about him the mist blanket held. Snow swirled again as he looked. Land might be a few lengths off for all he knew.

So Lars drove on blindly, urged by the one idea about which his whole life had centered. He stamped his feet and flung his arms to keep that life in his body, but not for life's sake. Life had become one of the trivial things of living. He did not try to analyze his reason for himself. He only knew that he must somehow sail that schooner to port, must beat the lake and the gale and the cold! So he grinned at the daylight which mocked of comfort, and sailed with all the seamanship he had learned in a life of it.

Hours before he had said to Tim Bell: "Go help, you fool. T'ree men can't keep her goin'."

Tim Bell had not gone to help chop the determined ice, and Lars had grown eloquent for a breath to express his contempt for a man who would not fight death. And now he, Lars Larsen, was alone—doing the work he had said three men could not do, and not for the flicker of an instant doubting his capacity for the task!

He knew his feet were freezing; knew the frost was working into his fingers; knew the flame within his breast was flickering; knew the craft under him was afloat then by the grace of the God who grows white oak; knew the time must come when her hoary prow would burrow for the last time; yet somehow he passed those certainties by as matterless. Something more important kept stirring in his deadening mind—the white-hot thought wire held its intensity, urged him on, heedless of the death which sailed beside him.

Lars thought that he stared at the thundering, flapping thing many hours before he could name it, but it must have been mere moments; because when he could think through the cold thickness in his mind, and know it was the rag of a jib, freed by a parting jib-sheet, the ice dust was still being shaken from the canvas in a shimmering cloud; so his comprehension could not have been so tardy after all.

Time moved slower; that explained it.

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White-headed combers poised above the rail an incredible period; and when he moved it seemed with extreme deliberation. The intervals between rushes of water which so frequently rippled about his ankles and at times slapped his knees, grew to be like weeks; and when he rolled the wheel to meet some new prank of the seas, the task was as a day's hard labor.

He breathed through his mouth now and his tongue was tortured by that cold dryness, worse by incalculable odds than a parching. His throat grew brittle, too, from the sucking in of that air, and the chill draft did not stop at his lungs; it went on down to his vitals, to petrify them as the seeping water had made his trunk rigid—away back there—when some one went overboard.

His body was no longer cold; just numb—and rather heavy.

Then, with a racking mental effort, he roused and for a moment stamped and flung one arm viciously, moving as far as he dared from his station squarely before the wheel. He shut his mouth and breathed deeply through his nostrils and drew his chin in against his chest and rumbled a phrase of determination, making it carry through to his sluggish understanding.

And in the midst of his battle with sleeping concern the schooner plunged and staggered, and he had to fling himself flat on the steering-rig and hold so a lengthy period. When he was safe again for the moment he had forgotten the necessity of staying alive—it was only an accessory, anyhow.

The only required thing for the present was to keep going; not toward safety for its own sake, but for a reason he could not stop to remember in this clutter of really inconsequential detail. All he knew now was that the essential fact of all existence waited—out yonder; and that he was driving toward it . . .

With a gloved hand he brushed at his mouth to break the chunk of ice in his mustache, and the unwieldy arm struck a blow that started blood from the lips. Taste of it roused him again to a necessity—some necessity.

The fine ice particles; then sunshine; following that, deeper gloom. And always the ghastly, fleeting thickness; not the damp, feelable kind, but just bitter cold, like the rest of living.

Lars heard his own voice. He was talking to himself, like his old mother. And what about? What about? He could not recall why he should talk—with no one to listen—as his mother did. Talking required effort; he needed all his strength—another of those things that didn't matter.

"Sigrid!" he heard a voice say, and straightened with a sharpness that sent a stinging pain down his spine. "Sigrid?" he called sharply and tilted his head as if straining for an answer. None came—just the dismayed yelp of the wind as it grappled for hold on the slippery rigging.

But the girl's name visualized her for Lars, and he felt his cold heart thumping in his congested chest. He looked up and back and about with a wild glare in his eyes and a suggestion of being startled, even in his heavy movements. Then he gripped the wheel and shook it savagely; shook his head, too, and roared chestily through his wide-open mouth.

He did not know why! Down in him, below the decks of his consciousness, in the hold of his heart, frozen there, buried where he could not get at it, the reason for all this was hidden, and he could not know what it was until—until——

Until what?

He did not know that, either, and flung back his head and cried aloud, a crazy yell.

On that scream, as though the waters had heard and drawn back, he sensed a change in the reluctant roll of his craft. The seas were not so high, the roaring of the rigging not so loud in his ears. Yonder the white murk thinned, and through it he saw the black line of land—near!

"Grand Traverse," he heard himself say.

Then he laughed, for it was funny, this slipping into the bay by chance, cheating the lake. Losing the fight would not have mattered much, in itself, anyhow; the ship, the cargo—everything was of such little count, except . . .

He was still laughing, sagged against the wheel, when they came alongside, the bang of the tug's motor sharp above the storm; and he was crying when they carried him into their deck-house and made fast to his boat and gathered headway toward the buildings banked on the slope that rose from the shore.

They tried to make him tell how many he had lost; they told him he had beaten the worst gale the Lakes had ever known; they told him his schooner, his cargo, were safe;

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they told him he had done it alone—what no man could have done alone.

But he only shook his head and stared blankly. He drank their whisky and after a time lifted a hand to peer at it thickly.

LARS WAS STILL LAUGHING, SAGGED AGAINST THE WHEEL, WHEN THE TUG CAME ALONGSIDE.

One of the men took it in his to look at the discolored flesh and Larsen drew it back resentfully.

They docked, and Lars rose reeling to his feet, lurching from them and sprawling on the wharf. They said he was crazy as he shoved them away after they helped him up. He did not hear. In his blue eyes was a perplexed look. He was trying to remember—trying to remember, and his mind rebelled at its office.

"Take it easy," the tug's master said, grasping one arm and moving slowly along the wharf. "Doc's house is right close by."

They progressed uncertainly toward the double row of false-fronted stores, facing one another across the rutted, frozen street. They tried to guide Larsen into the first building, but, still mute, breathing hard, he disengaged their supporting hands, shaking his head as in drunken suspicion. He moved away, staggering. He stumbled and heaved against the window of a store, threatening the glass. He paused there, breath sobbing, staring unblinkingly at the interior as he tried to remember—to remember. After a moment he went on, sideways, with shuffling, labored steps, supporting himself by both hands against the building.

Men and boys came running and grinning, then stopped, and whispered, with wide eyes. The tug captain, who had followed, stammering unheard entreaties, gave up and ran for the doctor, whimpering that the Dane was crazy from his fight with the lake.

A watchmaker, glass in one eye, looked up, startled by the apparition that fell against his door and burst it open, crushing his weight upon the little show-case and jamming it back against the shelves, penning him behind it. The blue eyes that laboriously sought and clung to his were fired with the light seen in the eyes of men who are crazed by one idea, whose mentality is consumed with its intensity.

"What the devil!" the man cried, undecided on flight or protest. "What do you want here?"

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Lars steadied himself. His breath hissed in and out through shut teeth. He lifted a hand, the thumb and forefinger of which showed that horrid violet tint of frosted flesh and drew it across his brow; then with the half-closed fist tapped his forehead as if to loose the frozen thought processes there.

What *did* he want?

He could not remember—after all that had happened! He looked about slowly, brows gathered in a fretful frown, at the shelves, at the meager display of silver in the case, at the long, slowly swinging pendulum . . .

He started forward with a jerk; a quick, childish smile displaced the scowl and lighted his senseless eyes; his brows lifted high as if in jest and he pointed the frosted finger at the other.

"A clock!" he said in answer and laughed weakly. "A clock—a leetle—chiny—clock—wit' flowers—painted on—painted on——"

His knees gave. He clutched for support, but his bungling hands had done their work for that day. He drooped to a sitting posture, head tilted, nodding down and to one side, ice-water running from his great shoulders.

"——wit' flowers," he whispered, a sob replacing the laughter in his voice, "—an' chiny—chi——"

He fell forward on his face just as the self-possessed, confident young physician elbowed through the congested doorway.

POSSESSION

BY KATHARINE PARK LEWIS

MONTH after month, with slow monotony,
I did the stupid tasks of every day,
With scorn and pity that the world should be
Full of unending duties, dull and gray.
While all my heart was wild for wandering
I dusted, scoured, and swept with listless hands;
Was this, I thought, the best that life could bring
To youth's commands?

But now I sing all day, as to and fro
From tiny parlor to the kitchen bright,
With sparkling suds and crisp new brooms I go,
A shining path behind me. What delight
To pour the scarlet jelly into molds!
I love to make the slender glasses shine,
Because this little house and all it holds
Is yours and mine!

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A NEW ENGLAND WAR-BRIDE

By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

I SAT in the town-hall and basted red tape round the edge of gray felt slippers.

They are to be worn by a wounded soldier somewhere in France.

I took the half-finished slippers home with me, when I went.

Also a roll of pink-and-white Canton flannel, cut up into pieces ready for me to put together.

I never sewed for any man before.

I live alone in a white house with green blinds on a New England hill-top with a maid-servant and a majestic female cat for company.

Sarah, the servant, might have told me how the pieces went together—she has a grown-up son—but I wouldn't ask her. No.

I closed the door against her. I went into my room and closed the door.

I laid all the pieces out upon my bed, even to the pocket, even to the little red cross that was to be sewed on last.

I was pinning the jacket together, excited to see it grow in my hands, when I heard Flora, the cat, wailing at my closed door,

And a moment after Sarah's flat-footed tread on the stairs, coming to see what was the trouble.

I hid the pieces in my bureau-drawer—'way back. After that I worked for my French soldier only at night—late.

I worked for him by hand—every stitch.

The machine was down-stairs in the sitting-room, and noisy.

It must have been because I was not used to sitting up late, that strange thoughts visited me.

When it's one o'clock, and all the proper town's asleep, one thinks weird things.

I got so I looked forward to those hours from ten to one,

Alone with the pink-and-white Canton flannel, the gray felt slippers, and my thoughts.

My soldier was a big man—long-armed, broad-shouldered, hairy-chested, I somehow liked to think.

Like the man who brings my coal every August, smeared with soot and sweat, deep-voiced, with raucous curses bellowing forth from time to time from out his blackened breast.

Somebody to be afraid of—yes, perhaps—in times of peace—brutish, boisterous. I liked him all the more for that.

(I am so tired of quiet hills, and peaceful streets, white picket fences, waiting gates—)

But wounded, hurt—a creature whom the labor of my hands might soothe, refresh.

To think my fine and careful stitches might some day touch a man like that,

The childish stripe of pink and white—a silly color—wrap itself about him, close and comforting, filled me with pride.

To gaze ahead and see his fumbling fingers feeling in the little pocket I put on last

Made my cheeks burn, as if he'd found my hand there and held it to his feverish lips.

He could have had it, and more—my lips too—if I knew how.

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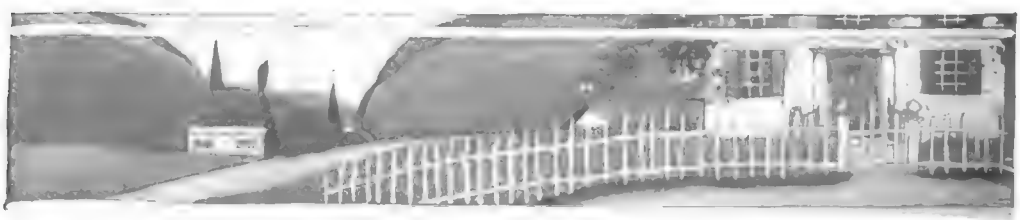
When the last button was in place and there were no more stitches I could take,
I hung it in my closet. It was beautiful, I thought.
I had never sewed for any man before.
But there it was complete. I had triumphed. Instinct taught me, possibly.
I hung it in my closet, among my things, carelessly, as if it was its natural place.
And on the floor beside my long, straight row of tidy shoes I put the gray felt slippers.
My man should not be wounded yet, if I could help it.
As long as I should keep the garment I had labored on through still midnights
Hid here within my closet—I locked the door——
So long my man escaped!
So long my man was hale, making rough jokes with comrades in the trenches, untouched by shells, shrapnel, fever, fire, or gas.
Or so I told myself.
Perhaps I might have lived for months like that, with my secret hidden,
If they hadn't asked me at headquarters if I had completed yet the work they gave me three weeks ago.
Three weeks! Had it been so long? And Sarah never guessed!

I cried over the pink-and-white Canton flannel that last night.
It might have been a real soldier I was sending forth next day.
I kissed the pocket that would lie so near my man's heart, I thought.
"Don't die," I said.
I was not good!
My name is Esther. My mother used to say it meant all things clean and pure and white.

Too bad. Until I sewed for the French soldiers I never knew what longings were.
I am thirty-three.

I left my bundle at headquarters. I took out no more work, though they asked me to.
I went back to my lonely house upon the hill with heavy steps, with heavier heart.



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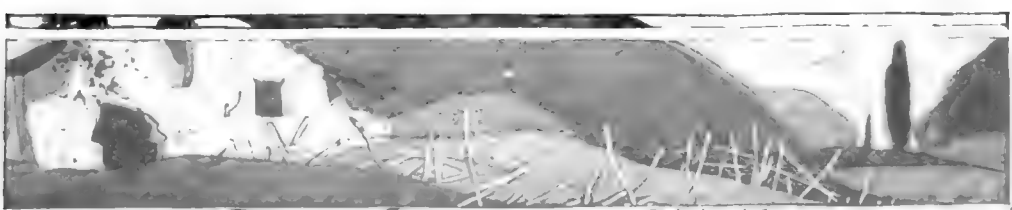
And no one in all that little humdrum town, spread over peaceful hills, a wide sea away from wars,
Guessed that in their midst there lay awake that night, restless, alert,
A war-bride!

I put my name and address inside the pink Canton-flannel pocket.
Many of the women do that.
I didn't expect an answer.
And when it came last week, three months after I had left my bundle at headquarters, I wasn't prepared.
My cheeks flamed hot before the mailman, standing on my porch pretty in September with blossoming trumpet-vine.
I went up to my room. The letter was in French. I could not read it—only his name, sweetly written—Jean Beaupré.
I took it to the public library and there with grammar and French lexicon I worked it out, as I had done the flannel pieces.
I made it grow—hid behind a stack of books.
"Dear Lady," the letter said. "The suit is beautiful. I am informed I am to have the honor of entering heaven in it——
"If the good saint forgives my sins and lets me in——
"So, lady, I will thank you when I see you there.
"You will know me by the stripes, pink and white, and all the pretty hand-stitches, lady, and the slippers, a little too large.
"Till we meet in heaven then—good day."
I could feel the hot tears in my eyes, for underneath his name was a message in another hand:
"Monsieur Beaupré died the day this note was written," it told me.
And I longed for the shelter of my own room.

That night on a New England hill-top, a widowed war-bride leaned out of her window framed in flowering trumpet-vine and gazed at the stars.
She was communing with her dead warrior in heaven.



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ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

HAS GONE TO RUSSIA FOR EVERYBODY'S

ON THE day when the world thrilled to the news of Russia's swift revolution, EVERYBODY'S *cabled to Isaac F. Marcosson, its special representative in Europe, to go to Russia. Mr. Marcosson started at once for Petrograd with an equipment of credentials and letters from powerful leaders in England; and we expect to have from him for early publication the real story of the most significant event in history since the French Revolution.*

Mr. Marcosson's articles from England have been appearing in recent numbers of EVERYBODY'S, *and our readers need no other assurance that his story from Russia will throw a clear light on this amazing drama of which we have had only glimpses.*

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FOUR MILLION CITIZEN DEFENDERS

What Universal Training Means in Dollars, Duty, and Defense—

By George Creel

CARTOONS BY ROBERT CARTER

I have read Mr. Creel's article on universal training with great interest. The principles enunciated therein should be carefully studied by every citizen of the United States. The volunteer system can not now, under the most favorable circumstances, produce anything like the number of men required for the national defense. It is undemocratic, unreliable, inefficient, and extravagant. It is undemocratic because it shifts the burden of national defense from the shoulders of the many, where it belongs, to the shoulders of the few whose financial condition in life, or whose patriotism, impels them to offer themselves to accept the risks and hardships of war. Furthermore, instead of unifying our people to the extent where all individuals are willing to undergo sacrifice for the national good, it affords great opportunity for the selfish and unpatriotic to stay at home in time of war and to fatten on the adversity of the nation and on the necessities of the families of better men who have volunteered for the country's defense.

Major-General, Chief of Staff.

AT LAST the people of the United States are face to face with the Big Idea. The War College has worked out a system of national defense based upon "universal liability to military training and service," and the proposed law, complete in every detail, is now in the hands of Congress. What Congress does with it depends entirely upon public opinion. If the voice of America gets enough *command* in it, the measure will go through at a quickstep. If it keeps on whispering and babbling, then St. Vitus's dance will continue to be the favorite indoor sport of Senate and House.

Ever since the European war aroused the United States from its dream of security, "Universal Training" has been a pat phrase, as well as the pet one. The idea of a "citizenry trained in arms" has taken firm hold on the public mind, and newspaper polls and various other authoritative expressions make safe the assertion that the great majority of Americans have come to an enthusiastic belief in the theory. It is now to be determined whether they are willing to *harness* the idea; whether they have the energy and the faith to put the theory into practise.

There can be no honest question as to the absolute futility of the present military organization of the United States. It has no firmer base than a foolish optimism and no saner expectation than a miracle. In its very essence the volunteer system is undemocratic, inefficient, wasteful, and unreliable. It penalizes patriotism, exempts cowardice, permits neither training nor intelligent purchase of supplies, and in the hour of imperative need commits the ultimate crime of sending confused huddles of raw recruits to the slaughter of the firing-line. Millions have been spent upon it without curing a single defect. Billions

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CHINA AND THE UNITED STATES ARE THE ONLY COUNTRIES DEPENDENT ON VOLUNTEER ARMIES.

may be spent upon it without giving America any real defensive strength. The rotten foundations of the system are proved by history and bitter experience; they are declared by every military expert in the United States, and this authoritative judgment is backed by the opinion of every public man with honesty enough to study conditions and to face facts.

Universal Training, if written into law, makes a clean sweep and a new start. The heart of the plan is this: that every physically and mentally fit American boy will be required to undergo eleven months of continuous training during his nineteenth year, and that in his twentieth and twenty-first years, he will be called to the colors for fifteen days. After that, no further demand

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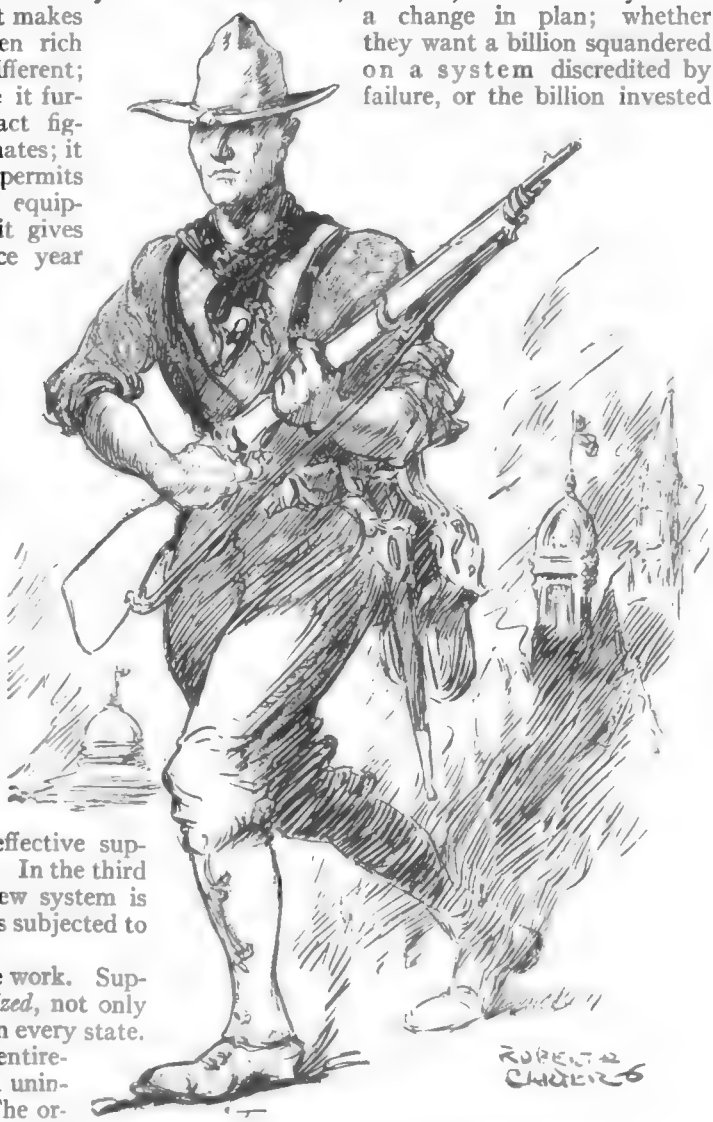
is made upon him except in event of war. His maturity is his own. He remains a member of the First Reserve until twenty-five, enters the Second Reserve for a term of seven years, and then passes into the Unorganized Reserve that holds him until forty-five.

As an immediate goal, the system means a National Army of 4,000,000 trained, fully equipped defenders; ultimately it will mean a nation of citizen soldiers, every man fit and ready to fight for his country instantly, precisely, and efficiently. It gives *democracy* because it makes no discrimination between rich and poor, brave and indifferent; it gives *reliability* because it furnishes America with exact figures instead of hazy estimates; it gives *efficiency* because it permits training and purchase of equipment in time of peace; it gives *fitness* because the service year takes the chalk out of bones and the water out of blood; it gives *economy* because it does away with the need of a large standing army.

These advantages are as obvious as the failures and inadequacies of the volunteer system. Even so, Congress will not pass the Universal Training law unless people understand and command. Antagonism will not be lacking. In the first place, it is much easier to talk about a thing than to do it. In the second place, opposition makes small demand upon intelligence, while effective support takes time and study. In the third place, the cost of the new system is somewhat appalling unless subjected to analysis and comparison.

To win is going to take work. Support has got to be *organized*, not only in every community but in every state. Nor will it do to depend entirely upon mere clamor and uninformed emotionalism. The organized drive has got to have facts, and the facts must be on straight. We must know what we are fighting against, and we must know what we are fighting for, and know it from the ground up!

At the very outset it must be understood that the question is not whether we *do* or do *not* want to spend money on America's protection. That decision has already been made. *The National Defense Act, passed in* 1916, *authorizes a total expenditure of* $1,437,555,566. *Universal Training will cost* $1,212,166,937. What the people are to determine, therefore, is whether they desire a change in plan; whether they want a billion squandered on a system discredited by failure, or the billion invested



TURNING OUT BETTER CITIZENS WHILE IT TRAINS DEFENDERS.

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in a new system rich in hope and promise. Comparison is a necessary approach to the question. The National Defense Act, *now law*, presents the following figures relative to land forces:

	Strength
Regular Army	224,626
Regular Army Reserve	86,000
National Guard	428,572
National Guard Reserve	158,000
Volunteers on outbreak of war	685,000
Volunteers three months after outbreak of war	1,500,000
	3,082,198

Mind you, however, this strength is not provided, but *assumed!* It is the old game of "If" written into law. *If* so many men will enlist in the Regular Army, *if* so many men will enlist in the National Guard, *if* so many men will volunteer when war starts, and so on and so on—until the entire $1,437,555,566 is frittered away just as millions have been frittered away in the past.

Already, after a year of operation only, the plan has broken down at every point. It has not proved possible even to get "regulars" up to strength. The Hay Bill, in its provisions for permanently increasing the army by recruiting, is a failure. Men are not coming forward.

As for the National Guard, recent experience makes its own accusations. On June 18, 1916, the entire strength of the Organized Militia was 132,000, but only 114,000 were called to the colors by the President. Of this number, 28,500 did not present themselves for muster, and rejections on account of physical disability cut the available total down to 57,000, and even these had to be given months of border duty before arriving at fitness and efficiency. Such the result, bear in mind, after ten active years during which the Federal Government had authorized the expenditure of $06,000,000 upon the National Guard, not to mention the millions poured out by the various commonwealths.

When the tradition of one hundred and forty-one years developed only 57,000 partially trained defenders, what reason is there to assume that the National Defense Act will be able to summon 428,572 in a few years? Recruiting is left to the states, and compulsion is not suggested. And even should the National Guard, by some miraculous intervention, reach the authorized strength, prior authority over the troops will still be possessed by the governors of the several commonwealths.

The Government, in plain, proposes to spend a billion on forty-eight separate little armies that experience has shown can not be raised or properly trained, and even if raised will not be subject to full Federal control.

The assumptions in the case of the volunteer force are even more preposterous. What about the training of the 685,000 to be called on the outbreak of the war? Or the preparation of the 1,500,000 expected to spring to arms within three months? And what if they do not come at all?

At every point in history the volunteer system has broken down in the hour of need. It failed America in the Revolutionary War; it failed in 1812, and we had to resort to draft laws; it failed the Confederacy in 1861, and the Confederate Congress, at its first session, ordered a draft; it failed the Federal Government also, and Lincoln was compelled to use the draft. To-day, only the United States and China rely upon volunteers to defend national existence.

So much for the present law! A thing of undemocracy, waste, and inefficiency, haphazard and bungling, giving minimum returns for maximum expenditures, and inviting invasion by its sheer absurdity.

THE Universal Training proposal, if adopted by Congress, makes a clean sweep of the National Defense Act. On new foundations it builds a new structure, bedrocked in democracy, instinct with true economy, turning out better citizens even while it trains fit defenders, and assuring an ultimate invincibility, in itself a guarantee of peace. Divested of technicalities, the plan is as simple and understandable as a primer lesson. For the first time in America's history national defense is treated as a *whole*, and provision is made for it in the following orderly manner:

(1) Oversea garrison for the Philippines, Oahu, Panama, Porto Rico, and Alaska, about 07,000 in number.

(2) Frontier forces for border duty, about 29,000.

(3) Training forces, consisting of officers and enlisted men in sufficient numbers.

(4) The National Army, composed of a First Reserve of 1,500,000, a Second Reserve of 1,500,000, and an Unorganized Reserve of 1,000,000.

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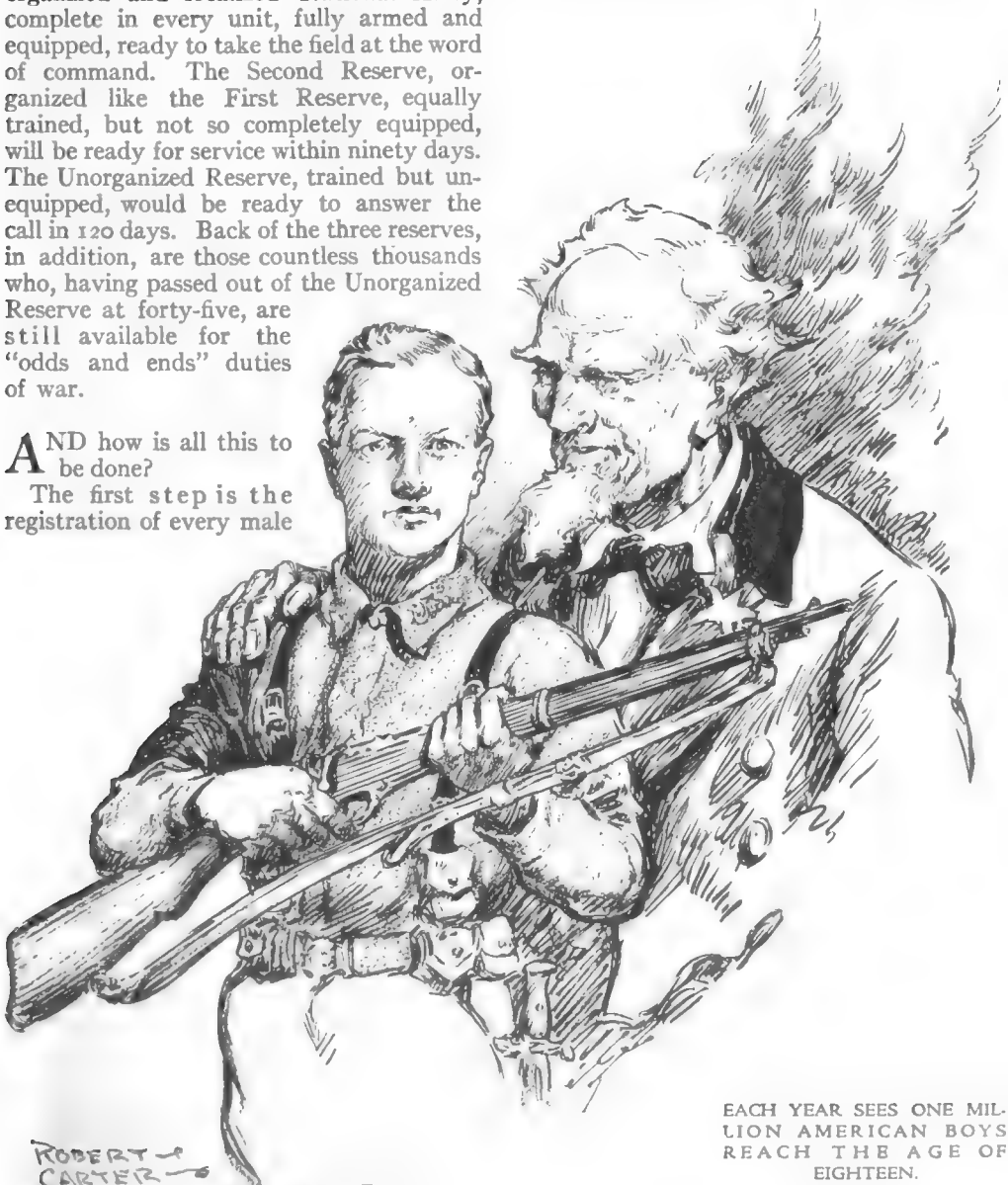
It will thus be seen that the bugbear of a huge standing army is laid for all time. Only 126,000 "professional soldiers," as we understand the word, for the training force will be *teachers*, and the 4,000,000 trained defenders will be *citizens*. No disruption of industry, no promotion of a military class; only a peaceful, highly energized process making for national efficiency while it bulwarks the national defense.

The First Reserve is to be a definitely organized and localized National Army, complete in every unit, fully armed and equipped, ready to take the field at the word of command. The Second Reserve, organized like the First Reserve, equally trained, but not so completely equipped, will be ready for service within ninety days. The Unorganized Reserve, trained but unequipped, would be ready to answer the call in 120 days. Back of the three reserves, in addition, are those countless thousands who, having passed out of the Unorganized Reserve at forty-five, are still available for the "odds and ends" duties of war.

AND how is all this to be done?

The first step is the registration of every male citizen in the United States, and those who have declared intention to become citizens, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. Also all foreigners over eighteen years of age. There are 21,000,000 males of military age in the country, and at a glance the task looks stupendous. As a matter of fact, it is simple. The President, by proclamation, will announce the registration period, the post-office plant will be used for the work, the job being split up as follows:



EACH YEAR SEES ONE MILLION AMERICAN BOYS REACH THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

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First year: All males over eighteen and under twenty-five. Probable number of individual registrations, 7,500,000.

Second year: All unregistered citizens and all unregistered aliens between eighteen and thirty. About 8,000,000.

Third year: All unregistered citizens and all unregistered aliens between eighteen and thirty-five, and so on during each subsequent year. After the sixth year it would be necessary to register only the class that becomes liable for training, those citizens and aliens who have been out of the country during preceding registration years, and those aliens who are immigrants or visitors of that year.

Even in the second year, when 8,000,000 will have to be registered, there should be no confusion, since it figures out that each post-office will have to handle only eight persons a day. Enrolment will be made by the duplicating card system, and in order that the registration may be complete and accurate, *jail sentences* from one month to a year will be the punishment for defiance and evasion.

The next step after registration will be the physical examination of the eighteen-year-olds who are to be made ready for the eleven months of training in their nineteenth year. The permanently unfit will be rejected immediately and finally, but when the trouble seems to be temporary, the boy will be made to return for re-examination each year until twenty-five. The only other exemptions will be in the case of boys who are the sole support of helpless dependents. With the exception of these three classes, no other eighteen-year-old lad in the United States, regardless of wealth or influence, will be permitted to shirk his obligation to his country.

THE registration idea, even if divested of military significance, is a good thing. Just as every intelligent business makes an annual inventory, so will America be taking stock of its real assets. In the first place, it would give exact figures with regard to the health of the nation's youth. Not by any means are we the sturdy, virile people that we love to believe ourselves. Of the thirty million wage-earners in the United States, each loses an average of nine days a year through sickness. Degenerative diseases have increased ninety per cent. in the last twenty years, until to-day the heart, liver, and kidneys of America are in sad need of overhauling. Even among applicants for the navy, supposedly fit youths, five out of every six are rejected on account of physical disabilities hitherto unsuspected.

Registration will inform us as to our fits and unfits so that we can commence an effective fight against unfitness. The medical inspection will discover disease, developed or incipient, permitting remedial treatment; and temporary disability, under the "follow-up" plan, can be given proper attention. These things, taken in conjunction with the year of training, constitute a *health insurance policy* for America!

It is wise also that we should be commencing to keep tab on our alien population. As it is now, we know little or nothing about the naturalization process, or whether America is still the "melting-pot" or just a dumping-ground. Registration will tell us to what extent we are assimilating our immigrants, and aid us in the selection of more effective measures.

Each year sees 1,000,000 American boys reach the age of eighteen. The War College figures that forty-two per cent. will be eliminated by rejections and exemptions, leaving 580,000 to go to the training-camps. Of this number, 60,000 will be set aside for the navy, and 20,000 for the coast artillery, selection being determined as much as possible by individual preference and fitness. This will leave 500,000 to be made up into mobile defenders. Where will they go? What will they do? These questions must be answered while names are being taken and examinations made. During the registration period the War Department will be called upon to drive with might and main on its preparations for the clothing, feeding, housing, and training of these 500,000 boys. To give this tremendous task all possible simplicity, the United States will be divided into sixteen divisions, to each of which will be assigned a commander vested with large and discretionary power. The War Department will lay down his general policy, but all details will be in his hands, since the big idea behind the plan is efficiency, not red tape. The commander will divide and subdivide his area as he sees fit, breaking it up into districts, for the plan proposes to keep every youngster *close to his home*. In the sparsely settled Western states, this will not be as feasible

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as in the more thickly populated East; but as far as conditions permit, the training-camps will be in or near the community that it draws from.

This done, the commander will start to work to gather his training force. He will have his fair share of officers and enlisted men from the Regular Army, of course, but these will be only a drop in the bucket. About 17,000 additional officers must be secured for the first year, so it is plain to be seen that West Point can not be relied upon. To meet these needs, non-commissioned officers of the Regular Army will be invited to take examination for promotion, and there is also an immediate supply to be found in the National Guard. Aside from these sources, a call for aid will be made to all men who have seen service either in the regular establishment or the National Guard, whether as officers or privates, also to all graduates and students of military schools and colleges.

Talk about democratization! There it is in fullest and finest expression. Citizen officers as well as citizen soldiers, and ex-privates standing shoulder to shoulder with West Point graduates. As time goes on, of course, these volunteers will drop out, having served their purpose, and future officers will be drawn from the Reserve itself. Enlistment in the training force is for one year only, and the appointment of all officers is to be provisional for two years, in order that their suitability may be demonstrated. This business of teaching the youth of America calls for temperamental as well as moral fitness, and care is going to be taken to get the right sort.

While districts are being laid out and the training force selected, the commanders and their staffs will also be purchasing ground for camp-sites, letting contracts for barracks and quarters, and making arrangements for the feeding and clothing of the youngsters.

The training year is scheduled to commence on November first, and when the half million reports for duty, each boy must have a uniform to put on, a dining-hall to walk into, and a bed to sleep in.

There is also the curriculum to be planned in advance. This is going to be worked out as carefully as any school course, and in its preparation the military authorities mean to make use of the representative educators of the country as well as the foremost technicians. The intent is to develop defenders, but the process will not fail to emphasize civic ideals and character building.

During the winter months, the course will be largely restricted to the individual training of the boy and his physical development. He will learn the value of clean living and clean thinking, personal hygiene and habits of order, care of clothing and equipment, etc., as well as the fundamentals of military science. When the spring opens, the work will be almost exclusively out-of-doors, and the youngsters will progress from the school of the individual soldier to the school of the company, battery, and troop, then to the school of the battalion and squadron, and ultimately to the school of the regiment and brigade.

The training will culminate with the annual maneuver period, extending from September fifteenth to thirtieth. During this fifteen-day stretch, the Reserve units will be grouped and the young recruits will learn how to work in the mass in large formation. These "repetition periods," however, that call boys to the colors for two weeks during their twentieth and twenty-first years, are less for the benefit of the youngster and more for the benefit of the system. It is, in reality, a "try-out" of the mobilization machinery, so that there may be no hitch or confusion in event that a call comes for one million men within twenty-four hours.

Each youngster, during his eleven months of training, will be paid $5 per month. This is not proposed as pay, but merely as an allowance to meet necessary personal expenses, so that the poor boy may stand on an equal footing with his richer comrade. While the General Staff was considering details, certain labor leaders urged that "regular" wages should be paid. Government statisticians investigated and found that the average earning capacity of a boy of nineteen was $275 a year. The Government pays him $55, and in addition, boards and lodges and clothes him, so that the boy really makes more in his training year than he would if working.

In its essence, the system is a preparedness for peace as well as for war. It makes better citizens, even while turning out fit defenders, invigorating and strengthening American manhood, and at the same time safeguarding American institutions. Chests will deepen and shoulders broaden and eyes brighten. It is also the case that a clean body makes a cleaner mind. Australia

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A BILLION SQUANDERED ON A SYSTEM DISCREDITED BY FAILURE.

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reports that universal training has cut juvenile delinquency in half. The cadet system in Wyoming is responsible for an amazing development in juvenile self-control and restraint, and, as a result, there is not a parent, teacher, or preacher in the state who does not now stand squarely behind universal training as a moral as well as physical factor.

Even larger benefits may be expected. It is not alone that universal training will necessarily instruct in sanitation and personal hygiene, but the emphasis on physical development is bound to hurry the social legislation that will do away with slums, low wages, overwork, and the other evils that flow from economic maladjustments.

Democracy and fraternity are coming to be stale and empty words. We teach our youth to talk them in a vague, parroty way, but not how to *work* at them in an enthusiastic, definite way. Universal training will jumble the boys of America all together, shoulder to shoulder, smashing all the petty class distinctions that now divide, and promoting a brand of real democracy. Look at Switzerland! Look at France!

Fear of "militarism" is nonsense when it isn't dishonesty. As a matter of fact, universal training is the one sure escape from militarism, for it will do away with all need of a standing army and destroy utterly the propaganda of alarmists and jingoists.

So much for the training course that is to give America a citizen army of four million trained defenders. It is a system, however, that guarantees the future only, and because of this the law is compelled to take cognizance of immediate needs. As a consequence, volunteers past the training age, who have had military experience, will be received into the First Reserve at the outset. This body, with the commissioned and non-commissioned officers selected for the training force, will form an efficient nucleus during the first years of the training period. Care has also been taken to see that the system is not marred by patent absurdities. The seaboard states, as a matter of course, will make the coast artillery their own care, and cavalry divisions will be distributed in the Western states where youngsters learn to ride before they walk.

LET us now return to the matter of money, reducing the whole proposition to dollars and cents. The War College throws full into the public face the astounding total of $1,708,816,707 as a "first cost," with the equally disturbing lump of $457,103,011 added for annual maintenance. Tremendous, to be sure, but don't balk, don't dismiss the plan as preposterous, until the figures are analyzed, until there is understanding of just what it is that the "billion" is going to buy. First, it is only fair to segregate and subtract the cost of the regular establishment:

	Men	Supplies	Cantonments
Oversea Garrisons.....	96,963	$28,093,423	$2,059,700
Frontier Force	29,024	9,176,219	
Permanent Personnel..	21,186	6,271,056	
	147,173	$43,540,698	

The cost of the universal training splits up as follows:

	Supplies	Cantonment Construction
Training Forces	$227,243,921	$26,453,121
First Reserve...	514,264,840	8,485,082
Second Reserve	381,734,254	8,485,082
	$1,123,243,015	$43,423,285

This total of $1,166,666,300 is the amount it will take to install the plant that is to give the United States a citizen army of four millions. This is not training expenses alone, nor yet food and clothing and fuel. It means permanent values, like camp-sites, bound to increase in value, lumber for cantonments, arms and munitions, live stock and equipment, medicines, hospital furniture, and other things that we have *got* to have.

Supplies estimated for include those necessary for the training and organization of the required forces, and also the minimum reserve of such supplies required in case of war. All are necessary, even though no attempt is made to provide trained men. They can not be obtained in sufficient quantities after war comes, and their absence would place the country absolutely at the mercy of an invader.

Compare the cost of maintenance and effective strength under the present law, that we've got whether we like it or not, and the proposed universal training plan:

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ANTAGONISM WILL NOT BE LACKING—TO WIN IS GOING TO TAKE WORK.

	Present Law	Universal Training
Strength.....	1,137,200	3,296,023
Annual Maintenance.....	$339,548,000	$457,103,011
Per Capita Cost..	$298.58	$121.21

The 3,296,023 given as the ultimate strength of the National Army does not include 475,000 youngsters taking first-year training, nor does it include the trained men who have completed their service and entered the Third, or Unorganized Reserve. And the annual maintenance cost of $457,103,011 also includes the expense of training the 475,000 recruits, likewise the cost of annual assemblies or repetition periods.

Never was choice so plain! Shall America continue a military policy that is even more of a superstition than it is a tradition, squandering $1,437,555,566 on a system that our own experience, as well as the experience of the whole world, brands as wasteful, inefficient, and absolutely futile?

Or shall we take $1,212,166,937 and build from the ground up, even as Switzerland has builded, strengthening the nation's health, patriotism, and confidence even while bedrocking the nation's defense in fitness and efficiency?

The proposition goes far beyond the mere question of America's safety. It gets down to the fundamentals of America's *character*. It is a test of our ability to think straight, to act courageously, and to command obedience. Congress, epitomizing the wretched indecision that has grown upon us in recent years, will not wipe out the National Defense Act, putting Universal Training in its place, unless spurred forward by public opinion. And public opinion is not going to be aroused to any dynamic extent until every citizen makes the matter his *business*.

And so, Mr. American, it is up to you!

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THE FIRST RUMBLE

(An eye-witness account of the dramatic session of Russia's popular assembly, where was struck the first blow for freedom of action in war and peace, which prepared the way for the great Russian revolution.)

By Walter Austin

Mr. Austin is a Boston lawyer with a strong liking for travel wherever anything interesting looms up. Since the beginning of the war he has been in the belligerent countries four times. In the fall of 1916 he went to Russia, and was able to attend that sensational session of the Duma which forced Boris Sturmer's removal from the premiership. Here is the "inside story" of that session which, in four short months, was to have such a tremendous sequel.—THE EDITOR.

RUSSIA'S mute millions are at last articulate. Worn to a thin edge by the hardships of world war, the blundering of bureaucrats, the grafting of Government officials, and the treachery of the Premier who plotted a separate peace-without-honor with Germany, the slumbering giant of the North has turned in righteous fury upon his rulers. The torch of popular liberty has at last been lighted and the blade of conscious power has struck home.

IN THE soft half-light of a large, low-ceilinged room, in a one-story stone building in Petrograd, on the afternoon of Tuesday, November 14th last, I saw the first spark that kindled the torch, struck out by the wrath of the Russian people, and first gleam of the blade that only yesterday was drawn for freedom.

It was the opening session of the Duma. Ten months had elapsed since the delegates had convened; ten months since the Czar, alarmed by the vigor of its opposition and exercising the royal prerogative, had summarily prorogued the session.

Smarting under the punishment, but loyal to the Little Father, the four hundred and fifty delegates had dispersed to their homes. Without violence or overt resentment, they scattered to address themselves afresh to the task in hand—to win the war; some to the fields, some to the workshops, some to the trenches.

But ten months of even the most arduous physical endeavors, ten months of exacting and exhausting service, ten months of

Chas. A. Brender.

THE WINTER PALACE IN PETROGRAD

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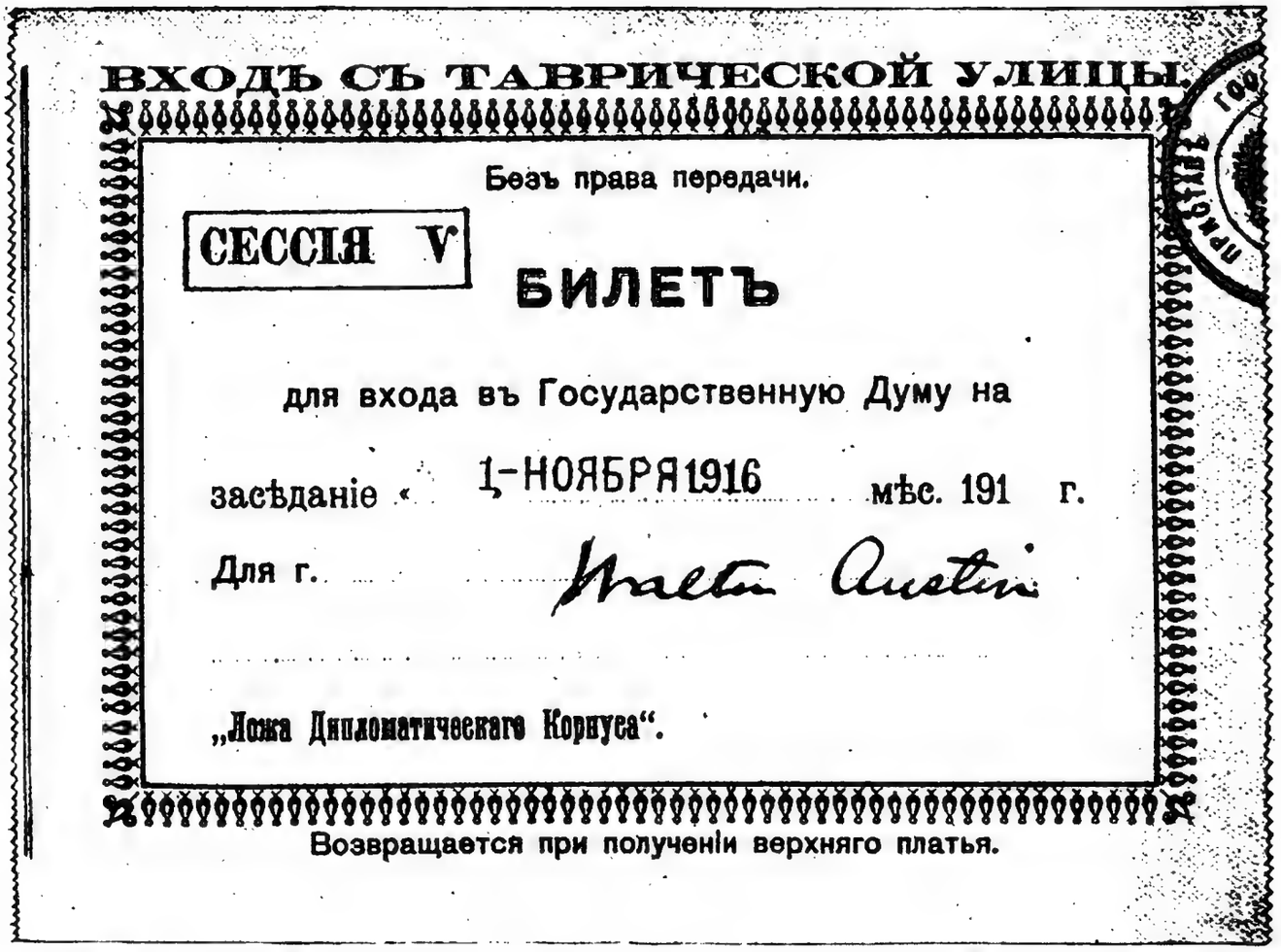
sustained faith in God and Country, could not close their ears to the whisperings of scandal filtering down from the seats of the mighty, or still the consciousness of corruption among those "higher up."

The Russian is deeply religious. The Czar is his spiritual Father. The war is holy. And yet while faith, to the Russian as to the rest of us, is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," it is straining the figure a bit when a crooked bureau chief ships to the front tons of boxes that are labeled "Munitions," but are filled with sawdust and old shoes. And it is insulting even peasant credulity to shunt a soldier off to the front and assure him that his wife and babies will be taken good care of on four roubles each a month, when that same soldier knows that in Petrograd milk is selling as high as forty copecks a glass!

During these ten momentous months, the Russian peasant, at home and at the front, had been doing a lot of dark Russian thinking. Echoes of his opinion, based on what he had seen, heard, or suspected, now and then cropped out in the newspapers. Between the lines left by the censor there ran the mistful, wistful yearnings of a people dumb, but defiant; muzzled, but mutinous. One might read such phrases as these from the Moscow *Russkiya Vedomosti:*

"A crisis that touches the whole life of the Empire . . . the crisis in obtaining supplies, the experiments in remedying the situation, the present status of foreign policies, the new limitations of the press, dark rumors and dark facts . . . foretell a collision between the interests of the country and the present system of government, which does not believe in the same measures as do the people. Only a public-spirited and responsible Ministry will be able to shield the Empire from the precipice."

And on the morning of November 14th my copy of the Petrograd *Vecherneie Vremia* told me: "These rumors create an unpleasant and sickly atmosphere, which is not at all helpful in calming down the


ВХОДЪ СЪ ТАВРИЧЕСКОЙ УЛИЦЫ.

Безъ права передачи.

СЕССІЯ V

БИЛЕТЪ

для входа въ Государственную Думу на

засѣданіе « 1-НОЯБРЯ 1916 мѣс. 191 г.

Для г. Mrs. Austin

„Ложа Дипломатическаго Корпуса".

Возвращается при полученіи верхняго платья.

THE OFFICIAL PASS WHICH PERMITTED MR. AUSTIN TO ATTEND THE NOW HISTORIC SESSION OF THE DUMA.

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passions. . . . A great many painful subjects have to be considered at to-day's reconvening of the Duma, which the country is awaiting with anxiety."

This was as far as the press could go. It was as far as oral discussion could go. For Russia is emphatically a land of contrasts and contradictions. On one hand, freedom of the press, freedom of speech were absolutely unknown. One might scarcely speak of the doings of certain powerful court leaders, even in casual conversation with a friend. And the newspapers were in the grip of a censorship as uncompromising as Russian autocracy and militarism could make it.

On the other hand there was the Duma. Here autocracy and bureaucracy had no voice. None but the Czar, and he only by prorogation, could coerce it. Here, and here alone in all Russia, did "Vox Populi" find sanctuary. Is it any wonder that here properly provoked popular discontent went to the wildest lengths of expression? Remove a ten-months' gag from the mouth of any victim, and he is likely to speak somewhat loudly and to the point. The net result was a situation unparalleled by any nation in the world. Outside the Duma, you might not mention even the name of the court favorite. Within its protecting ægis, you might not only "bawl him out" by name, but accuse him of the most treasonable crimes. Elsewhere in Russia the fear of *lèse-majesté* padlocked your tongue. In the Duma, the unfettered member might revel in an unlimited license to criticize, yea, even defame, every Minister of State. Only the Czar himself, the head of the Church, was immune.

So, after brooding over their wrongs for ten months, one hundred and eighty million Russians, through their chosen representatives, were about to make vocal their many grievances, when on that gray and gloomy November afternoon I went to the low, stone structure wherein was scheduled to open the fifth session of the Duma since war was declared.

In the spacious lobby I came upon the inevitable religious scene that precedes each formal convening of delegates. About three hundred of these stood with bared heads, while priests and acolytes of the Greek Church—long-haired, bushy-bearded, impressively cloaked—intoned the ritual, swung the censers, and chanted the deep antiphonals. Now and then a devout delegate would drop to his knees on the stone floor and cross himself vigorously. Every worshiper was intent on the business in hand. In every face I could read veneration. In some, an expression of mundane humility. In a few, the light of a spiritual transfiguration.

The services over, I repaired to the gallery, where I found my allotted seat. Around me were disposed members of the Russian Court and nobility and the ambassadors from Allied and Neutral Powers, their suites and families. On the floor, the delegates were finding their places at the little chair-and-desk stations, arranged in concentric half-circles about the President's platform. To the left, occupying at least half of the seats, went the country and peasant members, the belted blouse much in evidence. Among them I counted twenty priests of the Greek faith, and one Roman Catholic, his smooth face and dissimilar garb offering a strong contrast. There were many soldiers in uniform, most of them officers, in bright-colored full dress.

To the right, a metropolitan gathering—these showing the frock coats of a city and large town constituency. From these I noticed, as the afternoon wore on, more vigorous demonstrations than from the country members. If, after the bitter attacks of that day, the Ministers had any friends left, I am sure they sat only in the ranks of the less-informed and the slower-thinking country members. In the cities, where suffering had been acute and painfully obvious, the officials responsible for the nation's food-supply had won their bitterest enemies.

Shortly after two, the President of the Duma, Mr. Rodzianka, entered and took the chair. Behind him hung a full-length life-size portrait of the Czar, showing him standing on the balustrade of the Winter Palace. A murmur of amazement swept the gathering as the eight ministers of State, including Premier Sturmer, entered briskly and walked to seats on the President's right, the Ministers of War and of Marine wearing full regalia. The astonishment of the delegates was intense. Such was the overwhelming hostility to these men, particularly to the Premier, that none dreamed they would dare face their accusers. That morning's newspapers had stated that they would not be present.

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I studied the face of Boris Sturmer, this Teutonic man of power in the councils of the Russian state. A stolid, thick-set, gray-haired, gray-bearded man, with a short, wide nose, large, close-set ears, and deep, unfathomable eyes. Was he destined to fall beneath the assaults of the aroused millions or to triumph in the interests of the autocratic few?

The President's opening speech was restrained. In formal, graceful fashion he congratulated the Duma upon this opportunity to reassemble and give utterance to its opinions and suggestions on matters of national and international import.

Twice only was the applause unusual. Once when in ringing tones he asserted: "This war will be fought until German militarism is utterly destroyed. Until then, let there be no whisper of a separate peace for Russia!" At this the delegates rose to their feet, applauding and "rah-rah-ing" for fully two minutes.

A moment later the President, after a swift glance at the galleries, said, "I am glad to see present the Rumanian ambassador." The members cheered warmly. Then, "I am also glad to see here the British ambassador." Whereupon ensued the most terrific cheering of the day. Every man on the floor jumped to his feet and did his best to imitate bedlam. Those in the galleries rose and added their own tumult to that on the floor.

The President concluded by saying that this day's session would be devoted to full and frank statements of their views by the leaders of the chief political parties of Russia—Progressives, Constitutional Democrats or Cadets, Left Octobrists, Zemstvo Octobrists, National Progressives, the Central Group, and the Socialists.

At the close of the President's speech Premier Sturmer rose abruptly from his seat and left the building, plainly disconcerted by the remarkable pro-England and anti-peace demonstrations. As he vanished through the open door I realized that one more gentleman with a German name had succumbed to a Russian "gas attack." The other Ministers remained—for a while.

To the low rostrum immediately before and below him, the President first summoned the representative of the Socialists, a stocky, swarthy, bearded figure in a wrinkled gray suit, whose name was Puropatin and whose home was in the Caucasus, far to the south. For a Socialist, as America understands the term, Puropatin was mild. It is true that he had hardly got under way before he began to criticize Sturmer, but in such a desultory fashion that the delegates soon grew inattentive. Many of them looked bored. Some yawned. The comparative unimportance of his party and his own drab personality plainly aroused no interest. The House was gradually going to sleep, when all of a sudden the little man in gray took an aggressive, forward step, raised his fist, and shouted, "We Socialists demand peace!"

Then something happened. A young fire-eater down in front leaped to his feet, shouting "Never!" A fellow-member repeated the word. Then seemingly all of the delegates were on their feet at once, shaking their fists and yelling at the top of their lungs: "*Niet, niet!*" (No, no). "Throw him out!" "Away with him!" Not until the President had spent fully five minutes in frantically ringing his funny little dinner-bell—which is European for gavel—was order restored and the Socialist speaker allowed to proceed.

As spokesman for the Progressive, the most radical of all the Russian parties, Mr. Tcheidze, a young man of thirty or thirty-five, was next heard. His tall, commanding figure and ringing words, delivered without notes, won the closest attention.

"For my party," said he, "I demand a responsible Ministry. And to that end we call for the instant removal of the present one. On this point we will make no concessions whatever—Premier Sturmer is to-day a greater enemy to Russia than the Germans themselves. . . . His German name is enough to discredit him with every Russian. He is a snake in the grass!"

This was "freedom of speech" with a vengeance. I couldn't help imagining what would happen to a Congressman if, with the United States at war, he should venture to talk to the House in terms like these about our Secretary of State.

Tcheidze then turned and faced the Minister of War, sitting stiff and forbidding in full-dress uniform on the platform. Pointing an accusing forefinger, the speaker shouted: "You, sir, are to blame for the reverses of the army and for their shameful lack of munitions; nor are you guiltless of the suffering of the Russian people from the pitiful lack of food supplies!"

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UPPER PHOTOGRAPH: THE RUSSIAN DUMA IN SESSION. BEHIND THE PRESIDENT IS THE FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF THE CZAR. LOWER: EX-PREMIER STURMER.

This was too much for the War Minister. He shot a withering look at Tcheidze, then rose and, with exaggerated dignity, left the hall.

At his heels trailed the Minister of Marine, who doubtless concluded that he too would make for cover while the going was good.

In Petrograd, bread was selling for double the amount asked in peace times; butter cost $1.00 a pound; firewood was five times, and shoes three times, peace prices. For an ordinary pair of rubber overshoes, costing less than $1.00 at home, I paid $3.33, and a friend of mine was assessed $42 for a pair of shoes worth about $10 in the United States.

Yet with such prices as these the families of soldiers at the front were supposed to subsist on a Government allowance of $1.33 per person per month.

After the departure of the Ministers, Tcheidze's remarks became even more bitter. Feeding on applause, particularly that of the city delegates, his diatribes mounted to extraordinary heights. Finally, in the midst of a scathing denunciation of certain bureau chiefs whom he accused of deliberately starving the populace, President Rodzianka reached down, tapped Tcheidze

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on the shoulder, and whispered something in his ear. Without completing his interrupted sentence, without a word, the fiery Progressive turned sharply to the front and strode down the aisle to his seat as if shod with seven-league boots.

Many lesser figures, most of them of milder utterance, were heard. Finally, at six o'clock, came the long-heralded and anxiously awaited speech by Professor Paul Miliukoff, leader of the Constitutional Democrats. In this venerable personage, a fine-looking man of about sixty, with white hair and mustache and gold eye-glasses, I recognized the distinguished Petrograd editor who lectured in the United States not many years ago. For an hour, Professor Miliukoff, who is probably the most influential radical in Russia, held the closest attention of the Duma. For fear they might miss something, many members in the rear surged to the front, crowded the aisles, and hung upon his words until the very end.

Amid a silence that hurt, he began his address. Like the others, his speech was an attack upon the Ministers, and in it the deeds of Sturmer bulked large. His excoriation of the Premier was even more pointed, more circumstantial, than that of Tcheidze. But he was permitted to continue to the end. He attained the extreme of invective when, speaking slowly and weighing each word carefully, he solemnly declared:

"Boris Sturmer, Premier of Russia, I here and now do solemnly accuse you of having accepted bribes from our common enemy, the German Government. And I have in my possession the proofs of your infamy! Treacherously plotting, without the knowledge or consent of the Russian people, without the knowledge or consent of our valiant Allies, a separate peace with Germany, I do here and now demand, in the name of the united Russian people, that you be removed forthwith from office. Yet this is far less than you deserve. For if I were to voice the extreme sentiment of the Russian people, whom you would have betrayed, I should urge that you be imprisoned."

In other days Miliukoff must inevitably have paid for such boldness with his liberty, if not his life. But that day Russia was at war. That day Russian soil was held by an invader whom millions of Russians, now under arms, were called upon to withstand. And lest these millions and their weapons be turned upon himself, it behooved the Czar to give ear to their spokesman. As I listened to his ominous words, I knew that they were more than the words of Miliukoff, the individual. They were the voice of Russia itself.

The next day's *Vecherneie Vremya*, under the heading "Echoes of the Session of the Duma," showed over four columns of blank paper! In that sea of white was a wee smudge of printer's ink that told me: "One of the speakers read some verses of Pushkin about Slavonic streams."

That night, as I stepped from the Duma into the fog and gloom of Peter's City and threaded my way beneath the brooding domes to my hotel, I had a notion that I had been listening to the John Hancocks, the Patrick Henrys, and the Benjamin Franklins of a new Russia, that I had heard the tocsin of a genuinely "New Freedom," and that I had uncovered history in the making.

Within ten days, Sturmer, the storm-center, had been removed and Trepoff reigned in his stead. The Ministers of War and Marine had repented in tears and solemnly dedicated themselves to an efficient and vigorous prosecution of the war, with special attention to national food supplies and army munitions.

The peace plot had apparently failed. The Ministerial plotters of Russia and Germany had been swept out.

The slumbering giant of the North had stirred. Four months later he was to rise and shake himself wholly free for action.

"THE MAN WHO FOUND HIS COUNTRY"

A story of Intercollegiate Rowing and what it did to Thaddeus Crask

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

In the June number

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THE LATE BETSY BAKER

By Mrs. Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

THE Lord never intended Betsy Baker for an actress. Just who did, or what she was intended for, could have been made the subject of conjecture. She evidently had slipped in the back gate of her profession when nobody was looking, and—well, there she was!

She had none of the qualifications for an actress, except a certain charm, and a sort of elusive beauty that always was a matter of discussion because no two persons ever agreed about it. Certainly she was not consumed by the divine fire, or anything of that sort; the stage to her was not a mission; no one ever heard her rave about ambition. Just how or why she came to be on the stage no one but Betsy herself knew, and she didn't tell.

She always had a job—which is more to the point. She was just the type some one always wanted for something. She had never made a hit, but she had never made a failure. Faults and virtues were thrown together so pellmell in her make up that the one thing could never be separated from the other. She wasn't a paragon, but she wasn't anything else.

Her pathway of life had not been the usual stony one of her profession; perhaps that was because she accepted things pretty much as she found them. Obstacles she went around, not through; conditions she accepted. She never wasted time striving for what she couldn't have, nor energy fighting against what had been thrust upon her. She was interested in everybody and everything, but no one especially, and nothing mattered. She was not necessary to any one's happiness; no one was necessary to hers.

Just how she came to be in the cast of "The Lovers" no one wondered. Somebody just happened to see somebody who saw her, and suggested that she was exactly the type for *Polly*. She was promptly engaged for the rôle of *Polly*. Going on the road didn't bother her as it seemed to bother every one else in the company. She evidently concluded that if the great Sackett, the star of "The Lovers," who had never before condescended to go on the road, could do so—well, so could she. True, the star would have a private car, while others in the company would travel in day coaches if they didn't pay for parlor seats. But the question of the day coaches and the private car didn't worry Betsy.

She intended to pursue a course she had pursued for a good many years of her young life—learn something! Going on the road wouldn't necessarily interfere with it. Books were to be had everywhere; there were libraries in every town. She had read that a young Chinese professor had come to Harvard to lecture on Confucius, and teach Confucianism. She intended to inform herself a bit on the subject.

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So the everlasting string of hotels, theatres, and railroad stations became as one to Betsy; performances merely exclamation-points in the course of events. During her peregrinations to and from libraries she had accumulated a book on Sanskrit and data enough to floor a faculty. And she went serenely on pursuing the even tenor of her studious life; the stage was merely a background. Then came a jar, a jolt; the even tenor was rudely interrupted. Betsy accumulated the abominable habit of being late.

At first only the stage manager worried; then one night the juvenile with whom she opened the play stood around on one foot and looked helpless while she held the curtain. It was only for the fraction of a minute, but the curtain was held. The next day, leaving town, she almost missed the train; then the whole company began to sit up and worry. The whole company with the exception of the star; he, arriving in a taxi at the last moment himself, knew nothing of it.

By the end of that week Betsy's delinquency had grown into a horror, for she had no understudy, the management having concluded it was an unnecessary expense to carry on the road two girls the type for *Polly*—and because there didn't seem to be two girls in the world the type for *Polly*. Saturday was a matinée day, and the train made the town by the shade of a minute in time for the performance. It was only by the grace of God that the star's taxi had turned into the street where Betsy was casually pursuing her way to the train in the town the company was leaving. Sackett, also by the grace of God, saw her, and picked her up; the stage manager meanwhile going gray-headed on the platform when she hadn't appeared. This time she received a lecture and the threat of a fine. Hadfield, the stage manager, didn't mince words about it either. Also he tried to impress upon her the fact that the attention of the star himself had been attracted to what might lose her job for her.

She did better after that—for three whole days! Then she almost missed the train again, and, curled up in her chair in the parlor-car, she dodged every time the stage manager passed. Hadfield was sore, anyway. He was of the opinion that one-night stands were an invention of the devil, and Betsy had given him a legitimate excuse to take his grouch out on her.

The circumstance might have slipped into obscurity had not the star broached the subject to Hadfield *en route* during a discussion of the lighting effects in the big scene that continually went wrong.

"That girl—*Polly*—" the star asked, "who's her understudy?"

"Hasn't one," Hadfield answered.

"Why not?" Sackett demanded.

Hadfield spread out his hands expressively. "Search me," he said. "Ask the management."

"We would have been in the devil of a hole if she had missed that train the other day."

"She came within an ace of missing this train to-day," Hadfield informed him.

"Bad business, Hadfield," the star grumbled. "That part is important to me. She's my big scene. We'll have to have some one understudy her."

"Show her to me," Hadfield growled.

The star regarded him for a moment. "You mean there's not a woman in the company who could——"

"Don't think there's another in the world. Tried out fifty in that part before I stumbled upon her. She happens to be just that type."

The star thought that over for a while. "Well, speak to her about being late. Tell her she must cut it out."

"Tried it. Told her I'd fine her the next time she held the curtain."

"Held the curtain!" Sackett repeated in astonishment. "We can't have anything like that!"

Hadfield didn't answer; he rather wanted to poke some one in the nose anyhow.

"If it happens again," the star said with dignity, "I'll—well, inform me."

It happened again that very night! But Hadfield didn't have to inform the star; he already knew it. Every one in the company knew it; half the audience knew it. Hadfield suddenly changed tactics.

He sought out Betsy in her dressing-room when she came off. "See here, girlie," he entreated, "you don't want to throw down the company, do you? Won't get anywhere in the profession if you're unreliable, y'know. You don't want to three-sheet this late business, eh?"

Betsy was casually dabbing some powder on her nose. She shook her head in answer; affirmative, or negative, Hadfield wasn't sure.

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"That's the stuff," he encouraged.

"Of course you are going to fine me," Betsy said.

Hadfield smiled; an unusual performance for him. "Just this once," he answered playfully. "Got to keep discipline in the company, y'know. But we're going to ring down on being late, eh? You can just bet, yes." He went over and patted Betsy on the shoulder in a fatherly way. "That's the stuff."

"You're a sweet old thing," Betsy told him.

Hadfield didn't believe her, of course, but he smiled again. Then he went to fix it up with the star. "Guess it's O. K. now," he told that important gentleman. "Got her eating out of my hand; no more trouble. Think I know how to handle women."

"If you don't, I do," Sackett informed him. "I'll fire her."

Betsy was late again; on the very next jump out of town. True, she made the train, but that was because the great Sackett himself, waiting anxiously on the station platform for her to appear, personally appealed to the conductor of the train to hold it. Betsy climbed aboard as cool and unruffled as if her coming were of no importance at all. Hadfield wanted to shake her.

"Send her to me," Sackett ordered Hadfield as he swung himself aboard. "I'll put an end to this nonsense."

Hadfield frowned in answer; he wondered just where the cast of "The Lovers" would get another *Polly*.

IT WASN'T any joke to be ordered into the private car. No one of the company, except Hadfield, ever went there without losing his job, or having his figurative head taken off. So Betsy should have been scared if she wasn't.

The scene began badly, too.

When Betsy entered the private car, Mr. Sackett bowed in his best manner, and invited her to sit down. That was all right. But the chair he indicated was a huge one and immediately succeeded in losing her small figure in its depths, giving her the uncomfortable feeling of having been properly squelched. Also he stood, and as he was of considerable height, he towered ominously above her. The mechanics of the situation were all right, no doubt, from Mr. Sackett's point of view; they were all wrong from Betsy's.

"Would you mind if I sat in the little chair there—er—stage C?" she asked sweetly. "I'll be a lot more comfortable."

"Please do," the great Sackett begged courteously; he smiled too, even pushed the chair forward a

BOOKS WERE TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE; THERE WERE LIBRARIES IN EVERY TOWN.

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little to a more advantageous position.

"There, that's better," she said. "Thank you *so* much."

Betsy sat up primly in the little chair, and looked interested, like an honor pupil expecting a recommendation from her teacher rather than an unknown little actress about to lose her job. Her hands were folded in her lap; her expression was politely inquiring; her gaze frank, direct. "Well?" she said.

Mr. Sackett found it hard to begin. He didn't know what to say, nor how to say it. Ordinarily this would not have been so. He would have said, without preliminary, "See here, my dear young lady, etcetera, etcetera," and the matter would have been adjusted without further difficulty. Just why this particular case succeeded in being out of the ordinary, Mr. Sackett could not have told you. He had never before taken a personal account of the girl. She had been to him a sort of necessary piece of furniture; a setting, a background. He knew she was the important factor in his big scene, but by voice and gesture—just the right note; unobtrusive, but not colorless. It had never before occurred to him that she existed. Now he gazed at her, lost in contemplation of that elusive beauty no two persons ever agreed about.

"Are you going to send me back to New York?" she asked him.

"Well—not exactly."

"Then I'm to stay!"

"Something like that."

"Oh, Mr. Sackett, you are awfully good to me, and I don't deserve it one little bit."

Mr. Sackett tried to be impervious to the charm of voice, of gesture, to an unexpected dimple that suddenly deepened in her cheek. What's more, he made an effort to get a grip on the steering-wheel of the conversation. It wasn't going the way he intended it. "I suppose you know what a serious thing it is to hold the curtain," he said.

"Indeed I do," she replied.

"It stirs up the business end."

"Indeed it does."

"And sets a bad example to the company."

"Oh, yes!"

It's hard to go on lecturing a person who helps you do it. Especially when the person is undeniably a charming girl who gazes at you sincerely, frankly; it's—why, hang it! it's like beating a baby with a mallet. Suddenly Mr. Sackett burst out laughing. "See here, young woman, what am I going to do with you?" he demanded.

"Why, I don't know," Betsy answered cheerfully. "What *are* you going to do with me?"

Mr. Sackett thought it over. "You know, don't you, that you have the management in the hollow of your two little hands?"

"Really?"

"That it's impossible to find another *Polly?*"

"Oh, Mr. Sackett, nothing is impossible," Betsy contradicted.

"Hadfield says so."

"Oh, Mr. Hadfield?" Betsy laughed. "He's a sweet old thing, but he doesn't know everything."

"No?"

"*Polly* is such a little part—such a silly little part."

"Perhaps," the great Sackett admitted. "But it is most important to me."

"Are you suggesting that I ask for a raise of salary?" Betsy asked with wide-eyed innocence.

"What! Great Scott! No! I—Certainly not!"

"Then what are we talking about?" Betsy wanted to know. "If you don't intend to fire me—well, why am I here?"

Mr. Sackett did a turn up and down the narrow confines of the private car. "Search me!" he ejaculated finally. "By the Lord Harry, I'm blessed if I know. I had some kind of an idea of scaring you to death when I sent for you, but—see here, I'm going to throw myself on your mercy. I'm going to ask you to be on time after this to—please me! Will you?"

"Oh, I'll have to, if you put it that way," Betsy declared. "I couldn't do otherwise."

Mr. Sackett did not know how to handle women; but unconsciously he had blundered in the right direction. His inclination was to X to the little chair stage C, where Betsy was sitting, and, as Hadfield had done, pat her on the shoulder in a fatherly manner. But he didn't. He was too young to get away with that fatherly business; besides—for no reason he could have explained—he felt a sudden, strange timidity.

Betsy arose and held out her hand to him. "You have been perfectly lovely to me, Mr.

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Sackett," she said, "and I'm going to be on time after this to—please you." She raised her eyes to his. They were very blue eyes, and an untold something lay in their limpid depths. A something that stirred a something-or-other in the vicinity of Mr. Sackett's heart—a hitherto unprecedented something in Mr. Sackett's experience.

He pressed the little hand that lay in his the least little bit, then he allowed it to flutter away. "That's a good little girl," he smiled. He held open the door for her, reluctant to see her go—he didn't know why.

Suddenly she turned to him. "You're human, after all, aren't you?" she exclaimed. Then, without waiting for an answer, she was gone.

Mr. Sackett sat down in the big chair by the window and gazed out upon the flying landscape for a long, long time. He was thinking.

Meanwhile Betsy had returned to her seat in the parlor-car. The juvenile with whom she opened the play looked up as she sank into it.

"Fired?" he asked.

"Well—not exactly."

"Then you're going to stick?"

"Something like that."

"What are you trying to do?" he demanded, "josh me?"

"At least he knows I'm in the company."

"What?"—puzzled.

"Nothing," she replied.

"Oh, darn!" the juvenile exploded. "You women try to be so blamed mysterious."

Betsy also sat by a window gazing out upon the flying landscape for a long, long time. She, too, was thinking.

II

IT WAS astonishing to note the change in Betsy's punctuality after her interview with the star. She even swung back the other way, and was the first to reach the theatre, the first to appear at the station. The change did not escape the attention of Mr. Sackett. And he found time to say so to Betsy; coming into the wings a few moments before his entrance in the big scene, not at the last moment as had been his custom. The change lasted, too. Hadfield felt as if he could draw a decent breath once again, and a certain peace descended and dwelt with the company.

It was somewhere in the Middle West—Betsy, pursuing the study of Confucius, had lost trace of the state—when she slipped and almost went down in the ruins of her old habit. It was the star himself who saved her.

Betsy was hurriedly making her way across the lobby of the hotel when she bumped into Mr. Sackett sauntering out to a waiting taxi.

"Jumping crabapples!" he exclaimed. "You should be at the theatre! You open the show!" He glanced at the clock, gasped, and took her arm firmly. "Here, young woman, you come with me!"

On the sidewalk he all but lifted her into the waiting taxi. "To the Empire like the devil!" he instructed the driver.

Betsy retired into a corner of the taxi and sat there silent, penitent, distressed. She wanted to explain, but he would not understand, so she didn't try to. Fortunately, the theatre was only three blocks away.

"Thought you were going—to—please me," Mr. Sackett remarked as the taxi turned and commenced to slither on its way.

"I'm sorry, please believe me," Betsy entreated. "And I have tried, haven't I?"

"You've done very nicely, and I've been proud of you, but——"

"I was trying to translate some Sanskrit; I simply didn't notice the time——"

"Sanskrit!" he jerked out. The jerk might have been due to astonishment, or to a projecting cobblestone.

"Yes. It's awfully fascinating. I get so interested."

"Sanskrit!" he repeated. "Who ever heard of a girl like you translating—Sanskrit!"

"It's awfully fascinating—Oh, can't he go faster?"

"He's in a jam."

"Swear if you like," she told him. "I can go on without any makeup if I have to."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Mr. Sackett stated. "Do you want to look like—look——"

"No matter how I look," she interrupted. "I simply must not hold that curtain. I'll lose my job sure."

Of course Mr. Sackett couldn't assure her she wouldn't; it would be bad policy. So, being a good business man as well as a good actor, he said nothing.

"If I could only carry an encyclopedia with me," she said, "how much time it would save me—hunting up libraries and——"

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HE SEARCHED FOR THE PICTURE OF BETSY, PICKED IT UP, SMILED, AND THEN—HE KISSED IT!

"I have the 'Britannica' if it will be of any use to you—if it will help get you to the theatre in time!"

"Oh, have you?" she asked, delighted. "And you really will let me——"

"Come into the car whenever you like!"

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Impulsively Betsy laid a hand upon his sleeve; a hand surcharged, if one were to judge by the way Mr. Sackett suddenly straightened up and caught his breath.

"Oh, Mr. Sackett, you are awfully good to me, and—really, I don't deserve it."

Mr. Sackett started to dispute that statement; started to cover the hand that lay upon his sleeve with his own. But at just that instant the taxi brought up at the stage door with a jerk.

Betsy didn't hold the curtain, but the evening had a jinks. Everything went wrong. In the big scene later something happened; just what, no one seemed to be able to figure out. It might have been the speech for the curtain; the speech that nightly earned more than the usual allotment of calls. It might not have been the speech. But certainly something was the matter.

The star, in the play, left alone, misunderstood by the woman of his dreams, turns to *Polly*, the waif he has rescued from the streets and the blows of a drunken, brutal father; heart-broken he gathers her in his arms, kisses her; speech, then curtain. The effect of that speech was one of the reasons of Mr. Sackett's astonishing reputation, his still more astonishing salary.

He refused to take the calls when the curtain fell, leaving Hadfield to order on the lights in highly expressive cuss words.

"For the love of Mike!" Hadfield sputtered as the star disappeared into his dressing-room and closed the door with a bang. "What's eating him?"

Inside the dressing-room the star did something he had never done before—threw a shoe at his valet; then ordered him from the room.

For five minutes—it might have been longer—he leaned upon the make-up shelf, his head on his arms, his heart doing some funny stunts it had never been guilty of before. His arms still felt the little form of *Polly* in them, his lips still the pressure of hers; which was, to say the least, unprofessional.

Finally, he got up and opened the door. He howled at his valet.

"Tell Mr. Hadfield to send me pictures of all the women in the company!"

When the pictures were delivered he searched for the picture of Betsy among them. Eagerly he picked it up, and smiled; then he—yes, he did—he kissed it!

Now if Betsy hadn't missed the train the next day, things might have gone by devious ways to a different conclusion; but miss the train she did. It was a matinée day, with a big advance sale, and Hadfield was practically ready for the insane asylum when he realized what had happened.

The star said nothing when he heard it; there wasn't anything left to be said—Hadfield had said it all. And that gentleman, turning and twisting in the private car, stage C, was not getting anywhere with a solution of the difficulty; and the train was speeding on its way.

"There's no one to take her place?" the star asked.

"No!" roared Hadfield. "I told you that once."

"Then for God's sake get out of here and let me think!"

There was a junction half-way, where the company would change. By the aid of telegraph, telephone, friendship with the president of the line, and money enough to bribe an official, Mr. Sackett was able to secure an engine at the junction, and orders to get himself and his private car taken back to the place whence he had come.

Hadfield shook his head doubtfully over the plan. "You stand a fat chance of getting in for your matinée," he grumbled.

"To hell with the matinée!" Sackett exploded in exasperation. "I intend to tell that young woman what I think of her!"

III

BETSY, when she woke next day, wanted to go off somewhere and forget. She wanted to forget the agony she had experienced when she saw the tail of the train she was supposed to be aboard fluttering down the track a good hundred yards away, and going fast; she wanted to forget the horror of indecision after that—what she would do, what she *could* do; she wanted to forget the remorse; she wanted to forget—everything! Well, not quite everything. There were some things connected with the catastrophe that were sweet to contemplate—especially that ride in the private car and some of the things Philip Sackett had said to her, things that bore generally upon the future—and she would cherish memories of them to her dying day. But, all in all, she wanted to forget.

She lay abed for the first time in her life

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that morning, and pampered a headache—it had more the symptoms of heartache—a miserable, awful headache. She had cried herself to sleep the night before; had waked at a criminally early hour; had thought, and thought; and finally had accumulated the headache.

Under her pillow was a letter. She had received it in her dressing-room the night before, after her thrilling journey with Philip Sackett in his private car. The contents were most important—and heart-breaking. —They did not chide her for the loss of the matinée, in fact that dreadful thing was not mentioned at all; first and foremost they suggested a supper-party *à deux;* but the importance of the letter lay in the first and last lines. It began: "My own little Polly," and was signed: "Yours forever, Philip Sackett." It really was a love-letter, notwithstanding that about the supper-party.

Betsy reached for the letter under her pillow, drew it forth, read it—she already knew it by heart—then sat there in bed staring into space.

In her mind's eye she was back in New York in a stuffy theatrical boarding-house at the fag-end of last season. She was stirring in a chafing-dish a chicken *roulé*, trying to make the room seem as much like home, sweet home as possible. She had two guests; the ingénue from the recently retired but successful Five Acres Company, and the second lead in "The Yellow Pup," a heart-interest play that had been going on Broadway for a year, and threatened all summer. She herself had just completed a highly advantageous engagement, and was already considering offers for the season following. She was happy and contented, and the chicken *roulé* threatened to turn out slick.

Louise Barry, the second lead in "The Yellow Pup," watching Betsy's patient stirring, began to dream dreams of a little white house, out somewhere in a little green park; a home where she could live for the rest of her life far away from the smell of grease-paint, and the glare of the foots. "I'm sick of the theatrical business!" she burst out finally. "I'd like to retire."

"Why don't you?" Betsy asked.

"Oh, I've got to wring the neck of a star before I do, or I couldn't be happy."

"What's eating you now?" asked Jane Drake, the ingénue. She was a bit slangy off, but "on" she was so sweet that even old ladies spoke about it.

"Oh, nothing!" Louise answered with more emphasis than usually goes with that statement.

"Get it off your chest. Spit it out," encouraged Jane.

"Oh, it just gets on my nerves, this dirt-under-my-feet air the star always assumes. Why, I remember when Sampson was in a fly-by-night company, and played the little one-horse town where I was born. I was a child then, but—well, I'm as good as he is any day of the week."

"Of course, so don't worry about it," soothed Betsy. "Personally, I think a certain aloofness is good business for a star. And I bet you he doesn't find it any fun flocking by himself. Ten to one he's lonesome."

"Lonesome? Huh!" snorted Jane.

"I'd be willing to bet," stated Betsy, "that if we could know, the star would just love to change places with almost any member of the company."

"I'll take you!" called Louise.

"It's taking candy from a baby," Jane remarked.

"I mean it," Betsy insisted. "The top of the ladder sounds very fine, but I'm of the opinion it's cold up there all alone."

"Plenty of others up there with him," Louise pointed out.

"Stars never get along together," put in Jane. "They fight no end."

"No woman can live with a star," Louise declared.

"Depends upon the woman," Betsy advanced.

"I suppose, little Betsy, you'd make just the wife for some one of our stars?" Louise laughed. "Well, why don't you try it? We need a little stability *amour* in our profession."

"Yes, so the ministers couldn't always be ragging us," Jane added.

Betsy laughed; then she made the mistake of her young life. "I'll bet you I could," she said, "if a star should happen to fall in love with me."

"Oh, *if!*" This from Louise.

"*Make* one fall," suggested Jane.

"She couldn't do it," Louise told Jane. "Stars are not human."

Betsy went on to destruction. "I'll bet you I could make a star fall in love with me!" she declared.

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"I'll take that! A whole *hundred dollars' worth* if you want to call it an honest-to-goodness wager! And that's a lot of money, let me tell you, even after a good season."

"Well," Betsy laughed, not taking the challenge seriously, "it would be rather good fun to have some really *nice* furs next winter—that you paid for."

"I'll add my hundred," piped Jane, "and make it worth while—two to one."

Betsy could have retired gracefully and considered the thing a joke if she had not lost her head. But she did lose her head. The calm assurance of Jane's tone, her absolute certainty of winning, nettled Betsy; it was a reflection by one woman on another's attractions—it stung Betsy's pride. Besides, she had a weakness for beautiful furs, and this chance was immensely alluring. "Put it on paper," she said calmly.

Louise got up and walked over to the desk. And the matter was no longer a joke. "Well, who's the man?" she asked. "Name, residence, and occupation?"

THE GREAT PHILIP SACKETT TOWERED OMINOUSLY ABOVE HER.

Betsy immediately objected. "Oh, gracious!" she said. "You mustn't sew me up in anything like that. I must be free to choose for myself. Some one I can like—love—I must have latitude; room to move around in—as it were. And I want to tell you right now I won't have any warmed-over affection."

"Virgin soil for Betsy," Jane remarked. "Even at the risk of losing her hard-earned dollars."

"Well, there's Philip Sackett"—Louise

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began dipping a pen in the ink—"he was never in love in his life."

"That grouch!" exclaimed Jane.

"No," Betsy said firmly. "You must not bind me to any one, or the bet is off!"

"Cold feet?" taunted Louise.

"Hardly," returned Betsy with a tinge of sarcasm. "Just fair play."

"You're on," Louise told her. "But even so we are going to get your money." Details were discussed; calmly, dispassionately. There was no nervousness and no haste. The amount of money concerned might have been two cents for all the excitement that appeared on the faces of the three girls, or they might have been plungers of the most extravagant type. So it was agreed that each girl was to put up a hundred dollars, the wager standing two to one.

"I shall enjoy wearing those furs," Betsy said with assurance. "And I hope to have them before the winter is over."

"Right now I can see myself spending my share," Jane giggled.

Louise drew up the document, signed it, and passed the pen to Jane.

"I don't have to marry him?" Betsy wanted to know.

"No. We won't be hard on you," Louise answered. "Just make him fall for you—bona fide, 'cross your heart, you know. The agreement reads that way. It also states that you must give us evidence in writing—a love-letter."

"That's only fair," agreed Betsy.

"How long to run?" asked Jane.

Louise looked at Betsy. "Six months from date?" she suggested.

"I'm sure I can manage it in that time," Betsy replied serenely.

Louise made copies for all, each girl affixed her signature, and the campaign was on.

So Betsy sat there in bed staring into space, the little letter held loosely in her fingers. All she had to do to collect two hundred dollars was to skip out of bed, enclose the letter to an address in New York, and two one-hundred-dollar checks would immediately be deposited to her credit. But she couldn't, she just couldn't! The wager was a horrible thing from start to finish; she was thoroughly ashamed of it. Love? Why, love was sacred. She read the letter—her first love-letter—once again, kissed it, then tore it gently into bits.

Later she got out of bed, and wrote a letter; but it was not directed to the New York address. It was to Mr. Philip Sackett. It read:

DEAR MR. SACKETT:

I am going to leave the company just as soon as the management can get another *Polly*. Please don't ask me for an explanation. I simply can't tell you anything.

BETSY.

She sealed it, and called the office for a boy. She felt as if the end of the world had come.

She was sitting at the table R. C., her elbows on the Confucius data, her head in her hands, when the boy came back with a letter for herself.

"Answer," he requested.

She tore open the envelope. The superscription was in Mr. Philip Sackett's curious chirography. She read:

DEAREST: It is only in plays that people never explain. I am waiting in our little nook. The room is deserted. I won't take "No" for an answer. I shall wait until you come. Yours forever,

PHILIP.

She thought it over, cried a little as she thought. She would have to tell him—it was only in plays people never explained—she would explain, and he would never speak to her again!

"Right down," she instructed the boy.

She found him in the nook—*our* nook, he had called it—rather amused at sight of her solemn eyes and the droop which had settled at the corners of her mouth.

"Cheer up," he said cheerfully. "What's the trouble?"

"It will be the end of everything between us," she replied, "but I am going to tell you."

She told him: the awful, dreadful truth of the thing she had done; the deception she had practised upon him; the deliberate plan she had made to ensnare him. It was one of those terrible scenes of explanation that always must be made. She did not defend herself—she did not try. She had made a mockery of the most sacred thing in life; there was no excuse she could offer; she offered none.

The scene was finished; so was everything else, for that matter; hope and happiness, and all the things that make life worth living. She sat before him with eyes downcast, debased, her soul bared; her hands lay

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in her lap, her fingers tightly clenched. She did not dare look up at him. She knew he was angry, disappointed, hurt. Two tears brimmed over, ran down her cheeks, and splashed upon her tightly clenched fingers.

"Is that all?" he asked, when the silence had become painful.

"All?" she repeated. "Isn't it—enough?"

"No, I thought you were going to tell me you had murdered your grandmother, or had absconded with——"

"Please don't joke," she begged. "I am very miserable."

"And I am very happy."

She looked up at him, astonished.

"Why didn't you make that bet long ago?" he wanted to know.

"You mean——"

"I mean I don't care how you got me; you have me, and—well, that's all there is to it!"

"Oh, Mr. Sackett," she cried, "what are you going to do with me?"

"Marry you," he replied. "You've done this thing, and now you've got to suffer the consequences. See here, I am going to marry you to keep you from holding the curtain for me again!"

"Oh, I'm not in the habit of doing that," she explained. "That was part of the scheme to attract your attention to me—you didn't know I existed. It was the longest time, too, before I hit on it."

"What! Then you deliberately planned to miss the train?"

"Oh, no," she told him, miserably. "That was an accident; I calculated too closely. I wanted to get there just the instant before the train pulled out and—I didn't. But I couldn't have planned anything as wicked as to miss the train, I really couldn't."

"But why not?" he demanded. "If you hadn't missed the train perhaps I never should have——"

"Oh, yes," she interrupted. "There was the Sanskrit, you see, and the invitation to come into your car to consult the encyclopedia, and—oh, you are awfully human!"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am," he admitted.

"But I really was studying the Sanskrit—it's awfully fascinating, and I did have to look up libraries for an encyclopedia. So you see I was not altogether dishonest. But honestly, really and truly, I promise you I will never be late again."

"No?"

"Never!" firmly.

"'Cross your heart?"

"'Cross my heart!"

He gazed at her for a moment, lost in contemplation of that elusive beauty no two persons ever agreed about; then he gathered her in his arms.

"No! By the Lord Harry," he said, "I can't risk it!"

BETSY RETIRED INTO A CORNER OF THE TAXI, SILENT, PENITENT, DISTRESSED.

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Drawing by Oliver Herford

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THE AWAKENING

1917

BY OLIVER HERFORD

Across the world the tortured cry
Rings through the night, "Help or we die!"
Red glows the sky, black rolls the sea
Against the Rock of Liberty:
Altar for which our fathers fought,
Whose holy flame, from Heaven caught,
The goddess holds aloft to light
A groping world; its signal white
Now shattered in the blood-red glare
That stains the stars that crown her hair.
And now before her affrighted eyes
Clouds, Stygian, monstrous, wrinkled, rise,
Flame-shot, unearthly, roll on roll,
Suspended like a judgment scroll,
Witnessed in God's handwriting dread,
Above the awakened nation's head.

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LONG LIVE THE KING!

by

Mary Roberts Rinehart

"I WISH YOU WOULD LISTEN, HEDWIG," SAID THE CROWN PRINCE.

AFFAIRS at the Court of Livonia are not happy. The King, old and frail, has not more than a year to live. The heir apparent, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, is a boy of ten. There are stirrings of revolution all through the kingdom. A secret Terrorist society, which had assassinated Otto's father, has reorganized and grown powerful. So when one afternoon Otto runs away from an opera that bores him, the palace is, naturally, in a panic. Otto meanwhile has a glorious time. He meets an American boy, Bobby Thorpe, whose father is manager of a scenic railway in the park, and to Otto's wild delight Bobby takes him for a ride. It is not till eight o'clock that the Crown Prince, very dirty and disheveled, returns to the palace.

That night the King and his Chancellor, Mettlich, confer over the boy's danger, and end by appointing Lieutenant Nicholas Larisch to have constant charge of him. This arrangement appeals to Otto, who adores Nikky, and also to Otto's cousin Hedwig, next in line after Otto, who is inclined to adore Nikky herself. But other plans are being made for Hedwig. Mettlich has convinced the King that the safety of the country demands an alliance between Livonia and her neighbor Karnia: Hedwig must marry Karl, King of Karnia, whom she loathes. The Chancellor unfolds this plan to Hedwig's mother, the Archduchess Annunciata, and wins her grudging consent. That same afternoon she comes upon Hedwig and Nikky in the nursery, amusing Otto. She makes scenes, and after Hedwig is gone, she tells Nikky of the marriage plan and pledges him to loyalty. It is not until evening that Hedwig herself is told.

But the Countess Loschek, lady-in-waiting to Annunciata, and spy in King Karl's service, has heard; and, loving Karl herself, she resolves to prevent the marriage.

Meantime, she prepares a code letter giving King Karl full data about Livonia's army and equipment, and slips it out to a messenger.

But she is seen by a member of the Terrorists, and that night her messenger is attacked, and while he is unconscious a blank letter is substituted. Nikky happens to get in on the fight, and helps the wounded messenger home. Later, from the Cathedral steps, he sees this same man pass his letter to a confederate in a car. Nikky hides in the car, and

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BUT HEDWIG SEEMED MORE INTENT ON THE DISTANT LINE OF THE BORDER THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

after it has crossed into Karnia, overpowers the driver, gets the letter, and forces the man to reveal its destination. He then changes clothes with the messenger from Karnia and leaves him, bound, concealed near the roadside; puts cigaret papers in place of the supposed letter, which he tucks into his cap lining—without looking at it—and proceeds to King Karl's hunting-lodge. Here his skill is unequal to the situation: he is forced into King Karl's presence and the letter he has believed so precious—the blank substitute—is taken from him.

At the Livonian Court, meantime, the project of Hedwig's marriage has been pushed forward, and Mettlich starts for Karnia to complete negotiations.

It is he who, coming upon the bound messenger of Karnia, discovers Nikky's whereabouts, and secures his release, as a step in the arrangements by which Hedwig is signed over to King Karl.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN—(Continued)

IT WAS then that the Chancellor rose and stretched his legs. "And now, sire," he said, "since we are friends and no longer enemies, you will, I know, release that mad boy of mine."

"When do you start back?"

"Within an hour."

"Before that time," said Karl, "you shall have him, Chancellor."

And with that Mettlich was forced to be content. He trusted Karl no more now than he ever had. But he made his adieus with no hint of trouble in his face.

Karl waited until the machine drove away. He had gone to the door-step with the Chancellor, desiring to do him all possible honor. But Mettlich, unaccustomed to democratic ways, disapproved

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of the proceeding, was indeed extremely uncomfortable, and drew a sigh of relief when it was all over. He was of the old order which would keep its royalties on gilded thrones and, having isolated them in grandeur, have gone about the business of the kingdom without them.

Karl stood for a moment in the open air. It was done, then, and well done. It was hard to realize. He turned to the west, where for so long behind the mountains had lurked an enemy. A new era was opening; peace, disarmament, a quiet and prosperous land. He had spent his years of war and women. That was over.

From far away in the forest he heard the baying of the hounds. The crisp air filled his lungs. And even as he watched, a young doe, with rolling eyes, leaped across the drive. Karl watched it with coolly speculative eyes.

When he returned to the study the agent Kaiser was already there. In the democracy of the lodge men came and went almost at will. But Karl, big with plans for the future, would have been alone, and eyed the agent with disfavor.

"Well?" he demanded.

"We have been able to search the Chancellor's rooms, sire," the agent said. "For the articles mentioned last night—a card-case, gloves, and a silk handkerchief, belonging to the prisoner up-stairs. He is Captain Larisch, *aide-de-camp* to the Crown Prince of Livonia."

He had expected Karl to be impressed. But Karl only looked at him. "I know that," he said coldly. "You are always just a little late with your information, Kaiser."

Something like malice showed in the agent's face. "Then you also know, sire, that it is this Captain Larisch with whom rumor couples the name of the Princess Hedwig." He stepped back a pace or two at sight of Karl's face. "You requested such information, sire."

For answer, Karl pointed to the door.

For some time after he had dismissed the agent, Karl paced his library alone. Kaiser brought no unverified information. Therefore the thing was true. Therefore he had had his enemy in his land, and now was pledged to let him go. For a time, then, Karl paid the penalty of many misdeeds. His triumph was ashes in his mouth.

What if this boy, infatuated with Hedwig, had hidden somewhere on the road Olga Loschek's letter? What, then, if he recovered it and took it to Hedwig? What if——

But at last he sent for the prisoner up-stairs, and waited for him with both jealousy and fear in his eyes.

Five minutes later Nikky Larisch was ushered into the red study, and having bowed, an insolent young bow at that, stood and eyed the King.

"I have sent for you to release you," said Karl.

Nikky drew a long breath. "I am grateful, sire."

"You have been interceded for by the Chancellor of Livonia, General Mettlich, who has just gone."

Nikky bowed.

"Naturally, since you said nothing of your identity, we could not know that you belonged to his Majesty's household. Under the circumstances, it is a pleasure to give you your freedom."

Nikky bowed again.

Karl fixed him with cold eyes. "But before you take leave of us," he said ironically, "I should like the true story of the night before last. Somehow, somewhere, a letter intended for me was exchanged for a blank paper. I want that letter."

"I know no more than you, sire. It is not reasonable that I would have taken the risk I took for an envelope containing nothing."

"For that matter," said his Majesty, "there was nothing reasonable about anything you did!"

And now Karl played his trump card, played it with watchful eyes on Nikky's face. He would see if report spoke the truth, if this blue-eyed boy was in love with Hedwig. He was a jealous man, this Karl of the cold eyes, jealous and passionate. Not as a king, then, watching a humble soldier of Livonia, but as man to man, he gazed at Nikky.

"For fear that loyalty keeps you silent, I may say to you that the old troubles between Karnia and Livonia are over."

"I do not understand, sire."

Karl hesitated. Then, with his twisted smile, he cast the rigid etiquette of such matters to the winds. "It is very simple," he said. "There will be no more trouble

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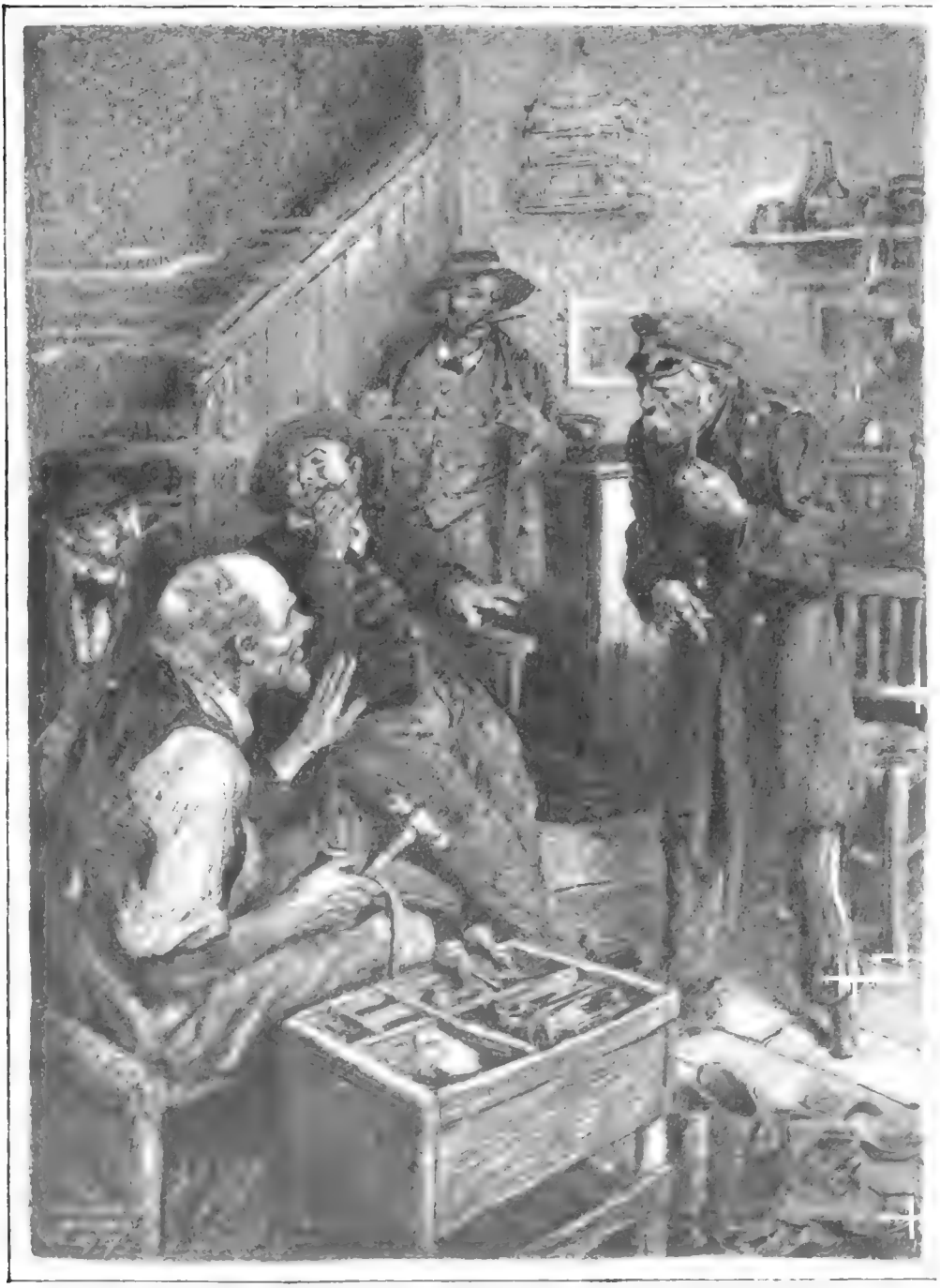

"FOR HIM I LOST THIS LEG OF MINE, AND LOST IT WITHOUT GRIEVING.
WHEN I LAY IN THE HOSPITAL HE HIMSELF CAME, AND——"

between these two neighboring countries, because a marriage has to-day been arranged—a marriage between the Princess Hedwig, his Majesty's granddaughter, and myself.'

For a moment Nikky Larisch closed his eyes.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Fortress

THE anniversary of the death of Prince Hubert dawned bright and sunny. The Place showed a thin covering of snow, which clung, wet and sticky, to the trees; but by nine o'clock most of it had disappeared, and Prince Ferdinand William Otto was informed that the excursion would take place.

Two motors took the party, by back streets, to the landing-stage. In the first were Annunciata, Hedwig, and the Countess, and at the last moment Otto had salvaged Miss Braithwaite from the second car, and begged a place for her with him. A police agent sat beside the chauffeur. Also another car, just ahead, contained other agents, by Mettlich's order before his departure—a plain black motor, without the royal arms.

In the second machine followed a part of the suite, Hedwig's lady in waiting, two gentlemen of the Court, in parade dress, and Father Gregory, come from his monastery at Etzel to visit his old friend, the King.

At the landing-stage a small crowd had gathered on seeing the red carpet laid and the gilt ropes put up, which indicated a royal visit. A small girl, with a hastily secured bouquet in her hot hands, stood nervously waiting. In deference to the anniversary, the flowers were tied with a black ribbon!

Annunciata grumbled when she saw the crowd, and the occupants of the first car looked them over carefully. It remained for Hedwig to spy the black ribbon. In the confusion, she slipped over to the little girl, who went quite white with excitement. "They are lovely," Hedwig whispered, "but please take off the black ribbon." The child eyed her anxiously. "It will come to pieces, Highness."

"Take the ribbon from your hair. It will be beautiful."

Which was done! But, as was not unnatural, the child forgot her speech, and merely thrust the bouquet, tied with a large pink bow, into the hands of Prince Ferdinand William Otto.

"Here," she said. It was, perhaps, the briefest, and therefore the most agreeable presentation speech the Crown Prince had ever heard.

Red carpet and gold ropes and white gloves—these last on the waiting officers—made the scene rather gay. The spring sun shone on the gleaming river, on the white launch with its red velvet cushions, on the deck chairs, its striped awnings and glittering brass, on the Crown Prince, in uniform, on the bouquet and the ribbon. But somewhere, back of the quay, a band struck up a funeral march, and a beggar, sitting in the sun, put his hand to his ear.

"Of course," he said, to no one in particular. "It is *the day*. I had forgotten."

The quay receded, red carpet and all. Only the blare of the band followed them, and with the persistence of sound over water, followed them for some time. The Crown Prince put down the bouquet, and proceeded to stand near the steersman.

"When I am grown up," he observed to that embarrassed sailor, "I hope I shall be able to steer a boat."

The steersman looked about cautiously. The royal guests were settling themselves in chairs, with rugs over their knees. "It is very easy, your Royal Highness," he said. "See, a turn like this, and what happens? And the other way the same."

Followed a five minutes during which the white launch went on a strange and devious course, and the Crown Prince grew quite hot and at least two inches taller. It was, of course, the Archduchess who discovered what was happening. She was very disagreeable about it.

The Archduchess was very disagreeable about everything that day. She was afraid to stay in the palace, and afraid to leave it. And just when she had begun to feel calm, and the sun and fresh air were getting in their work, that wretched funeral band had brought back everything she was trying to forget.

The Countess was very gay. She said brilliant, rather heartless things that set the group to laughing, and in the intervals she eyed Hedwig with narrowed eyes and hate in her heart. Hedwig herself was very quiet. The bouquet had contained lilies-of-the-valley, for one thing.

Miss Braithwaite knitted, and watched that the Crown Prince kept his white gloves clean.

Just before they left the palace the Archduchess had had a moment of weakening, but the Countess had laughed away her fears.

"I really think I shall not go, after all,"

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Annunciata had said nervously. "There are reasons."

The Countess had smiled mockingly. "Reasons!" she said. "I know that many things are being said. But I also know that General Mettlich is an alarmist," purred the Countess. "And that the King is old and ill, and sees through gray glasses."

So the Archduchess had submitted to having a plumed and inappropriate hat set high on her head, regardless of the fashion, and had pinned on two watches and gone.

It was Hedwig who showed the most depression on the trip, after all. Early that morning she had attended mass in the royal chapel. All the household had been there, and the King had been wheeled in, and sat in his box, high in the wall, the door of which opened from his private suite.

Looking up, Hedwig had seen his gray old face set and rigid. The Court had worn black, and the chapel was draped in crêpe. She had fallen on her knees and had tried dutifully to pray for the dead Hubert. But her whole soul was crying out for help for herself.

So now she sat very quiet, and wondered about things.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto sat by the rail and watched the green banks flying by. In one place a group of children were sailing a tiny boat from the bank. It was only a plank, with a crazy cotton sail. They shoved it off and watched while the current seized it and carried it along. Then they cheered, and called good-by to it.

The Crown Prince leaned over the rail, and when the current caught it, he cheered too, and waved his cap. He was reproved, of course, and some officious person insisted on tucking the rug around his royal legs. But when no one was looking, he broke a flower from the bouquet and flung it overboard. He pretended that it was a boat, and was going down to Karnia, filled with soldiers ready to fight.

But the thought of soldiers brought Nikky to his mind. His face clouded. "It's very strange about Nikky," he said. "He is away somewhere. I wish he had sent word he was going."

Hedwig looked out over the river.

The Archduchess glanced at Miss Braithwaite. "There is no news?" she asked, in an undertone.

"None," said Miss Braithwaite.

A sudden suspicion rose in Hedwig's mind, and sent her pale. What if they had sent him away? Perhaps they feared him enough for that! If that were true, she would never know. She knew the ways of the palace well enough for that. In a sort of terror she glanced around the group, so comfortably disposed. Her mother was looking out, with her cool, impassive gaze. Miss Braithwaite knitted. The Countess, however, met her eyes, and there was something strange in them: triumph and a bit of terror, too, had she but read them. For the Countess had put in her plea for a holiday and had been refused.

The launch drew up near the fort, and the Crown Prince's salute of a certain number of guns was fired. The garrison was drawn up in line, and looked newly shaved and very, very neat. And the officers came out and stood on the usual red carpet, and bowed deeply, after which they saluted the Crown Prince and he saluted them. Then the Colonel in charge shook hands all round, and the band played. It was all very ceremonious and took a lot of time.

The new fortress faced the high road some five miles from the Karnian border. It stood on a bluff over the river, and was, as the Crown Prince decided, not so unlike the desk, after all, except that it had a moat around it.

Hedwig and the Countess went with the party around the fortifications. The Archduchess and Miss Braithwaite had sought a fire. Only the Countess, however, seemed really interested. Hedwig seemed more intent on the distant line of the border than on anything else. She stood on a rampart and stared out at it, looking very sad. Even the drill—when at a word all the great guns rose and peeped over the edee at the valley below, and then dropped back again as if they had seen enough—even this failed to rouse her.

"I wish you would listen, Hedwig," said the Crown Prince, almost fretfully "It's so interesting. The enemy's soldiers would come up the river in boats, and along that road on foot. And then we would raise the guns and shoot at them. And the guns would drop back again, before the enemy had time to aim at them."

But Hedwig's interest was so evidently assumed that he turned to the Countess. The Countess professed smiling terror, and stood a little way back from the guns, looking on. But Prince Ferdinand William Otto

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at last coaxed her to the top of the emplacement.

"There's a fine view up there," he urged. "And the guns won't hurt you. There's nothing in them."

To get up it was necessary to climb an iron ladder. Hedwig was already there. About a dozen young officers had helped her up, and ruined as many pairs of white gloves, although Hedwig could climb like a cat, and really needed no help at all.

"You go up," said the Crown Prince eagerly. "I'll hold your bag, so you can climb."

He caught her hand-bag from her, and instantly something snapped in it. The Countess was climbing up the ladder. Rather dismayed, Prince Ferdinand William Otto surveyed the bag. Something had broken, he feared. And in another moment he saw what it was. The little watch which was set in one side of it had slipped away, leaving a round black hole. His heart beat a trifle faster.

"I'm awfully worried," he called up to her, as he climbed. "I'm afraid I've broken your bag. Something clicked, and the watch is gone. It is not on the ground."

It was well for the Countess that the Colonel was talking to Hedwig. Well for her, too, that the other officers were standing behind with their eyes worshipfully on the Princess. The Countess went gray-white.

"Don't worry, Highness," she said, with stiff lips. "The watch falls back sometimes. I must have it repaired."

But long after the tour of the ramparts was over, after ammunition-rooms had been visited, with their long lines of waiting shells, after the switchboard which controlled the river mines had been inspected and explained, she was still trembling.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto, looking at the bag later on, saw the watch in place and drew a long breath of relief.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Old Adelbert

OLD Adelbert of the Opera had lost his position. No longer, a sausage in his pocket for refreshment, did he leave his little room daily for the Opera. A young man, who made ogling eyes at Olga, of the *garde-robe*, and who was not careful to keep the lenses clean, had taken his place.

He was hurt in his soldier's soul. There was no longer a place in the kingdom for those who had fought for it. The cry was for the young. And even in the first twenty-four hours a subtle change went on in him. His loyalty, on which he had built his creed of life, turned to bitterness.

The first day of his idleness he wandered into the back room of the cobbler's shop near by, where the butter-seller from the corner, the maker of artificial flowers for graves, and the cobbler himself were gathered, and listened without protest to such talk as would have roused him once to white anger.

But the iron had not yet gone very deep, and one thing he would not permit. It was when, in the conversation, one of them attacked the King. Then indeed he roused to fury.

"A soldier and a gentleman," he said. "For him I lost this leg of mine, and lost it without grieving. When I lay in the hospital he himself came, and——"

A burst of jeering laughter greeted this, for he had told it many times. Told it, because it was all he had instead of a leg, and although he could not walk on it, certainly it had supported him through many years.

"As for the little Crown Prince," he went on firmly. "I have seen him often. He came frequently to the Opera. He has a fine head and a bright smile. He will be a good King."

But this was met with silence.

Once upon a time a student named Haeckel had occasionally backed him up in his defense of the royal family. But for some reason or other Haeckel came no more, and old Adelbert missed him. He had inquired for him frequently.

"Where is the boy Haeckel?" he had asked one day. "I have not seen him lately."

No one had replied. But a sort of grim silence settled over the little room. Old Adelbert, however, was not discerning.

"Perhaps, as a student, he worked too hard;" he had answered his own question. "They must both work and play hard, these students. A fine lot of young men. I have watched them at the Opera. Most of them preferred Italian to German music."

But, that first day of idleness, when he had left the cobbler's, he resolved not to return. They had not been unfriendly, but he had seen at once there was a difference. He was

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no longer old Adelbert of the Opera. He was an old man only, and out of work.

He spent hours that first free afternoon repairing his frayed linen and his shabby uniform, with his wooden leg stretched out before him and his pipe clutched firmly in his teeth. Then, freshly shaved and brushed, he started on a painful search after work. With no result. And, indeed, he was hopeless before he began. He was old and infirm. There was little that he had even the courage to apply for.

True, he had his small pension, but it came only twice a year, and was sent, intact, to take care of an invalid daughter in the country. That was not his. He never used a penny of it. And he had saved a trifle, by living on air, as the concierge declared. But misfortunes come in threes, like fires and other calamities. The afternoon of that very day brought a letter, saying that the daughter was worse and must have an operation. Old Adelbert went to church and burned a candle for her recovery, and from there to the bank, to send by registered mail the surgeon's fee.

He was bankrupt in twenty-four hours.

That evening in his extremity he did a reckless thing. He wrote a letter to the King. He spent hours over it, first composing it in pencil and then copying it with ink borrowed from the concierge. It began "Sire," as he had learned was the form, and went on to remind his Majesty, first, of the hospital incident, which, having been forty years ago, might have slipped the royal memory. Then came the facts—his lost position, his daughter, the handicap of his wooden leg. It ended with a plea for reinstatement or, failing that, for any sort of work.

He sent it, unfolded, in a large flat envelope, which also he had learned was the correct thing with kings, who for some reason or other do not like folded communications. Then he waited. He considered that a few hours should bring a return.

No answer came. No answer ever came. For the King was ill, and secretaries carefully sifted the royal mail.

He waited all of the next day, and out of the mixed emotions of his soul confided the incident of the letter to Humbert, in his bureau below.

The concierge smiled in his beard. "What does the King care?" he demanded. "He will never see that letter. And if he did—you have lived long, my friend. Have you ever known the King to give, or to do anything but take? Name me but one instance."

And that night, in the concierge's bureau, he was treated to many incidents, all alike. The Government took, but gave nothing. As well expect blood out of a stone. Instances were given, heartlessness piled on heartlessness, one sordid story on another.

And as he listened there died in old Adelbert's soul his flaming love for his sovereign and his belief in him. His eyes took on a hard and haunted look. That night he walked past the palace and shook his fist at it. He was greatly ashamed of that, however, and never repeated it. But his soul was now an open sore, ready for infection.

And Black Humbert bided his time.

On the day of the excursion to the fortress old Adelbert decided to appeal to his fellow lodger, Herman Spier. Now and then, when he was affluent, he had paid small tribute to Herman by means of the camp cookery on which he prided himself.

"A soldier's mess!" he would say, and bring in a bowl of soup, or a slice of deer meat, broiled over hot coals in his tiny stove. "Eat it, man. These restaurants know nothing of food."

To Herman now he turned for advice and help. It was difficult to find the clerk. He left early, and often came home after midnight in a curious frame of mind, a drunkenness of excitement that was worse than that of liquor.

Herman could not help him. But he eyed the old soldier appraisingly. He guessed shrewdly the growing uneasiness behind Adelbert's brave front. If now one could enlist such a man for the Cause, that would be worth doing. He had talked it over with the concierge. Among the veterans the old man was influential, and by this new policy of substituting fresh blood for stale, the Government had made many enemies among them.

"In a shop!" he said coldly. "With that leg? No, my friend. Two legs are hardly enough for what we have to do."

"Then, for any sort of work. I could sweep and clean."

"I shall inquire," said Herman Spier. But he did not intend to. He had other plans.

The old man's bitterness had been increased by two things. First, although he

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had been dismissed without notice, in the middle of the week, he had been paid only up to the hour of leaving. That was a grievance. Second, being slow on his feet, one of the royal motor-cars had almost run him down, and the police had cursed him roundly for being in the way.

"Why be angry?" observed the concierge, on this being reported to him. "The streets are the King's. Who are the dogs of pedestrians but those that pay the taxes to build them?"

At last he determined to find the student Haeckel. He did not know his Christian name, nor where he lodged. But he knew the corps he belonged to, by his small gray cap with a red band.

He was very nervous when he made this final effort. Corps houses were curious places, he had heard, and full of secrets. Even the great professors from the University might not enter without invitation. And his experience had been that students paid small respect to uniforms or to age. In truth, he passed the building twice before he could summon courage to touch the great brass knocker. And the arrogance of its clamor, when at last he rapped, startled him again. But here at least he need not have feared.

The student who was also doorkeeper eyed him kindly. "Well, comrade?" he said.

"I am seeking a student named Haeckel, of this corps," said old Adelbert stoutly.

And had violated all etiquette, too, had he but known it!

"Haeckel?" repeated the doorkeeper. "I think—come in, comrade. I will inquire."

For the name of Haeckel was, just then, one curiously significant.

He disappeared, and old Adelbert waited. When the doorkeeper returned, it was to tell him to follow him, and to lead the way down-stairs.

There dawned on the old man's eyes a curious sight. In a long basement room were perhaps thirty students, each armed with a foil, and wearing a wire mask. A half dozen lay figures on springs stood in the center in a long row, and before these perspiring youths thrust and parried. Some of them, already much scarred, stood and watched. This, then, was where the students prepared themselves for duels. Here they fought the mimic battles that were later on to lead to the much-prized scars.

Old Adelbert stared with curious, rather scornful eyes. The rapier he detested. Give him a saber, and a free field, and he would show them. Even yet, he felt, he had not lost his cunning. And the saber requires cunning as well as strength.

Two or three students came toward him at once. "You are seeking Haeckel?" one of them asked.

"I am. I knew him, but not well. Lately, however, I have thought—is he here?"

The students exchanged glances. "He is not here," one said. "Where did you know him?"

"He came frequently to a shop I know of —a cobbler's shop, a neighborhood meeting-place. A fine lad. I liked him. But recently he has not come, and knowing his corps, I came here to find him."

They had hoped to learn something from him, and he knew nothing. "He has disappeared," they told him. "He is not at his lodging, and he has left his classes. He went away suddenly, leaving everything. That is all we know."

It sounded sinister. Old Adelbert, heavy-hearted, turned away and climbed again to the street. That gateway was closed, too. And he felt a pang of uneasiness. What could have happened to the boy? Was the world, after all, only a place of trouble?

But now came good fortune, and, like evil, it came not singly. The operation was over, and his daughter on the mend. The fee was paid also. And the second followed on the heels of the first.

He did not like Americans. Too often, in better days, had he heard the merits of the American republic compared with the shortcomings of his own government. When, as happened now and then, he met the American family on the staircase, he drew sharply aside that no touch of republicanism might contaminate his uniform.

On that day, however, things changed.

First of all, he met the American lad in the hallway, and was pleased to see him doff his bit of a cap. Not many, nowadays, uncovered a head to him. The American lad was going down; Adelbert was climbing, one step at a time, and carrying a small basket of provisions.

The American boy, having passed, turned, hesitated, went back. "I'd like to carry that for you, if you don't mind."

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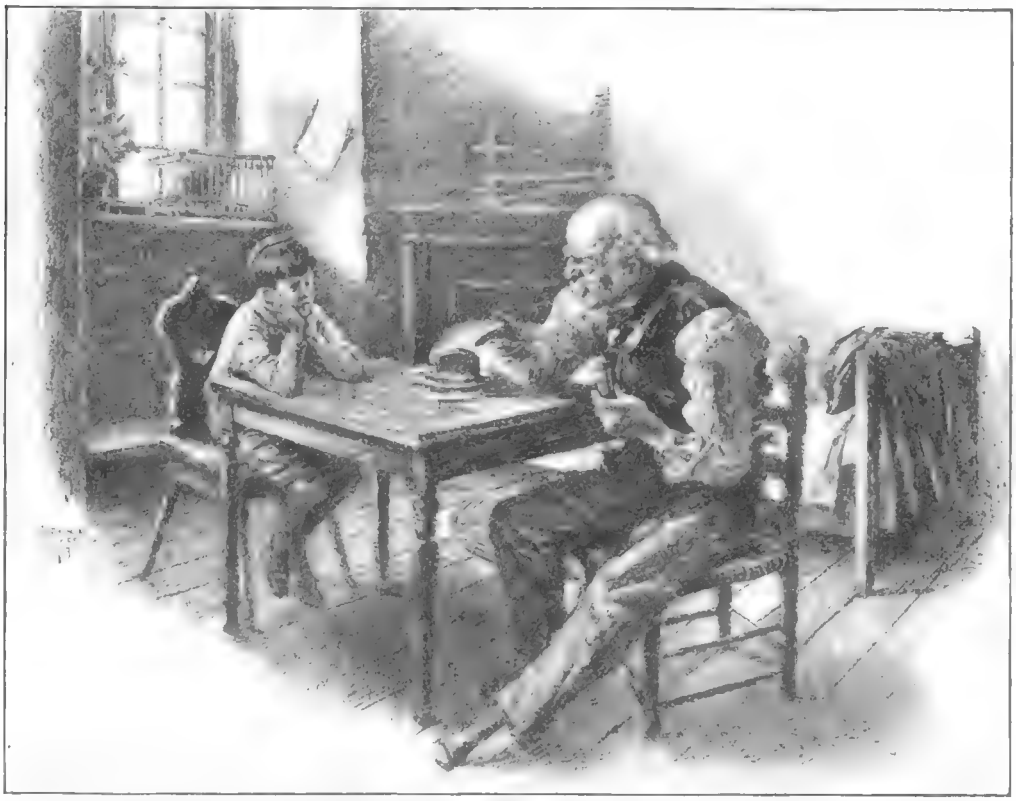
"Carry it?"

"I am very strong," said the American boy stoutly.

So Adelbert gave up his basket, and the two went up. Four long flights of stone stairs led to Adelbert's room. The ascent took time and patience.

At the door Adelbert paused. Then, loneliness overcoming prejudice, "Come in," he said.



THE AMERICAN LAD LISTENED POLITELY, BUT HIS MIND WAS ON THE CROWN PRINCE. "DOES HE WEAR A CROWN?" HE DEMANDED.

The bare little room appealed to the boy. "It's very nice, isn't it?" he said. "There's nothing to fall over."

"And but little to sit on," old Adelbert added dryly. "However, two people require but two chairs. Here is one."

But the boy would not sit down. He ranged the room, frankly curious, exclaimed at the pair of ring-doves who lived in a box tied to the window-sill, and asked for crumbs for them. Adelbert brought bread from his small store.

The boy cheered him. His interest in the old saber, the intentness with which he listened to its history, the politeness with which he ignored his host's infirmity, all won the old man's heart.

These Americans down-stairs were not all bad, then. They were too rich, of course. No one should have meat three times a day, as the meat-seller reported they did. And they were paying double rent for the apartment below. But that, of course, they could not avoid, not knowing the real charge.

The boy was frankly delighted. And when old Adelbert brought forth from his basket a sausage and, boiling it lightly, served him a slice between two pieces of bread, an odd friendship was begun that was to have unforeseen consequences. They had broken bread together.

Between the very old and the very young come sometimes these strong affections. Perhaps it is that age harkens back to the days of its youth, and by being very old, becomes young again. Or is it that children are born old, with the withered, small

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faces of all the past, and must, year by year, until their maturity, shed this mantle of age?

Gradually, over the meal, and the pigeons, and what not, old Adelbert unburdened his heart. He told of his years at the Opera, where he had kept his glasses clean and listened to the music until even the most difficult passages he knew by heart. He told of the Crown Prince, who always wished opera-glasses, not because he needed them, but because he liked to turn them wrong end before, and thus make the audience appear at a great distance. And then he told of the loss of his position.

The American lad listened politely, but his mind was on the Crown Prince. "Does he wear a crown?" he demanded. "I saw him once in a carriage, but I think he had a hat."

"At the coronation he will wear a crown."

"Do people do exactly what he tells them?"

Old Adelbert was not certain. He hedged, rather. "Probably, whenever it is good for him."

"Huh! What's the use of being a prince?" observed the boy, who had heard of privileges being given that way before. "When will he be a king?"

"When the old King dies. He is very old now. I was in a hospital once, after a battle. And he came in. He put his hand on my shoulder, like this"—he illustrated it on the child's small one—"and said——" Considering that old Adelbert no longer loved his King, it is strange to record that his voice broke.

"Will he die soon?" Bobby put in. He found kings as much of a novelty as to Prince Ferdinand William Otto they were the usual thing. Bobby's idea of kings, however, was of the "off with his head" order.

"Who knows? But when he does, the city will learn at once. The great bell of the Cathedral, which never rings save at such times, will toll. They say it is a sound never to be forgotten. I, of course, have never heard it. When it tolls, all in the city will fall on their knees and pray. It is the custom."

Bobby, reared to strict Presbyterianism and accustomed to kneeling but once a day, and that at night beside his bed, in the strict privacy of his own apartment, looked rather startled. "What will they pray for?" he said.

And old Adelbert, with a new bitterness, replied that the sons of kings needed much prayer. Sometimes they were hard and did cruel things.

"And then the Crown Prince will be a king," Bobby reflected. "If I were a king, I'd make people stand around. And I'd have an automobile and run it myself. But has the Crown Prince only a grandfather, and no father?"

"He died—the boy's father. He was murdered, and the Princess his mother also."

Bobby's eyes opened wide. "Who did it?"

"Terrorists," said old Adelbert. And would not be persuaded to say more.

That night at dinner Bobby Thorpe delivered himself of quite a speech. He sat at the table, and now and then, when the sour-faced governess looked at her plate, he slipped a bit of food to his dog, which waited beside him.

"There's a very nice old man up-stairs," he said. "He has a fine sword, and ringdoves, and a wooden leg. And he used to rent opera-glasses to the Crown Prince, only he turned them around. I'm going to try that with yours, mother. We had sausage together, and he has lost his position, and he's never been on the scenic railway, father. I'd like some tickets for him. He would like riding, I'm sure, because walking must be pretty hard. And what I want to know is this: Why can't you give him a job, father?"

Bobby being usually taciturn at the table, and entirely occupied with food, the family stared at him.

"What sort of a job, son? A man with one leg!"

"He doesn't need legs to chop tickets with."

The governess listened. She did not like Americans. Barbarians they were, and these were of the middle class, being in trade. For a scenic railway is trade, naturally. Except that they paid a fat salary, with an extra month at Christmas, she would not be there. She and Pepy, the maid, had many disputes about this. But Pepy was a Dalmatian, and did not matter.

"He means the old soldier up-stairs," said Bobby's mother softly. She was a gentle person. Her eyes were wide and childlike, and it was a sort of religion of the family to keep them full of happiness.

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This also the governess could not understand.

"So the old soldier is out of work," mused the head of the family. Head, thought the governess! When they wound him about their fingers! She liked men of sterner stuff. In her mountain country the men did as they wished, and sometimes beat their wives by way of showing their authority. Under no circumstances, she felt, would this young man ever beat his wife. He was a weakling.

The weakling smiled across the table at the wife with the soft eyes. "How about it, mother?" he asked. "Shall the firm of 'Bobby and I' offer him a job?"

"I would like it very much," said the weakling's wife, dropping her eyes to hide the pride in them.

"Suppose," said the weakling, "that you run up after dinner, Bob, and bring him down. Now sit still, young man, and finish. There's no such hurry as that."

And in this fashion did old Adelbert become ticket-chopper of the American scenic railway.

And in this fashion, too, commenced that odd friendship between him and the American lad that was to have so vital an effect on the very life itself of the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto of Livonia.

Late that evening, old Adelbert's problem having been solved, Pepy the maid and Bobby had a long talk. It concerned itself mainly with kings. Pepy sat in a low chair by the tiled stove in the kitchen, and knitted a stocking with a very large foot.

"What I want to know is this," said Bobby, swinging his legs on the table: "What are the Terrorists?"

Pepy dropped her knitting, and stared with open mouth. "What know you of such things?" she demanded.

"Well, Terrorists killed the Crown Prince's father, and——"

Quite suddenly Pepy leaped from her chair, and covered Bobby's mouth with her hand. "Hush!" she said, and stared about her with frightened eyes. The door into the dining-room was open, and the governess sat there with a book. Then, in a whisper: "They are everywhere. No one knows who they are, nor where they meet." The superstition of her mountains crept into her voice. "It is said that they have the assistance of the evil one, and that the reason the police can not find them is because they take the form of cats. I myself," she went on impressively, "crossing the Place one night late, after spending the evening with a friend, saw a line of cats moving in the shadows. One of them stopped and looked at me." Pepy crossed herself. "It had a face like the Fräulein in there."

Bobby stared with interest through the doorway. The governess *did* look like a cat. She had staring eyes, and a short, wide face. "Maybe she's one of them," he reflected aloud.

"Oh, for God's sake, hush!" cried Pepy, and fell to knitting rapidly. Nor could Bobby elicit anything further from her. But that night, in his sleep, he saw a Crown Prince, dressed in velvet and ermine, being surrounded and attacked by an army of cats, and went, shivering, to crawl into his mother's bed.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Committee of Ten

ON THE evening of the annual day of mourning, the party returned from the fortress. The Archduchess slept. The Crown Prince talked, mostly to Hedwig, and even she said little. After a time the silence affected the boy's high spirits. He leaned back in his chair on the deck of the launch, and watched the flying landscape. He counted the riverside shrines to himself. There were, he discovered, just thirteen between the fortress and the city limits.

Old Father Gregory sat beside him. He had taken off his flat black hat, and it lay on his knee. The ends of his black woolen sash fluttered in the wind, and he sat, benevolent hands folded, looking out.

From guns to shrines is rather a jump, and the Crown Prince found it difficult.

"Do you consider fighting the duty of a Christian?" inquired the Crown Prince suddenly.

Father Gregory, whose mind had been far away, with his boys' school at Etzel, started.

"Fighting? That depends. To defend his home is the Christian duty of every man."

"But during the last war," persisted Otto, "we went across the mountains and killed a lot of people. Was that a Christian duty?"

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Father Gregory coughed. He had himself tucked up his soutane and walked forty miles to join the army of invasion, where he had held services, cared for the wounded, and fired a rifle, all with equal spirit. He changed the subject to the big guns at the fortress.

"I think," observed the Crown Prince, forgetting his scruples, "that if you have a pencil and an old envelope to draw on, I'll invent a big gun myself."

Which he proceeded to do, putting in a great many wheels and levers, and adding a folding-table at the side on which the gunners might have afternoon tea—this last prompted by the arrival just then of cups and saucers and a tea service.

It was almost dark when the launch arrived at the quay. The red carpet was still there, and another crowd. Had Prince Ferdinand William Otto been less taken up with finding one of his kid gloves, which he had lost, he would have noticed that there was a scuffle going on at the very edge of the red carpet, and that the beggar of the morning was being led away, between two policemen, while a third, running up the river bank, gingerly deposited a small round object in the water, and stood back. It was merely one of the small incidents of a royal outing, and was never published in the papers. But Father Gregory, whose old eyes were far-sighted, had seen it all. His hand—the hand of the Church—was on the shoulder of the Crown Prince as they landed.

The boy looked around for the little girl of the bouquet. He had an immense interest in little girls, partly because he seldom saw any. But she was gone.

When the motor which had taken them from the quay reached the palace, Hedwig roused the Archduchess, whose head had dropped forward on her chest. "Here we are, mother," she said. "You have had a nice sleep."

But Annunciata muttered something about being glad the wretched day was over, and every one save Prince Ferdinand William Otto seemed glad to get back. The boy was depressed. He felt, somehow, that they should have enjoyed it, and that, having merely endured it, they had failed him again.

He kissed his aunt's hand dutifully when he left her, and went with a lagging step to his own apartments. His request to have Hedwig share his supper had met with a curt negative.

The Countess, having left her royal mistress in the hands of her maids, went also to her own apartment. She was not surprised, on looking into her mirror, to find herself haggard and worn. It had been a terrible day. Only a second had separated that gaping lens in her bag from the eyes of the officers about. Never, in an adventurous life, had she felt so near to death. Even now its cold breath chilled her.

However, that was over, well over. She had done well, too. A dozen pictures of the fortress, of its guns, of even its mine chart as it hung on a wall, were in the bag. Its secrets, so securely held, were hers, and would be Karl's.

It was a cunningly devised scheme. Two bags, exactly alike as to appearance, had been made. One, which she carried daily, was what it appeared to be. The other contained a camera, tiny but accurate, with a fine lens. When a knob of the fastening was pressed the watch slid aside, and the shutter snapped. The pictures when enlarged had proved themselves perfect.

Pleading fatigue, she dismissed her maid and locked the doors. Then she opened the sliding panel, and unfastened the safe. The roll of film was in her hand, ready to be deposited under the false bottom of her jewel-case.

Within the security of her room, the Countess felt at ease. The chill of the day left her, to be followed by a glow of achievement. She even sang a little, a bit of a ballad from her native mountains:

He has gone to the mountains,
The far green mountains.
(*Hear the cattle lowing as they drive them up the hill*)
When he comes down he'll love me;
When he comes down he'll marry me.
(*But what is this that touches me with finger dead and chill?*)

Still singing, she carried the jewel-case to her table, and sat down before it. Then she put a hand to her throat.

The lock had been forced.

A glance about showed her that her code-book was gone. In the tray above, her jewels remained untouched; her pearl collar, the diamond knickknacks the Archduchess had given her on successive Christmases, even a handful of gold coins, all were safe

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enough. But the code-book was gone.

Then indeed did the Countess look death in the face—and found it terrible. For a moment she could not so much as stand without support. It was then that she saw a paper folded under her jewels and took it out with shaking fingers. In fine, copper-plate script she read:

MADAME. To-night at one o'clock a closed fiacre will await you in the Street of the Wise Virgins, near the church. You will go in it, without fail, to wherever it takes you.

(*Signed*) THE COMMITTEE OF TEN.

The Committee of Ten! This thing had happened to her. Then it was true that the half-mythical Committee of Ten existed, that this terror of Livonia was a real terror, which had her by the throat. For there was no escape. None. Now indeed she knew that rumor spoke the truth, and that the Terrorists were everywhere. In daylight they had entered her room. They had known of the safe, known of the code. Known how much else?

Wild ideas of flight crossed her mind, to be as instantly abandoned for their futility. Where could she go that they would not follow her? When she had reacted from her first shock she fell to pondering the matter, pro and con. What could they want of her? If she was an enemy to the country, so were they. But even that led nowhere, for after all, the Terrorists were not enemies to Livonia. They claimed indeed to be its friends, to hold in their hands its future and its betterment. Enemies of the royal house they were, of course.

THE MAID STOOD STILL. HER WIDE, BOVINE EYES, FILLED WITH ALARM, WATCHED THE COUNTESS AS SHE MOVED SWIFTLY ACROSS THE ROOM TO HER WARDROBE.

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She was nearly distracted by that time. She was a brave woman, physically and mentally of hard fiber, but the very name signed to the paper set her nerves to twitching. It was the Committee of Ten which had murdered Prince Hubert and his young wife; the Committee of Ten which had exploded a bomb in the very palace itself, and killed old Breidau, of the King's Council; the Committee of Ten which had burned the Government House, and had led the mob in the student riots a year or so before.

Led them, themselves hidden. For none knew their identity. It was said that they did not even know each other, wearing masks and long cloaks at their meetings, and being designated by numbers only.

In this dread presence, then, she would find herself that night! For she would go. There was no way out.

She sent a request to be excused from dinner on the ground of illness, and was, as a result, visited by her royal mistress at nine o'clock. The honor was unexpected. Not often did the Archduchess Annunciata so favor any one. The Countess, lying across her bed in a perfect agony of apprehension, staggered into her sitting-room and knelt to kiss her lady's hand.

But the Archduchess, who had come to scoff, believing not at all in the illness, took one shrewd glance at her, and put her hands behind her.

"It may be, as you say, contagious, Olga," she said. "You would better go to bed and stay there. I shall send Doctor Wiederman to you."

When she had gone the Countess rang for her maid. She was cool enough now, and white, with a cruel line about her mouth that Minna knew well. She went to the door into the corridor, and locked it.

Then she turned on the maid. "I am ready for you, now."

"Madame will retire?"

"You little fool! You know what I am ready for!"

The maid stood still. Her wide, bovine eyes, filled with alarm, watched the Countess as she moved swiftly across the room to her wardrobe. When she turned about again, she held in her hand a thin black riding-crop. Minna's ruddy color faded. She knew the Loscheks, knew their furies. Strange stories of unbridled passion had oozed from the old ruined castle where for so long they had held feudal sway over the countryside.

"Madame!" she cried, and fell on her knees. "What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"

"That is what you will tell me," said the Countess, and brought down the crop. A livid stripe across the girl's face turned slowly to red.

"I have done nothing, I swear it. Mother of Pity, help me! I have done nothing."

The crop descended again, this time on one of the great sleeves of her peasant costume. So thin it was, so brutal the blow, that it cut into the muslin. Groaning, the girl fell forward on her face. The Countess continued to strike, pitiless blows into which she put all her fury, her terror, her frayed and ragged nerves. The girl on the floor, from whimpering, fell to crying hard, with great noiseless sobs of pain and bewilderment. When at last the blows ceased, she lay still.

The Countess prodded her with her foot. "Get up," she commanded.

But she was startled when she saw the girl's face. It was she who was the fool. The welt would tell its own story, and the other servants would talk. It was already a deep purple, and swollen. Both women were trembling. The Countess, still holding the crop, sat down.

"Now!" she said. "You will tell me to whom you gave a certain small book of which you know."

"I, madame?"

"You."

"But what book? I have given nothing, madame. I swear it."

"Then you admitted some one to this room?"

"No one, madame, except—" she hesitated.

"Well?"

"There came this afternoon the men who clean madame's windows. No one else, madame."

She put her hand to her cheek, and looked furtively to see if her fingers were stained with blood. The Countess, muttering, fell to furious pacing of the room. So that was it, of course. The girl was telling the truth. She was too stupid to lie. Then the Committee of Ten indeed knew everything—had known that she would be away, had known of the window cleaners, had known of the safe, and her possession of the code.

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Cold and calculating rage filled her. Niburg had played her false, of course. But Niburg was only a go-between. He had known nothing of the code-book. He had given the Committee the letter, and by now they knew all that it told. What did it not know?

She dismissed the girl and put away the riding-crop, then she smoothed the disorder of her hair and dress. The court physician, calling a half hour later, found her reading on a *chaise longue* in her boudoir, looking pale and handsome, and spent what he considered a pleasant half-hour with her. He loved gossip, and there was plenty just now. Indications were that they would have a wedding soon. An unwilling bride, perhaps, eh? But a lovely one. For him, he was glad that Karnia was to be an ally, and not an enemy. He had seen enough of wars. And so on and on, while the Countess smiled and nodded, and shivered in her very heart.

At eleven o'clock he went away, kissing her hand rather more fervently than professionally, although his instinct to place his fingers over the pulse rather spoiled the effect. One thing, however, the Countess had gained by his visit. He was to urge on the Archduchess the necessity for an immediate vacation for her favorite.

"Our loss, Countess," he said, with heavy gallantry. "But we can not allow beauty to languish for need of mountain air."

Then at last he was gone, and she went about her heavy-hearted preparations for the night. From a corner of her wardrobe she drew a long peasant's cape, such a cape as Minna might wear. Over her head, instead of a hat, she threw a gray veil. A careless disguise, but all that was necessary. The sentries through and about the palace were not unaccustomed to such shrouded figures slipping out from its gloom to light, and perhaps to love.

Before she left, she looked about the room. What assurance had she that this very excursion was not a trap, and that in her absence the vault would not be looted again? It contained now something infinitely valuable. Valuable and incriminating—the roll of film. She glanced about and, seeing a silver vase of roses, hurriedly emptied the water out, wrapped the film in oiled paper, and dropped it down among the stems.

The Street of the Wise Virgins was not near the palace. Even by walking briskly she was in danger of being late. The wind kept her back, too. The cloak twisted about her, the veil whipped. She turned once or twice to see if she were being followed, but the quiet streets were empty. Then, at last, the Street of the Wise Virgins and the fiacre, standing at the curb, with a driver wrapped in rugs against the cold of the February night, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. The Countess stopped beside him.

"You are expecting a passenger?"

"Yes, madame."

With her hand on the door, the Countess realized that the fiacre was already occupied. As she peered into its darkened interior, the shadow resolved itself into a cloaked and masked figure. She shrank back.

"Enter, madame," said a voice.

The figure appalled her. It was not sufficient to know that behind the horrifying mask which covered the entire face and head, there was a human figure, human pulses that beat, human eyes that appraised her. She hesitated.

"Quickly," said the voice.

She got in, shrinking into a corner of the carriage. Her lips were dry, the roaring of terror was in her ears. The door closed.

Then commenced a drive of which afterward the Countess dared not think. The figure neither moved nor spoke. Inside the carriage reigned the most complete silence. The horse's feet clattered over rough stones, they turned through narrow, unfamiliar streets, so that she knew not even the direction they took. After a time the noise grew less. The horse padded along dirt roads, in darkness. Then the carriage stopped, and at last the shrouded figure moved and spoke.

"I regret, Countess, that my orders are to blindfold you."

She drew herself up haughtily.

"That is not necessary, I think."

"Very necessary, madame."

She submitted ungracefully, while he bound a black cloth over her eyes. He drew it very close and knotted it behind. In the act his fingers touched her face, and she felt them cold and clammy. The contact sickened her.

"Your hand, madame."

She was led out of the carriage, and across soft earth, a devious course again, as though they avoided small obstacles. Once her

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foot touched something low and hard, like marble. Again, in the darkness, they stumbled over a mound. She knew where she was, then—in a graveyard. But which? There were many about the city.

An open space, the opening of a gate or door, that squealed softly, a flight of steps that led downward, and a breath of musty, cold air, damp and cellar-like.

She was calmer now. Had they meant to kill her, there had been already a hundred chances. It was not death, then, that awaited her—not at least immediate death. These precautions, too, could only mean that she was to be freed again, and must not know where she had been.

At last, still in unbroken silence, she knew that they had entered a larger space. Their footsteps no longer echoed and re-echoed. Her guide walked more slowly, and at last paused, releasing her hand. She felt again the touch of his clammy fingers as he untied the knots of her bandage. He took it off.

At first she could see little. The silence remained unbroken, and only the center of the room was lighted. When her eyes grew accustomed, she made out the scene slowly.

A great stone vault, its walls broken into crypts which had contained caskets of the dead. But the caskets had been removed, and were piled in a corner, and in the niches were rifles. In the center was a pine table, curiously incongruous, and on it writing materials, a cheap clock, and a pile of documents. There were two candles only, and these were stuck in skulls—old brown skulls so infinitely removed from all semblance to the human that they were not even horrible. It was as if they had been used, not to inspire terror, but because they were at hand and convenient for the purpose. In the shadow, ranged in a semicircle, were nine figures, all motionless, all masked, and cloaked in black. They sat, another incongruity, on plain wooden chairs. But in spite of that they were figures of dread. The one who had brought her made the tenth.

Still the silence, broken only by the drip of water from the ceiling into a tin pail.

Had she not known the past record of the men before her, the rather *opéra bouffe* setting with which they chose to surround themselves might have aroused her scorn. But Olga Loschek knew too much. She guessed shrewdly that, with the class of men with whom they dealt, it was not enough that their name spelled terror. They must visualize it. They had taken their cue from that very church, indeed, beneath which they hid. The church, with its shrines and images, appealed to the eye. They, too, appealed to the eye. Their masks, the carefully constructed and upheld mystery of their identity, the trappings of death about them—it was skilfully done.

Not that she was thinking consecutively just then. It was a mental flash, even as her eyes, growing accustomed to the darkness made out the white numeral, from one to ten, on the front of each shroud-like cloak.

Still no one spoke. The Countess faced them. Only her eyes showed her nervousness; she stood haughtily, her head held high. But like most women, she could not endure silence for long, at least the silence of shrouded figures and intent eyes.

"Now that I am here," she demanded, "may I ask why I have been summoned?"

It was Number Seven who replied. It was Number Seven who, during the hour that followed, spoke for the others. None moved, or but slightly. There was no putting together of heads, no consulting. Evidently all had been carefully prearranged.

"Look on the table, Countess. You will find there some papers you will perhaps recognize."

She took a step toward the table and glanced down. The code-book lay there. Also the letter she had sent by Peter Niburg. She made no effort to disclaim them.

"I recognize them," she said clearly.

"You acknowledge, then, that they are yours?"

"I acknowledge nothing."

"They bear certain indications, madame."

"Possibly."

"Do you realize what will happen, madame, if these papers are turned over to the authorities?"

She shrugged her shoulders. And now Number Seven rose, a tall figure of mystery, and spoke at length in a cultivated, softly intoned voice. The Countess, listening, felt the voice vaguely familiar, as were the burning eyes behind the mask.

"It is our hope, madame," he said, "that you will make it unnecessary for the Committee of Ten to use those papers. We have no quarrel with women. We wish rather a friend than an enemy. There be those, many of them, who call us poor patriots, who would tear down without building up. They are wrong. The Committee

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of Ten, to those who know its motives, has the highest and most loyal of ideals—to the country."

His voice took on a new, almost a fanatic note. He spoke as well to the other shrouded figures as to his comrades. No mean orator this. He seldom raised his voice, he made no gestures. Almost, while she listened, the Countess understood.

They had watched the gradual decay of the country, he said. Its burden of taxation grew greater each year. The masses sweated and toiled, to carry on their backs the dead weight of the aristocracy and the throne. The iron hand of the Chancellor held everything; an old King who would die, was dying now, and after that a boy, nominal ruler only, while the Chancellor continued his hard rule. And now, as if that were not enough, there was talk of an alliance with Karnia, an alliance which, carried through, would destroy the hope of a republic.

The Countess stared.

"No wall is too thick for our ears," he continued. "Our eyes see everywhere. And as we grow in strength, they fear us. Well they may."

He grew scornful then. To gain support for the tottering throne the Chancellor would unite the two countries, that Karl's army, since he could not trust his own, might be called on for help. And here he touched the Countess's raw nerves with a brutal finger.

"The price of the alliance, madame, is the Princess Hedwig in marriage. The Committee, which knows all things, believes that you have reason to dislike this marriage."

Save that she clutched her cloak more closely, the Countess made no move. But there was a soft stir among the figures. Perhaps, after all, the Committee as a whole did not know all things.

"To prevent this alliance, madame, is our first aim. There are others to follow. But"—he bent forward—"the King will not live many days. It is our hope that that marriage will not occur before his death."

By this time Olga Loschek knew very well where she stood. The Committee was propitiatory. She was not in danger, save as it might develop. They were, in a measure, putting their case.

She had followed the speaker closely. When he paused, she was ready for him. "But, even without a marriage, at any time now a treaty based on the marriage may be signed. A treaty for a mutually defensive alliance. Austria encroaches daily, and has Germany behind her. We are small fry, here and in Karnia, and we stand in the way."

"King Karl has broken faith before. He will not support Livonia until he has received his price. He is determined on the marriage."

"A marriage of expediency," said the Countess, impatiently.

The speaker for the Committee shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps," he replied. "Although there are those of us who think that in this matter of expediency, Karl gives more than he receives. He is to-day better prepared than we are for war. He is more prosperous. As to the treaty, it is probably already signed, or about to be. And here, madame, is the reason for our—invitation to you to come here."

"I have no access to state papers," the Countess said impatiently.

"You are too modest," said Number Seven suavely, and glanced at the letter on the table.

"The matter lies thus, madame. The Chancellor is now in Karnia. Doubtless he will return with the agreement signed. We shall learn that in a day or so. We do not approve of this alliance for various reasons, and we intend to take steps to prevent it. The paper itself is nothing. But plainly, Countess, we need a friend in the palace, one who is in the confidence of the royal family."

"And for such friendship, I am to secure safety?"

"Yes, madame. But that is not all. Let me tell you briefly how things stand with us. We have, supporting us, certain bodies, workingmen's guilds, a part of the student body, not so much of the army as we would wish. Dissatisfied folk, madame, who would exchange the emblem of tyranny for freedom. On the announcement of the King's death, in every part of the kingdom will go up the cry of liberty. But the movement must start here. The city must rise against the throne. And against that there are two obstacles." He paused. The clock ticked, and water dripped into the tin pail with metallic splashes. "The first is this marriage. The second—is the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto."

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The Countess recoiled. "No!"

"A moment, madame. You think badly of us." Under his mask the Countess divined a cold smile. "It is not necessary to contemplate violence. There are other methods. The boy could be taken over the border, and hidden until the Republic is firmly established. After that, he is unimportant."

The Countess, still pale, looked at him scornfully. "You do my intelligence small honor."

"Where peaceful methods will avail, our methods are peaceful, madame."

"It was, then, in peace that you murdered Prince Hubert?"

"The errors of the past are past." Then, with a new sternness: "Make no mistake. Whether through your agency or another, Countess, when the Cathedral bell rouses the city to the King's death, and the people wait in the Place for their new King to come out on the balcony, *he will not come.*"

The Countess was not entirely bad. Standing swaying and white-faced before the tribunal, she saw suddenly the golden head of the little Crown Prince, saw him smiling as he had smiled that day in the sunlight, saw him troubled and forlorn as he had been when, that very evening, he had left them to go to his lonely rooms. Perhaps she reached the biggest moment of her life then, when she folded her arms and stared proudly at the shrouded figures before her.

"I will not do it," she said.

Then indeed the tribunal stirred, and sat forward. Perhaps never before had it been defied.

"I will not," repeated the Countess.

But Number Seven remained impassive. "A new idea, Countess!" he said suavely. "I can understand that your heart recoils. But this thing is inevitable, as I have said. Whether you or another—but perhaps with time to think you may come to another conclusion. We make no threats. Our position is, however, one of responsibility. We are compelled to place the future of the Republic before every other consideration."

"That is a threat."

"We remember both our friends and our enemies, madame. And we have only friends and enemies. There is no middle course. If you would like time to think it over——"

"How much time?" She clutched at the words.

With time all things were possible. The King might die soon, that night, the next day. Better than any one, save his daughter Annunciata and the physicians, she knew his condition. The Revolutionists might boast, but they were not all the people. Once let the boy be crowned, and it would take more than these posing plotters in their theatrical setting, to overthrow him.

"How much time may I have?"

"Women vary," said Number Seven mockingly. "Some determine quickly. Others——"

"May I have a month?"

"During which the King may die! Alas, madame, it is now you who do us too little honor!"

"A week?" begged the Countess desperately.

The leader glanced along the line. One head after another nodded slowly.

"A week it is, madame. Comrade Five!"

The one who had brought her came forward with the bandage.

"At the end of one week, madame, a fiacre will, as to-night, be waiting in the Street of the Wise Virgins."

"And these papers?"

"On the day the Republic of Livonia is established, madame, they will be returned to you."

He bowed, and returned to his chair. Save for the movements of the man who placed the bandage over her eyes, there was absolute silence in the room.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The Delegation

PRINCE FERDINAND WILLIAM OTTO was supremely happy. Three quite delightful things had happened. First, Nikky had returned. He said he felt perfectly well, but the Crown Prince thought he looked as though he had been ill, and glanced frequently at Nikky's cigaret during the riding-hour. Second, Hedwig did not come to the riding-lesson, and he had Nikky to himself. Third, he, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, was on the eve of a birthday.

This last, however, was not unmixed happiness. For the one day the sentence of exile was to be removed so that he might lunch with the King, and he was to have strawberry jam with his tea, some that Miss Braithwaite's sister had sent from England.

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AS OLGA PEERED INTO ITS DARKENED INTERIOR, THE SHADOW RESOLVED ITSELF INTO A CLOAKED AND MASKED FIGURE. SHE SHRANK BACK.

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But to offset all this, he was to receive a delegation of citizens.

He had been well drilled for it. As a matter of fact, on the morning of Nikky's return, they took a few minutes to go over the ceremony, Nikky being the delegation. The way they did it was simple.

Nikky went out into the corridor, and became the Chamberlain. He stepped inside, bowed, and announced: "The delegation from the city, Highness," standing very stiff, and a trifle bowlegged, as the Chamberlain was. Then he bowed again, and waddled out—the Chamberlain was fat—and became the delegation.

This time he tried to look like a number of people, and was not so successful. But he looked nervous, as delegations always do when they visit a Royal Highness. He bowed inside the door, and then came forward and bowed again.

"I am, of course, standing in a row," said Nikky, *sotto voce*. "Now, what comes next?"

"I am to shake hands with every one."

So they shook hands nine times, because there were to be nine members of the delegation. And Nikky picked up a brass inkwell from the desk and held it out before him.

"Your Highness," he said, after clearing his throat, for all the world as Prince Ferdinand William Otto had heard it done frequently at corner-stones and openings of hospitals, "Your Highness—we are here today to felicitate your Highness on reaching the mature age of ten. In testimonial of our—our affection and—er—loyalty, we bring to you a casket of gold, containing the congratulations of the city, which we beg that your Highness may see fit to accept. It will be of no earthly use to you, and will have to be stuck away in a vault and locked up. But it is the custom on these occasions, and far be it from us to give you a decent present that you can use or enjoy!"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto had to cover his mouth with his hand to preserve the necessary dignity. He stepped forward and took the ink-well. "I thank you very much. Please give my thanks to all the people. I am very grateful. It is beautiful. Thank you."

Whereupon he placed the ink-well on the desk, and he and Nikky again shook hands nine times, counting, to be sure it was right. Then Nikky backed to the door, getting all tangled up in his sword, bowed again and retired.

When he re-entered, the boy's face was glowing.

"Gee!" he said, remembering this favorite word of the American boy's. "It's splendid to have you back again, Nikky. You're going to stay now, aren't you?"

"I am." Nikky's voice was fervent.

"Where did you go when you went away?"

"I took a short and foolish excursion, Highness. You see, while I look grown-up I dare say I am really not. Not quite, anyhow. And now and then, like other small boys I have heard of, I—well, I run away. And am sorry afterward, of course."

Miss Braithwaite was not in the study. The Prince looked about, and drew close to Nikky. "Did you, really?"

"I did. Some day, when you are older, I'll tell you about it. I—has the Princess Hedwig been having tea with you, as usual?"

Carelessly spoken as it was, there was a change in Nikky's voice. And the Crown Prince was sensitive to voices. Something similar happened to Monsieur Puaux, the French tutor, when he mentioned Hedwig.

"Not yesterday. We went to the fortress. Nikky, what is it to be in love?"

Nikky looked startled. "Well," he said reflectively, "it's to like some one, a lady in your case or mine, of course; to—to like them very much, and want to see them often."

"Is that all?"

"It's enough, sometimes. But it's more than that. It's being dreadfully unhappy if the other person isn't around, for one thing. It isn't really a rational condition. People in love do mad things quite often."

"I know some one who is in love with Hedwig."

Nikky looked extremely conscious. There was, too, something the Crown Prince was too small to see, something bitter and hard in his eyes. "Probably a great many are," he said. "But I'm not sure she would care to have us discuss it."

"It is my French tutor."

Nikky laughed suddenly, and flung the boy to his shoulder. "Of course he is!" he cried gaily. "And you are, and the Chancellor. And I am, of course." He stood the boy on the desk.

"Do you think she is in love with you?"

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demanded the Crown Prince, very seriously.

"Not a bit of it, young man!"

"But I think she is," he persisted. "She's always around when you are."

"Not this morning."

"But she is, when she can be. She never used to take riding-lessons. She doesn't need them." This was a grievance, but he passed it over. "And she always asks where you are. And yesterday, when you were away, she looked very sad."

Nikky stood with his hand on the boy's shoulder, and stared out through the window. If it were so, if this child, with his uncanny sensitiveness, had hit on the truth! If Hedwig felt even a fraction of what he felt, what a tragedy it all was!

He forced himself to smile, however. "If she only likes me just a little," he said lightly, "it is more than I dare to hope, or deserve. Come now, we have spent too much time over love and delegations. Suppose we go and ride."

But on the way across the Place Prince Ferdinand William Otto resumed the subject for a moment. "If you would marry Hedwig," he suggested, an anxious thrill in his voice, "you would live at the Palace always, wouldn't you? And never have to go back to your regiment?" For the bugaboo of losing Nikky to his regiment was always in the back of his small head.

"Now listen, Otto, and remember," said Nikky, almost sternly. "It may be difficult for you to understand now, but some day you will. The granddaughter of the King must marry some one of her own rank. No matter how hard you and I may wish things to be different, we can not change that. And it would be much better never to mention this conversation to your cousin. Girls," said Nikky, "are peculiar."

"Very well," said the Crown Prince humbly. But he made careful note of one thing. He was not to talk of this plan to Hedwig, but there was no other restriction. He could, for instance, take it up with the Chancellor, or even with the King to-morrow, if he was in an approachable humor.

Hedwig was not at the riding-school. This relieved Prince Ferdinand William Otto, whose views as to Nikky were entirely selfish, but Nikky himself had unaccountably lost his high spirits of the morning. He played, of course, as he always did. And even taught the Crown Prince how to hang over the edge of his saddle, while his horse was cantering, so that bullets would not strike him.

They rode and frolicked, yelled a bit, got two ponies and whacked a polo ball over the tan-bark, until the Crown Prince was sweating royally and was gloriously flushed.

"I don't know when I have been so happy," he said, dragging out his handkerchief and mopping his face. "It's a great deal pleasanter without Hedwig, isn't it?"

While they played, overhead the great hearse was ready at last. Its woodwork shone. Its gold crosses gleamed. No fleck of dust disturbed its austere magnificence.

The man and the boy who had been working on it stood back and surveyed it.

"All ready," said the man, leaning on the handle of his long brush. "Now it may happen any time."

"It is very handsome. But I am glad I am not the old King." The boy picked up pails and brushes. "Nothing to look forward to but—that."

"But much to look back on," the man observed grimly, "and little that is good."

The boy glanced through a window, below which the riding-ring stretched its brown surface, scarred by nervous hoofs. "I would change places with the Crown Prince," he said enviously. "Listen to him! Always laughing. Never to labor, nor worry, nor think of the next day's food——"

"Young fool!" The man came to his shoulder and glanced down also. "Would like to be a princeling, then! No worry. No trouble. Always play, play!" He gripped the boy's shoulder. "Look, lad, at the windows about. That is what it is to be a prince. Wherever you look, what do you see? Stablemen? Grooms? Bah, secret agents, watching that no assassin, such perhaps as you and I, lurk about."

The boy opened wide, incredulous eyes. "But who would attack a child?" he asked.

"There be those, nevertheless," said the man, mockingly. "Even a child may stand in the way of great changes."

He stopped and stared, wiping the glass clear that he might see better. Nikky without his cap, disheveled and flushed with exertion, was making a frantic shot at the white ball, rolling past him. Where had he seen such a head, such a flying mop of hair? Ah! He remembered. It was the flying young devil who had attacked him and the others that night in the by-street, when Peter Niburg lay stunned!

The next instalment of ***"Long Live the King!"*** *will appear in the June number.*

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DANIEL WILLARD HAS A NEW BIG JOB

By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT

This is the story of the man
who worked up from fireman to president of the B. & O.
and who has been selected by President Wilson
to organize industry for war

IF THE hand of fate comes to the United States, to-day on the very brink of war, and places this nation in among its embattled neighbors of Europe, ten million Americans will at once ask who is to organize our national resources? They have seen the immense necessity and value of such organization in Germany, in England, and in France. This question has been anticipated. The President of the United States has answered it by placing a real executive to command the entire material resources of America at war — transportation, food, manufacturing. The real executive that Woodrow Wilson has chosen is Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad—a man who came up through sheer ability to command. Of Willard's ability to meet the problems of one of the most stupendous tasks ever handed to an American citizen, no one who knows him

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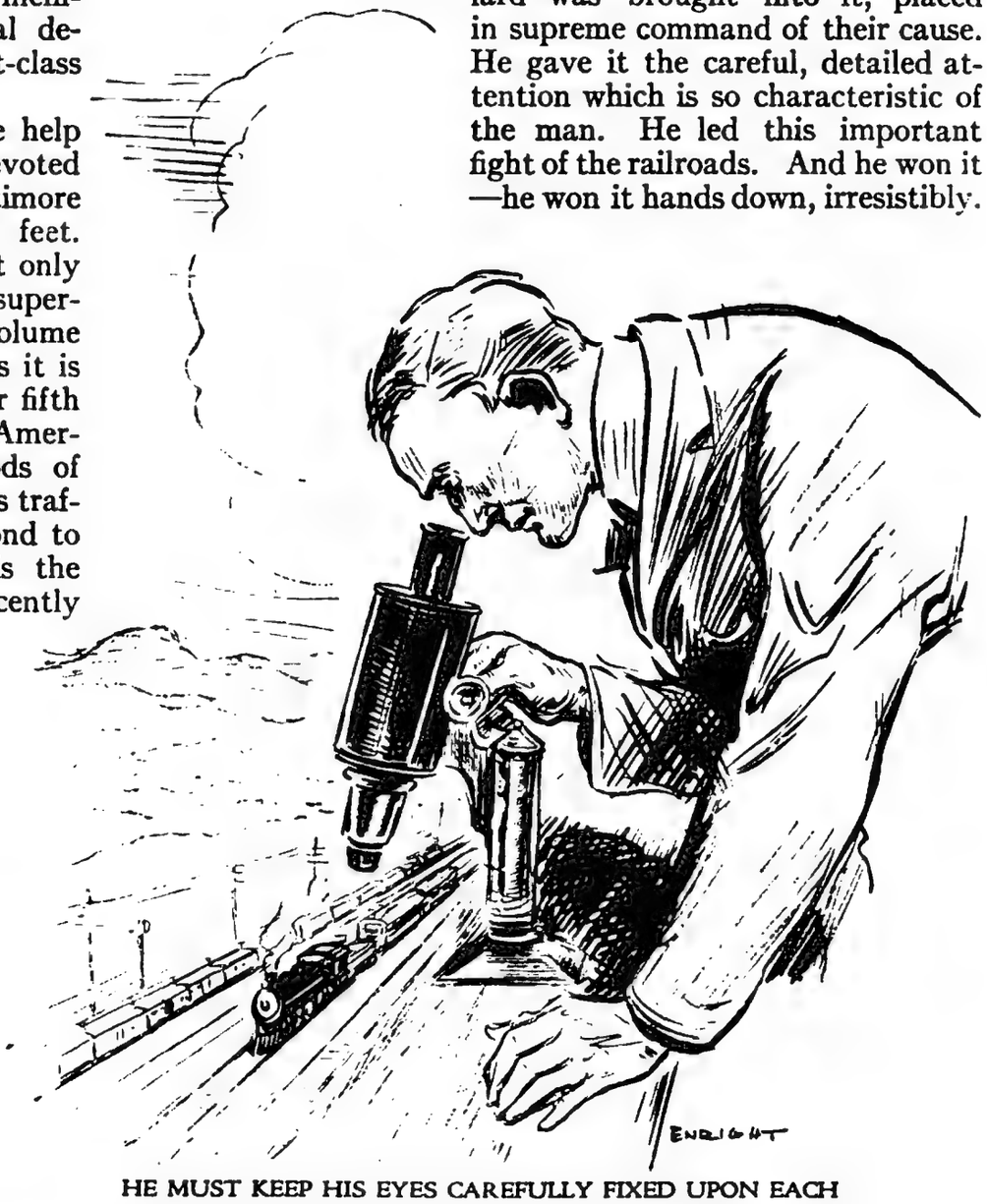
doubts. His is the ability that is hard-schooled. He has been used to meeting large problems and to conquering them.

WILLARD was born to his profession. He has always been a railroader; ever since that day when he left the old-school up at Windsor, Vermont, and enrolled himself in the service of the Central Vermont Railway, his rise has been swift and certain. He has fired a locomotive; he has sat upon the engineer's seat and driven the steed, day after day, month after month, mile after mile. He has been a superintendent, a general-superintendent, a general-manager, vice-president of well-managed roads like the Burlington, the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Erie. And seven years ago he came to the presidency of the Baltimore & Ohio, even then beginning to struggle out of the muck of almost hopeless inefficiency and financial despair into a first-class trunk-line railroad.

Willard, with the help of a loyal and devoted staff, placed the Baltimore & Ohio upon firm feet. He has made it not only efficient, but almost super-efficient. In the volume of its total earnings it is to-day the fourth or fifth largest railroad in America. In the methods of its operation and its traffic-getting it is second to none. And this is the railroad which as recently as the time of the Chicago World's Fair could not send passenger trains out of its terminals in Baltimore without waiting for incoming trains, so that the departing cars might be equipped with lamps and with drinking-cups. And that was the year when it was seriously proposed by the Baltimore & Ohio that it should abandon its passenger service. The outlook was hopeless.

"If you want a big job done, give it to the busiest man in sight."

It was a big job, the lifetime job of a big man, to take a historic trunk-line railroad out of the ruck and place it on high. But there were bigger jobs ahead for Willard—jobs to be met and executed before the Baltimore & Ohio contract was anywhere near finished. For instance, there was the rate situation. For a decade the railroads all the way across the land had been urging the Federal Government to give them financial relief—by the seemingly simple process of permitting a slight increase in their rates. The Federal authorities had not permitted such relief. It was broadly hinted the railroads had never "made their case." Willard was brought into it, placed in supreme command of their cause. He gave it the careful, detailed attention which is so characteristic of the man. He led this important fight of the railroads. And he won it—he won it hands down, irresistibly.



HE MUST KEEP HIS EYES CAREFULLY FIXED UPON EACH MILE OF THE TRACK.

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IN THE first days when the grim god of war seemed to be at the very threshold of our house, President Wilson acted wisely in the choosing of a Council of National Defense. When, later, he created an Advisory Commission to this Council, he chose seven men to mobilize the nation, industrially, socially, economically. And in charge of transportation and communication, on this Commission, selected Daniel Willard, the Vermont boy who was born to his profession. Early in March Willard was made permanent head of the Advisory Commission.

Perhaps the President had heard of that autumn day up in the mountains at Deer Park, Maryland, when Willard, gathering the official staff of his railroad for one of their frequent conferences, had prefaced the meeting by a demand that every man in the big room first stand and proclaim his allegiance to the United States of America. It is more than likely Mr. Wilson knew that when his own Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, was desirous of sending the Government's very interesting and educational Safety First exhibit across the land, and was pressed for ways and means, Willard came forward and proffered the facilities of the Baltimore & Ohio. When the offer was gladly accepted, Willard placed an entire steel passenger train, newly built and painted, at Mr. Lane's service. And that train carried the Federal exhibit from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again —and without one cent of charge to the United States Government.

It is more likely still that President Wilson knew of the transformation of the Baltimore & Ohio, of the diplomacy and of the marvelous executive ability of its guiding hand. For Willard's reputation has gone afar. His loyalty to the property he heads is second only to his loyalty to the nation of which he is so active and valuable a citizen. He believes that he is, as president of the Baltimore & Ohio, in no small degree a public servant. He believes that the highest duty of any carrier is to serve the public. And his actions repeatedly show that these beliefs are not the cant of mere words. He has builded his railroad into a public servant.

Within seven days after he had been placed in charge of national transportation and communication, Willard was at work for the Government. He bespoke for it at once the interest and cooperation of the heads of the other great railroads of America. He knew that in any national crisis their interest and their patriotism were never to be doubted. And so he sought their cooperation. And not in vain. A full dozen of the biggest railroad executives in the United States closed their busy desks and, at Willard's suggestion, came hurrying to Washington.

When their conference was done a definite plan for the service of the railroads in a time of great national stress had been effected—a program which the railroad executives returned to study in detail as it affected their various territories. They had been told of the great defense and offense plans of the tremendously efficient War College down on the point at Washington. The officers of the army, the teachers from the same college, had told them the part that the railroad must play in a national emergency. Some of them had learned for the first time the designated mobilization centers all the way across the land, the equipment necessary and assigned to each, the movement and direction of troop and munition trains from every one of them. And all the railroaders had promised the fullest cooperation—not only their own personally, but also that of their huge organizations.

"We teach many things at West Point and teach them well," laughed one of the army men, "but we don't pretend to teach railroading."

What he meant was that for army transportation to reach its highest efficiency—and no other efficiency is even conceivable in a time of national crisis—the work would have to be under the direction of trained railroaders. There is no quarrel with this position. Army men have stated, and stated repeatedly, that, with the single exception of the regular army, there is no body of men in America so well-organized and so well-disciplined as that which works upon the railroad. Moreover, theirs is a brand of Americanism that is not open to doubt or to suspicion. President Wilson acted with great wisdom when he selected as well-trained a railroader as Daniel Willard to study out the problem and to have it organized and rehearsed in advance.

NOW what of Willard? What of the man? Is he firm to the touch, pleasant to the gaze? Is he as good a neighbor as he is a citizen? Who is he? How does

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he do his work? Can he be transmuted from a national figure to flesh and blood, to the man who sits beside you in the car or whose elbow brushes yours as you pass upon the street? If you would know Daniel Willard a little better, come with me, in fancy at least, to Baltimore, to his high-set office in the fine building which is given over to the executive headquarters of his railroad. There you shall see him, the straight, slim, almost boyish figure of a man whose hair grays and yet who refuses to grow old. You shall see Willard at work—not on the problem of national defense this time, but in his more familiar environment—in the operation of the railroad.

You no sooner come within that office than you realize that you are in the presence of an executive, a man born not alone to railroading, but to a winning of the respect, the confidence, the cooperation of his fellows. For here is a man born to command, and now come into the fulness of his birthright.

Willard beckons you into a chair and begins talking to you of the railroad he heads, as intimately and as fondly as if it were his child in reality. He leads your glance across the room to a map of the system that spreads itself upon the wall: a map huge, and showing in exquisite detail the Baltimore & Ohio; an immense red, spidery thing, with its tentacles touching ocean and lakes, reaching across fat, farming counties and down into Nature's great coal-bins, winding themselves around a dozen cities—each of these a traffic center expressed in great dirty yards and the exchange of many hundreds of cars a day.

He rises with you and goes across the room. In a few brief, simple sentences, and with the aid of the big map, he tells you of the strategic position of his road, hints at some of his ambitious plans for it in the future.

"To-day we are just past one era of expansion," he says, "and just ready to enter another. Up to this time we have been trying to work what we have at a higher efficiency. Take this matter of train-tonnage—the average load of freight that we are carrying in each of our trains on this road. In 1910 we thought four hundred and forty-two tons fair railroading; last year the figure stood at seven hundred and sixty-one, and that was really big when you think of all the train-loads of empty coal-gondolas returning to the mines that we must bring into the reckoning. This year we have set eight hundred as the mark, and we are going to do better than that. We are done with our first program of line revision. It took one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars out of our treasury to accomplish it, but now that it is done we can bring a four-thousand-ton coal-train down the main line, and I've a right to ask our operating department to make the average train-load of the system go over eight hundred tons. Train-loading is the game in railroading to-day."

You are a bit interested in that plan of line revision, and you say so. Willard's eye glistens. He takes a pencil out of his pocket and uses it as a pointer upon the map. Here is the main-stem of his system. Here is Cumberland, a tangle and combination of lines that run back through the furrowed hills to deep-set mines, and beyond the hills to the plains and traffic cities of the central portion of the land.

And here is Martinsburg, where many lines diverge—lines of the Baltimore & Ohio system, of other railroads, too—steel pathways that lead to three or four ocean ports, as well as to thirty or forty manufacturing cities whose hungry furnaces must be fed coal—coal by the train-load, each hour of the twenty-four. It is just seventy-eight miles from Cumberland to Martinsburg, and over that seventy-eight—the bottle-neck of the system—moves a vast traffic. Measured in cold statistics it is over twenty-two million ton-miles to the mile in a year. Each of those seventy-eight miles earns for the railroad that owns them one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars annually. It takes a railroader to feel the full force of those figures.

But the real bottle-neck, the crux of the situation, has been seventeen miles out of that seventy-eight—seventeen miles of double-track, filled with extremes of grade and curvature, and folded back almost upon itself. It mattered little what records of train-loading might be made by the diligent train-masters on the other sixty-one miles of the bottle-neck—they all came to grief at the seventeen-mile stretch.

To-day this stretch has been bridged by an almost ruler-edge link of double-track, with nearly as little grade and curvature as one might find in a good road laid down

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across Illinois or some other prairie state. And because the new link—they call it the "cut-off"—is rule-edge, it is but eleven miles long. Those eleven miles are cut deep through the furrowed hills, burrowing their hearts time and time again through smooth-bored tunnels. Twice the "cut-off" leaps the river, upon stout bridges trussed so high that steamboats could float leisurely beneath them without ever the doffing of a jack-staff.

"The cost?" you venture.

"Six million dollars," replies Daniel Willard; "a million dollars for each mile we saved. We had to have it, though."

You smile triumphantly. You know the economic romance of grade revision. You air your knowledge. "You are going to make your overhead by your savings in operating cost," you suggest to him. "The locomotive fuel those six miles saved, those grades and curves eliminated, is going to pay a good portion of the bill."

He shakes his head—no. "I wish we might," he says sadly. "While that helps, it was not the guiding factor in this particular instance. The factor here was the necessity of continuing across that seventeen-mile bridge of bad line the four tracks that we have placed over the other sixty-one miles from Cumberland to Martinsburg. We all felt that we could not afford from any point of view to four-track, or even three-track, poor line. We did the right thing. We looked forward and we builded for to-morrow. But it cost—it cost away beyond anything we might hope to save each year in operating charges at the present volume of our business. If you could see the cut-off with your own eyes"—he swings around quickly; the gleam is in his eye once again. "You are going to see it."

"To see it?" you venture.

"I am going to take you out on the line; I am going to show you a railroad," is his reply. "We shall be leaving Camden station for our semi-annual inspection on Monday week at seven o'clock in the morning. I want you to come with us."

MR. WILLARD has a private car, and on Sunday evening of the following week it is ready just outside the train-shed of Camden station, where it has a fair chance at the soft night-breezes. Only you must not make the mistake of calling it a private car. Upon its door it is lettered "Business Car," and business car it is, in every full sense of the word.

"DANIEL," SAID MR. WILLARD, SR., "WHAR'S THE SPEERET?"

A private car is different. About the whole phrase there hangs a certain glamour, a certain faint suspicion of deviltry, the lingering memories of junkets, perhaps. A private car means pompous excursions of governors and their staffs, brilliant in gold braid and panoply, banqueting publicly and privately on every possible occasion; or perhaps aldermen, disdaining

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the gold lace and other fittings, but sticking close to the abundant "eats" coming from a well-tipped chef. A private car means the suspicion of empty bottles left along the right-of-way, or the odor of stale beer and many cigars remaining after its passengers have alighted.

It is because of these things, because he honestly feels that the rose by any other name would smell a whole lot sweeter, that Willard is not pleased to have you call the "99" his private car. He prefers to have it known as a "business car," and he justifies this title by showing you himself its battery of typewriters and the neat duplicate files it carries—a veritable encyclopedia of his railroad, typewritten and illustrated by abundant maps and photographs.

And as far as the liquor is concerned, he says simply: "We discharge our men for drinking on duty. One of the easiest things in my job is to be consistent."

After that he will tell you about a trip he once made to see his father up in that fine old Vermont town, soon after he had acquired the "99" and was justly proud of her. He had expected the big new car to make quite a hit with his father. But the older railroader made few comments upon it. He inspected it carefully, opening all the table-drawers and locker-doors. Finally he turned squarely upon his son:

"Daniel," said he, "whar's the speeret?"

He had drifted into the old-fashioned name for liquor once used up in the northeastern corner of the land, but Daniel Willard understood. He knew that his father was thinking of other days, of the official cars that had once swept disdainfully by the little depot at Windsor, and he replied:

"Not now, father; they're not railroading that way nowadays."

So it is that the "99" is a business car, a traveling office, if you please, just comfortable enough to give a good night's rest to a man whose working hours are long and whose resting ones are short—a nervous, restless vehicle spending much of its time in wandering up and down the five thousand miles of Willard's road. It is like a hundred others of a similar sort. And it is the same big car in which Willard went hurrying out to Ohio at the time of the fearful floods in the spring of 1913.

A New York banker, whose influence and friendship were much needed by the Baltimore & Ohio, ran down to Baltimore one March day that year. He also was a man to whom time is money—in capital letters—and he had a positive date with Daniel Willard. But when he reached the railroad offices the president was gone.

"He's at the front," said one of his secretaries, who explained how the chief had gone out of Camden station on the preceding night. A message canceling the engagement had been sent to New York—Willard is most punctilious in such matters—but it had failed to arrive.

The banker frowned. He was not in the habit of hurrying to see railroaders who were seeking loans and then having them fail to keep appointments with him. But when he was back in his own office the next day and the newspaper extras were telling of the catastrophe that had swept over Ohio, he sent a personal message to the president of the Baltimore & Ohio. It told him that he might draw for as much money as he needed to put his railroad on its feet again.

"He's at the front."

That was the thing that had hit the Wall Street man clean between the eyes. And that was the thing that was raising Willard even higher in the eyes of his own men than he had ever stood before. For a brief afternoon he had sat at his desk while messages of the great Ohio disaster had come to him—messages that reached Baltimore by telephone and telegraph after they had been relayed by foot-messengers and couriers on horseback, by way of farmhouses and toll-gate keepers; messages that told brokenly of bridges by the dozen over the Muskingum and the Miami being swept away, of passenger and freight stations in Ohio and Indiana and Illinois leveled, of trains of every sort halted and wrecked, of property battered and damaged beyond recovery.

Before nightfall of that spring day his car was headed west, and throughout the night a man sat in it, thinking, planning, considering, ordering. Before the car had reached Cumberland Willard's orders were tumbling out of the big car—relief trains with food and medicine to aid the sufferers were to have the right-of-way as far as the bent and twisted lines would carry them. Upon their heels were to come other trains—trains laden with workmen and rails and timbers, equipped with stout derricks and a plenitude of chains and ropes and tools of every sort. No general this year, fighting his way upon the embattled plains of

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Europe, has planned more definitely than Daniel Willard planned that night in his big car as he went from Baltimore out into the flood-stricken country.

In ten days he had cleared the main lines and pieced them together once again. Over them the life and traffic of the railroad was beginning to pulse once more, feebly at first and then in increasing vigor. Then it was, and not till then, that Willard's car, rain-streaked and mud-splashed, brought its chief back from "the front" to Baltimore once again.

"SEVEN o'clock on Monday morning" was what Willard had told you, but when you stopped in the outer office to ask his secretary if the chief had not misspoken himself, that functionary replied calmly:

"The president knows what he is talking about. To-morrow's a fairly late start on the line. The other days we'll get under way at six."

Then he begins to tell of one memorable June day when the president rode in the "99" from five o'clock in the morning—they had all partaken of a light breakfast at four-thirty—until seven-thirty at night, and had so covered and personally inspected more than six hundred miles of his line.

"Daylight's a precious thing," adds the secretary. "It's dollars and cents to him, and he's a man who has acquired something of a respect for dollars and cents."

That is why they are long days and hard days, too, when Willard rides the line. When he starts out upon one of his semi-annual inspections he is going to resume his intimate acquaintance with his entire system, which means that he must ride it by daylight, that he must keep his keen blue eyes carefully fixed upon each mile of the track, mentally note the condition of terminals, of yards, of shops, of tunnels, and of bridges; that he must talk with his men, see at least a few shippers, perhaps even halt long enough to lean over a fence along the right-of-way and gossip with a farmer or two as to crop conditions. It is all germane to Willard. But it keeps his day long and busy.

As you go from the outer office the brisk and efficient young secretary halts you.

"The president will want you to sit at breakfast with him at six-thirty," he says. "He doesn't like to take time from inspection to eat."

SIX-TWENTY-FIVE o'clock on a crisp morning, and you are finding your way to the inspection. He is there before you. For fifteen minutes he has been pacing up and down the platform, engrossed in his own thoughts, but stopping now and then to speak to some arriving member of his official family. For the "99" is hitched behind a long train of similar business cars—belonging to the several vice-presidents, the general manager, the general superintendent—all these men who are consequential upon the railroad and who receive this badge of distinguished office. Only, out upon this trip their consequence fades a little. Willard calls them "his boys," and so they are; smart men and responsible executives, but on this occasion they are boys—schoolboys, if you please, ready to receive the searching examination of their schoolmaster.

Six-thirty, breakfast. Then seven o'clock and the start. The sweeping minute-hand of the big clock in the train-shed barely touches its zenith before a human hand is lifted and the train is in motion.

"Have to be away on the dot," the big railroader explains to you. "We've a limited train coming right on our heels, and it's against the rules to lay her out—even thirty seconds."

You look straight into the keen blue eyes. He is not joking. He is not the joking sort. You recall once when you were in a hurry to get across Western Pennsylvania—or was it Ohio?—important close connections were to be made, and your train was shunted into an impossible siding by an unspeakable abattoir, where it cooled its heels a full half-hour. You had asked the brakeman in high confidence why it was that you were to miss that important connection, and in high confidence he had replied, hiding his smug mouth behind the fingers of his hand, that "the president's special's a-coming" and that traffic up the division was to be paralyzed until it was past.

You remember, also, the first time you went up to the Northwest—paid a heap of money, too, for your round-trip ticket—chose the train with an observation-platform that threaded the backbone of the continent by daylight, and then . . . A miserable business car—call it a private car this time—of some third-rate officer of a third-rate railroad down in the South was hitched on behind your observation-platform, and instead of mountain sheep and white-capped

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peaks, all you saw was a son of Dixie in a dirty kitchen preparing a four-course luncheon. All the while you hoped that something would happen to that private car, that she would crack an axle or heat a journal—something that would make them put ing in a hazy and increasing distance. Now the country is open, green and beautiful, with yellow highways running hither and thither, and early-rising motorists off for a holiday spin, sending up puffs of yellow dust amidst the verdant foliage. The speed-

A LITTLE CULEBRA, LOSING ITSELF IN A STRAIGHT HOLE OF A TUNNEL. "OUR SIX-MILLION-DOLLAR STRETCH," SAYS DANIEL WILLARD.

her into the first convenient siding—hoping against hope.

Mr. Willard does not do things that way. It is *his* train that takes the siding so as not to disturb the up-local on the single track; it is his convenience that is the last to be considered when he is out upon the line. And woe be to any train master or dispatcher who gets any other slant upon the movement of the inspection special. The policy of the Baltimore & Ohio and its president is too well established to be open to misconception.

SEVEN-FIFTEEN and the special is clear of the town and its outlying yards. The last of the street rows of trim little red-brick Baltimore houses has disappeared; factories, freight-cars, gas-tanks, are blend-

ometer in the "99" shows that you are making fifty miles an hour, but the steel is heavy, the line here rock-ballasted, and motion seems but comfortable ease. You speak of that to Willard.

"I'm afraid we may shake you up a little when we begin to hit the mountains," is his reply. "We haven't quite as fancy a railroad there." He interrupts himself. "There's red on those wheels," he says—almost irrelevantly.

The inspection-train is swirling across the rolling country at fifty miles an hour, but the trained eye of the expert railroader has detected rust on the running-gear of three box cars spotted on a siding at an insignificant way-station. To him that rust—the "red," as he calls it—can mean but one thing. Freight cars are meant to move, not

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to spend their days loafing in sidings. That is one of the efficiencies of modern railroading—quite as important in its way as train-loading.

"We've been making new records on car-movement," suggests the general manager.

"I'll ask you for them this evening," replies his chief.

STEADILY the speed-gage stands to fifty miles an hour, although one, two, three hours pass and Daniel Willard's questions and comments do not cease. They come more closely than the telegraph-poles, and the telegraph-poles on his road come thirty-five to the mile. The repainting of a station here, a battered-looking switchman's shanty there, a pane of broken glass in the clerestory of a coach of a local train standing at a station—these are all part and parcel of his inquiries. And each time he speaks some man in the car is making memorandum. New trails of thought are being started—all because the chief is quickening his intimate knowledge of the property. And if these trails of thought are to lead toward some of the ambitious plans he holds for the development of the road, he does not hesitate to speak of them to this intimate family group. For long ago an inquisitive newspaper reporter asked him what his best method was of handling men, and he replied:

"Letting them understand my plans and work with me in their development. I do not ask my men to work in the dark."

Once in a while the train is stopped to change locomotives or to let the big puller up front fill its water-tank anew. But before the cars are really halted Willard is off, leading his class at double-quick down the station platform into the waiting-room, ticket-offices, baggage-rooms, poking here and there, exhibiting as much abhorrence for dirt as a Philadelphia housewife. In the next minute he is back in the observation end of the "99" once again, dropping into the seat so carefully reserved for him in the left-hand corner facing the track, and fingering the long map of the line which unfolds slowly as the train makes its progress forward.

You are getting into the mountains now. The gentle, rolling farming country is a thing of memory. In here God has seemingly placed all the hills for which He could not find room in the rest of the land, and man has been put to his utmost wits to find a path for the steel highway among and across them. Because of that the track is tremendously curving right here, the car sways and trembles, for the speed-gage, even over this section, rarely drops below "forty-five." Then of a sudden the track seems to stiffen and to straighten. It begins to ignore the rough contour of the hills and makes an unbending tangent across their faces. At one side of the track is a two-acre lot filled with contractor's duffle, about to be moved to the next big job; on the other side a miniature mountain-range of a spoil-bank.

And beyond both is the deep-cut nick in the wood-crested ridge that made the spoil-bank—a little Culebra, if you please, losing itself in a straight bore of a tunnel, a thousand yards long and so high that a "brakie" can stand erect atop of a box car on either track without grazing the roof-lining of the tube. After that the first of two bridges—the train sweeping over it, not crawling "like a cat threading a fence-top," as Kipling once put it, but rushing over its stout floor without ever a halting in its mad progress.

"Our six-million-dollar stretch, this," says Daniel Willard to you, and falls to telling in detail of its construction, of the last-minute problems that kept confronting engineers and contractors.

Beyond the new cut-off, another tunnel, recently relocated and newly bored. The cost? Another clean million dollars, but the engineers said that it was necessary, and so it was built.

After this last tunnel, down grade for nearly sixty tortuous miles, the president begins to tell you that the boy in the cab ahead is glad to rest his tired arms for a little while. He understands. There is not a man this day out upon his line of whose job he has not a fair understanding. His men know that. And, knowing, they are unswerving in their faith and their allegiance.

Then—the president stiffens, the lines at each corner of his straight, fine mouth deepen. There is a suggestion of a frown upon his brow. For there upon the "up," laboring slowly, are seventeen gondola cars loaded with "salamanders" for ballast—seventeen little cars being convoyed by three powerful locomotives.

The president does not speak. But the glance which he turns upon the roomful of his officers is enough to send clerks and

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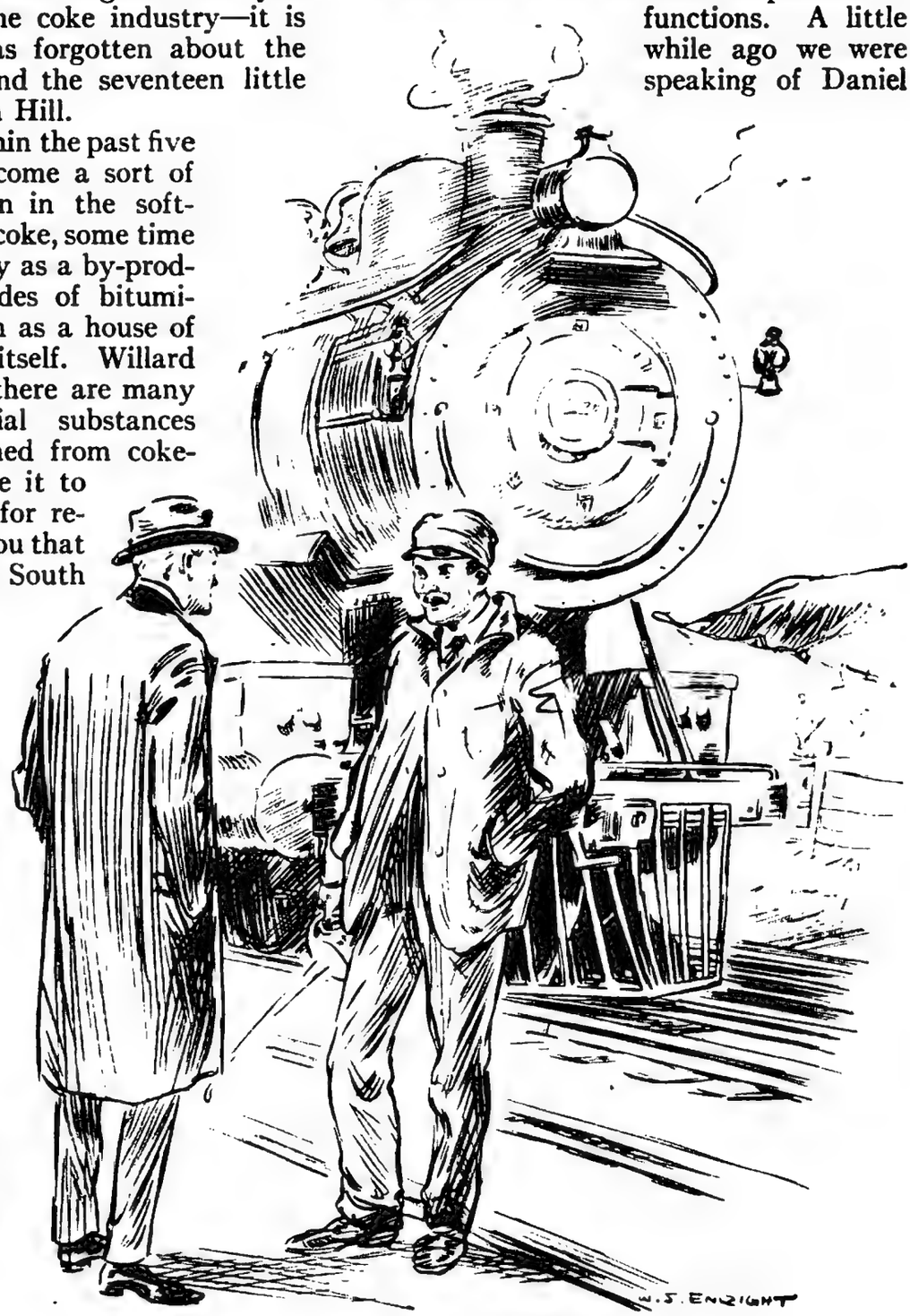
subalterns forward toward the typewriters with memoranda for telegrams—telegrams to go out from the next stopping-place demanding why three engines were hauling seventeen miserable cars on Sand Patch Hill.

You realize that something has gone wrong. But you try to forget it, to put a cheerful atmosphere in the car once again. There are long rows of coke-furnaces along the railroad right-of-way hereabouts, and most of them seem to be cold. You speak of that to Willard. He begins to tell you something about the coke industry—it is evident that he has forgotten about the three big engines and the seventeen little cars on Sand Patch Hill.

It seems that within the past five years coke has become a sort of dead industry down in the soft-coal country. For coke, some time ago regarded merely as a by-product of certain grades of bituminous, is now known as a house of many by-products itself. Willard informs you that there are many hundred commercial substances that can be obtained from coke-coal when they take it to a scientific furnace for reduction. He tells you that half of the city of South Chicago is illuminated by gas obtained by the manufacture of coke—a gas that formerly made a brilliant and useless illumination on the hillsides of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. That is only part of his job—to know the industries in his territory and the endless changes that are coming to them. And because it is part of his job, he has organized at headquarters an expert bureau to study the industries of the territory traversed by his railroad with a view not only to increasing their size and efficiency but also to adding to their number. This bureau has been in full swing a little less than a year. But in the first six months of its existence it added three hundred and five new manufacturers, with direct track connections to the Baltimore & Ohio. And that was but a beginning.

Here is the new sort of railroading, and with a vengeance. Here is a traffic-department whose job goes a long way beyond the old-time ideas of a traffic-department's functions. A little while ago we were speaking of Daniel



THERE'S NOT A MAN ON HIS LINE OF WHOSE JOB HE HAS NOT A FAIR UNDERSTANDING.

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Willard's neighborliness. He has brought that spirit into the operation of his railroad. He has made a "better neighbors" train—a long special affair which goes up and down the main stems and the branches so the officers of the road may get better acquainted with the officers, the manufacturers, the merchants of the cities it serves. The train stops long enough at each of them for a conference, perhaps for an informal lunch or a dinner, in which the problems which are common to the railroad and its patrons are discussed informally, but very thoroughly. The foundations of the Baltimore & Ohio are being firmly laid in the confidence and the understanding of the territory which it serves.

MILES pass—by the tens and by the hundreds. You run from division to division, and know the changes by the comings and the goings of superintendents who ride as Willard passes over each of their little principalities and fires his seemingly endless battery of questions at them. . . . Finally, dark comes, a tardy dusk in late spring, and the train runs in on a siding at a smart manufacturing town, there to wait until dawn again and inspection resumed. You have come twelve hours, over five hundred miles, but there is not to be rest even now. Men who have traveled with James J. Hill in his car recall those evenings up in the Northwest, with that grizzled chief leading in hymn-singing, the kind of tunes that used to heave the spirit at camp-meetings—Hill singing as if he loved it and never realized that when transportation gained a master-hand the choir-loft lost a mighty presence.

There is going to be no hymn-singing in Mr. Willard's train to-night. The staff are to gather in his car, there is to be dinner, simple and hearty, for there have been only sandwiches and tea since that very early breakfast. And the after-dinner coffee is going to fade and merge into a committee of the whole—a conference upon line reconstruction, expenses, motive-power, car mileage.

And it is this last question which finally does come to the top at the evening conference, brought up by Willard, with an inquiring gaze upon his general superintendent of transportation.

"When I was working up in the Northwest, car-handling for Mr. Hill," he says, "he used to figure on a car's making from sixty-seven to sixty-nine miles a day. He would put a box car filled with grain into Duluth in the morning, unload her, refill with coal, and have her bumping her way out toward the wheat-lands before sundown. Let me see—what is it you are doing, O'Brien?"

A general superintendent looks straight into his chief's keen eyes. "We're improving," he replies slowly. "We've crossed the thirty mark."

"That will do—for a starter," says his big boss, in his direct, kindly way. "Only don't forget that we have the C—— division getting sixty-eight miles a day. That ought to show you what we can do—when we're put to it." He is silent for a few seconds; then this: "How are you holding on your schedules?"

The entire staff goes upon the defensive. The imperturbable general manager speaks up: "Number Twenty-One was on time—to the dot—thirty days last month."

There is a flash in the blue eyes in the corner of the room. "Why didn't you make it a full month?" says the president.

"The Fairfax Northern struck a woman at our station in Beversport and blocked Twenty-One for fifty minutes."

The blue eyes become grim. "Your own accident record's good?"

The general manager's face flushes with pride. "Our wreckers haven't turned a wheel for forty days," he says softly.

The president's face does not flush—from pride or from any other reason. He is not superstitious—he will tell you so, himself—but his knuckles are beating a sharp staccato upon the arm of his chair. He is silent for nearly sixty seconds, then this: "How about those pushers on Sand Patch Hill?"

It is only a few hours since he saw that apparent extravagance in the operation of his line. But the messengers and the stenographers constantly slipping in and out of the big observation-room brought the general manager his advice from the men back at his headquarters.

"We're still in a fix at the filer-track at the summit," he says, "and every now and then they get congested and we get a situation like this. Now when we get bigger power——"

The talk has veered, but the president is ready for it. "How about our new S

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engines on the West End?" he demands. "Anything the matter with them?"

He is speaking of a new type of Mikado engine of which the road has just purchased one hundred on a single bill of sale. They are fine freight-pullers—enormous engines, each resting two hundred tons on its drivers—and Willard has a keen pride in them. Nor is he alone in that. The general mechanical superintendent has been silent a long while. Now he feels that it is his turn at the bat, and he speaks up briskly.

"They're jim-dandies," he says. "The easiest power to handle we've had in many a day. The automatic stokers are O.K., the engines are fit—they'll bark like dogs."

"If they bark too loud, it won't help our coal bill much," says the president; then he asks why the new Mikados are not being used on Sand Patch Hill.

There seems to be a variety of reasons. There's an agreement with the crews that limits the load on that long grade to a certain number of cars—Mr. Willard makes a note of that for future diplomatic conference; there's a question of lack of clearance between the double tracks for the big new engines—the division superintendent is inclined to think that two of them will not pass in Muskrat Bend Tunnel; and then how can you expect the roundhouse men at West End yard to handle a one-hundred-foot engine properly on a ninety-foot turntable? They have a few in that house now, somewhat lighter than the Mikados, but long enough to compel the uncoupling of locomotive from its tender each time it is housed—a fairly intricate and difficult job. And the roundhouse crews, rather than uncouple, will turn the engine on a near-by "Y" and then leave it out in the dew or rain.

The chief's hand comes "ker-plunk" upon the stout arm of his chair. "Why haven't we put in a one-hundred-foot table at West End?" he inquires.

He looks around the council table. It is silent. But he finds the answer in the eyes of the men assembled there.

"I know," he says quietly, "I've crowded you boys pretty tightly on expenditures of late. But there's no economy in tying up good motive-power because of a single turntable or a few miles of bad clearances. In the fall we're going to have a bigger tonnage than ever—slathers and slathers of business. We'll need the Mikados on the Hill—we'll be handling them at the West End. You must get ready."

A LITTLE later, when the evening conference is over and all his "boys," dismissed, are hurrying to their own cars and bunks, the president's mind reverts to the problem of his motive-power upon the West End.

"A trip like this," he tells you, "looked at from one angle, is a pretty expensive piece of business. It costs a lot of money to take a train and a group of men out for a week this way. But from the other angle—why, man, it's the cheapest thing we do. Take that matter of the turntable and the clearances. If we hadn't dug that out we'd have been caught napping in the crisp autumn when our heavy freight begins to rise toward a greater flood-tide than ever before. Now we'll be ready. That one point is worth more than three days' cost of this expedition. To-morrow, as like as not, we will see something equally important; so the next day and the next. A trip like this should bring big returns."

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That is why Willard rides the line, why his eyes note everything. He spends less than a third of his time at his desk in the great corner office at headquarters. The rest of the time he rides the line—sometimes the other fellow's line, to see what he is doing, but generally the familiar home road, main-stem and branches, the line where the men wave proudly to him and call him "chief" with more than a mere show of affection.

It is hard for a man of fifty to be away from the home he loves so dearly; but he never says that. The railroad business, with its growing intricacy of regulation and legislation, has been getting harder, year by year. But there is no complaint of that, either. On the contrary, Willard enthuses over his profession, whenever you give him the least opportunity.

"There *is* romance in this business," he says. "Here we are on this road, in touch with half a dozen of the largest and most important cities in the land, with thirty or forty others well removed from the small-town class. And we have small towns in which we have great pride. We touch and bind these together, form the avenues through which they live—remember that the railroad is life itself. It is a business of which a man may well be proud."

The president's voice softens. He hesitates a moment, then adds: "It is a business that calls for responsibility—eternal responsibility. There is not a night that I can turn in to sleep without asking myself if every rail, every bridge, every man, is to be trusted until the coming of the dawn."

Mr. Willard rises. The interview is ended. He is going west upon the morrow. A midnight train will take you east. It is almost that hour already. He starts toward his stateroom—no, not to sleep—not yet. There is to be a mental review of the day's work, plans laid for the ensuing day. There is an analysis of the men with whom he has touched elbows all day, for Willard's mind is mighty in human analysis. And after that there is to be a half-hour with a new book on French history, which he purchased before he left town. He is known as a prodigious reader. Books are his recreation. . . . .

You gather your small traps together slowly, then step out into the darkness of the station and slip past the long line of darkened cars where vice-presidents and generals this and generals that are already fast asleep; for within seven short hours the caravan will be under way again. But a crack of light under the sash-curtain of a stateroom in one of the cars tells you that the chief-general of all is still alert and awake—he is starting to have a perfectly bully time with that brand-new book.

VEILED YOUTH

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

ONCE I desired, as a magic toy, to have and enclose
In a shrine that was fashioned of ice, a perfect and fadeless rose.
Oh, the passioning heart of that rose! oh, the crystal, inviolate shrine!
But never a mage was found who could give me this wish of mine.

Now has White Time bestowed that rose in its circle of frost! . . .
But what is this word I hear?—They say my youth is lost!
It seems that they do not see, it seems that they never will know,
That the Rose of Youth is but veiled in a wreath of the winter's snow!

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THE EAGLE'S NEST

By Amy Landon Gurlitz

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER HERFORD

"DON'T APOLOGIZE," SAID JANE, WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BE PLEASANT.

ALL the toys gathered around Jane's box when the new doll arrived at Lornay-Trianon.

"How much did *you* cost?" she asked Susette the minute she stepped out of her box, before she had even shaken the excelsior from her clothes.

The other dolls were inexpressibly shocked. "So American," they murmured; but Jane didn't notice them.

She was taking a rapid survey of the nursery. Across the room, drawn up close to the window, was a long table. At one end sat a little boy. He was writing industriously with his elbow crooked around his work and his head bent on one side so that his cheek almost brushed his arm. His brows were drawn together and the tip of his little red tongue was thrust out the corner of his mouth.

"That child will bite his tongue if he isn't careful," said Jane, looking at him coldly.

"And who has a better right?" retorted Colombine. "It's his own tongue."

Just then the door opened and a lady entered the playroom. She held a child by the hand, a little girl in a scarlet cape, her bright curls escaping from its hood. They crossed the room softly and the lady went over to the little boy and watched him in silence.

"The little girl is nice," said Jane approvingly.

"The little boy is nice too," snorted the toy engine jealously.

"Little boys are *never* nice," said Jane gloomily from a tragic past. "Who is he?"

"He is the young vicomte," Susette answered.

"Oh, that is quite another matter," said Jane hastily. "Why didn't you say so before? I see now that he is a singularly handsome child for his age. What is he doing?"

"He has learned to make the figure five," said Susette. "He is filling his copy-book with them."

At that moment the little girl drew her knee up under her chin and gave a little, elfish leap into the air. The vicomte looked up and threw his arms around his mother's waist and pressed his cheek against the laces on her breast.

"They are beautiful!" she exclaimed, clasping him to her.

"*Vous trouvez?*" said the little boy with great delight. "I made them all myself. My mother saw me make them, and my sister saw me make them—all alone by myself. Did you not?"

His voice was high and shrill with excitement. His mother pushed his hair back from his eyes, and bent and kissed his forehead.

"Yes," she answered, "all by yourself. I am very proud of my son. You will come with us now? Your little cousins are waiting for you."

He got down from his chair, and the dolls

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watched them as they went out together.

The young vicomte had clasped his hands over his mother's arm and was looking up in her face, talking eagerly. The little girl fluttered on ahead of them like a scarlet leaf. Their bright, happy voices died away, and the toys were left quite alone in the nursery.

Jane went over to the glass case that contained Marie Antoinette, Madame de Maintenon, and Anne of Brittany. "I can tell at a glance," she said, "that you are either very expensive or have married titles, or you could never afford to be so frumpish."

"We are period dolls," they replied stiffly, "and we are considered very educational."

"Don't apologize," said Jane, who was determined to be pleasant.

The dolls affected not to notice her interruption. "We are absolutely authentic," they said proudly; "you will find our exact duplicates in the Musée de Cluny."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Jane pacifically. "But all these Musée places will have to close. Even the Eden Musée didn't pay after the movies became popular."

The dolls looked at one another hopelessly. "We could never explain," they told one another, and decided to ignore her for the future.

This they found very difficult to do. Jane talked incessantly—of her nerves, her diet, and her social position in Oil City, Pennsylvania, where she had been made.

"I have come over," Jane said, "to improve my accent, so that I can teach French in my prison-reform work. You're nothing socially in Oil City unless you go in for uplift. It used to be appendicitis."

"What is prison reform?" asked Monsieur Polichinelle, whose curiosity would not permit him to ignore the new doll.

"It is something like prisoners' base, only more constructive," said Jane. She really did not know much about it as it had only come in the week before she sailed, so she changed the subject.

"Why don't you do something about your stomach, Monsieur Polichinelle?" she asked.

Monsieur Polichinelle felt his figure in sudden alarm, but it was exactly as prominent as usual. "What is the matter with it?" he asked tartly. The fright had upset him for the moment. "It seems to be all there."

"That is the trouble," said Jane. "If you had studied psychology you would know that it is supposed to be taken internally. Why don't you inhale it? That will strengthen the muscles of the abdomen. At present you have the worst case of undistributed middle I ever saw outside of the circus."

Monsieur Polichinelle was mortally offended. He had always been particularly proud of his figure, which he had inherited from a long line of Guignol ancestors.

Jane was equally tactless with Mademoiselle Susette, a faded beauty who had lost her hair. "Oh, mademoiselle," she said, "when you saw your beautiful hair going, why didn't you try a tonic, or a vibratory massage?"

Susette's hair had left quite suddenly and all at once, and by a process that no tonic or massage could have delayed. In fact, Mademoiselle Susette had been shaved by Monsieur le Vicomte with the razor of Monsieur le Comte. On the whole, the operation, though of exceptional interest, had not been a brilliant success. Élie-Edouard-Henri had been interned for three days, the valet of Monsieur de Lornay had nearly lost his position, and as for Mademoiselle Susette, her beauty had been hopelessly impaired.

Jane, however, was a good creature at heart. That very night she brought out a bottle of hair-tonic and gave Susette a treatment. Jane was in an expansive mood. After she finished Susette she used the rest of the bottle on Gigo, the hairless Mexican. "You really must excuse me," she said to Gigo. "But the Mexican situation is so delicate that I can not bear to be reminded of it. All our best toy soldiers went to the border, and society in Oil City was simply decimated. With the help of a good tonic, however, you will do nicely as an English sheep-dog. If this bottle was only a little larger, I'd spray the dwarf-trees in the Italian garden."

"You Americans are so energetic," said Monsieur Pierrot, who had remained in seclusion until the tonic was exhausted. Pierrot loved his little black skull-cap and did not wish to have it treated.

"Yes," said Jane, swelling with importance. "In Oil City I'm considered a doll of great executive ability. As soon as I have time, Monsieur Pierrot, I am going to make over your trousers. Perhaps you do not know that they are not being worn so full this season. I will cut them in half and

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SOMETHING BIG AND DARK AND BIRDLIKE ROSE FROM THE WOODS. THE DOLLS COULD HEAR THE WHIRR AND BEATING OF ITS WINGS.

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make a pair for Monsieur Arlequin, who really ought not to be going around in that union-suit. The checks are too large and his legs are too small, and altogether his silhouette is unnecessarily exposed."

Pierrot and Arlequin, feeling that the conversation had taken an unfortunate turn, climbed in a first-class carriage of the toy railroad and slammed the door rudely in the face of Colombine. "*Défense de fumer*," they reminded her, for she was smoking a chocolate cigaret. They liked Colombine, but they saw she had attracted the attention of the inexhaustible Jane.

"Dearie," said Jane, forcibly checking Colombine in her flight by her ankle.

"Assassin!" shrieked Colombine. "How dare you touch me?"

"Excuse me!" said Jane. "I didn't know you were capable of so much real feeling. I thought that was your wooden leg."

"And what do you think with? Your wooden head?" retorted Colombine, who was a gamine from the gutters of Paris and inclined to be coarse in her talk.

"I just wanted to tell you, when you interrupted me," said Jane, "that your short-skirt dancing has gone out entirely. What you need is a nightgown and a pair of sandals. Now if Mademoiselle Susette will play for us," said Jane, leading her capably to the toy piano, "I will show you exactly what I mean."

Susette at first said she couldn't play without her notes, and when they were found she said the tonic had given her growing pains in her head and she would have to be excused. Jane, however, paid no attention and went on letting down her back hair and taking off her shoes and stockings.

"I hope she will keep on her shift," said *la femme de* Polichinelle anxiously. She was putting the Polichinelle baby to bed. "Dear Jane is so *thorough*."

"Give yourself no concern, madame," said the *sergent de ville*. "I will attend to the proprieties," and he waved his stick officiously.

By the time Jane had removed everything except her intimate lingerie, Susette was so interested that she agreed to play. Unfortunately the only piece she knew was "The Maiden's Prayer."

"Horribly old-fashioned," said Jane. "I'd much rather do the 'Symphonie Domestica,' and that would give you all a chance to come in on the chorus. But, after all, I never did believe the interpretive part of classic dancing was as important as the bare feet."

The other dolls all agreed with her. They were beginning to respect her intellect, though they did not care for her personality.

"She is too aggressive," they said to one another. "And it is quite evident that she would never be accepted by the Faubourg St. Germain. When we go back to Paris we will have to drop her, of course, except for charity committees; but here in the country she is really very amusing."

At times, however, they found her distinctly trying. She had no respect for the best traditions of France.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" said Jane as the bath-wagon clattered up the road. (Jane could now speak French like a native.) "The baronne is going to take a bath again. I'm sure it's the second this season."

"Don't you take baths in America?" asked Madame de Maintenon severely.

"Certainly," said Jane, "but not so ostentatiously. As a nation we are innately refined. Not even our next of kin knows when we take our baths, let alone the whole countryside. We have two bathrooms for every room," Jane went on importantly, feeling that she was making an impression. "One is for the cold bath and the other for the hot."

"In France," said Colombine, "we have always been noted for our dry cleaning." She was the only member of the nursery who could silence Jane when she was in a reminiscent mood. Jane, however, found much to criticise in France.

"We segregate our gardens," she said disapprovingly, the first time she saw poppies growing in the wheat-fields.

"Why?" asked Colombine flatly.

"It is much more eugenical," said Jane. She could give a reason for everything and was able to talk on any subject, for she had studied elocution.

Jane even criticised Lornay-Trianon. "It's a pity they can't afford to keep it up," she said. "They need new tapestries in the hall, and that furniture in the drawing-room is second-hand. I saw the original set in the Emporium on Main Street before I left Oil City. Not a scratch on it." On the whole, however, she liked Lornay-Trianon.

"Understand," she would admonish them, "I don't say it would do for Pittsburgh."

It was a gay little place—the *petit manoir*.

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A high wall of plaster thatched with straw circled it like a pale pink ribbon. When the wooden gates were flung open you looked into a court paved with silver gravel. On one side of it was the *manoir*, its pink façade draped with wistaria flowers and its doorway flanked with blood-red hawthorn. Opposite it were the offices, the playroom, and the stables. The orchard rose abruptly behind them, and the bleached cherry-trees raced up the slope and broke into a white foam at the crest of the hill. At the end of the court a high iron grille led out on the lawn dotted with basket chairs and tables and great red-and-white *pagode* umbrellas.

And on the other side of the lawn was the forest, full of laburnum, May-trees, and mimosa. Somewhere in its midst was the famous hornbeam labyrinth. The birds sang all day long, and the fragrance of the flowers drifted across the lawn and surrounded the *manoir* with an exquisite perfume. There were a hundred ways to get into the labyrinth—little green, beguiling paths beneath the interlaced branches of the *charmilles*, leading to stone benches and sun-dials and moss-green fountains. But there was only one way out, and it was said that only a de Lornay could find it.

"If you turn down the right alley you will come suddenly upon La Belle au Bois Dormant," Susette told Jane.

"Oh, now I know you're lying," said Jane shrilly. "She is in Central Park, just off Fifty-ninth Street. I have it from a swan-boat who is a particular friend of mine."

Jane said things so convincingly that she often believed them herself. She could always silence the other dolls by saying: "Of course I know more than you do, for I am bilingual and ambidextrous, and moreover I am a tailless amphibian."

"How indelicate!" said Monsieur Polichinelle, who was secretly much impressed.

Jane had almost finished her French. She could say, "Brioche," "Gougoloff," and "Acharnée."

"Of course," she explained, "I am something of a dilettante in languages. I don't pretend to go into the phonetics or the philology. I want only the essentials."

At tea-time motors and carriages would drive into the courtyard and little groups of people would gather on the lawn. Sometimes they would bring children with them, and the little girls would lean against the arms of their mothers' chairs and look shyly out from under the wide brims of their hats at the young vicomte, who smiled back at them with his charming, friendly little smile.

MONSIEUR POLICHINELLE FELT HIS FIGURE IN SUDDEN ALARM, BUT IT WAS EXACTLY AS PROMINENT AS USUAL.

The vicomte always kept close to his mother as she moved about from group to group. It was evident that he admired her immensely, and whenever she laughed he would throw back his head and laugh too. Presently all the children would be led away to a table at the foot of the lawn, where after a moment of absolute silence they would break into

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THE DOOR WAS PUSHED OPEN, AND A LITTLE BOY ENTERED THE ROOM. AT FIRST THE DOLLS DID NOT PERCEIVE THAT IT WAS MONSIEUR LE VICOMTE!

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sudden chatter. The toys could hear them in the nursery, and Arlequin would put his hands on his knees and brace himself so that Pierrot could stand on his shoulders and look out of the window. When a ripple of gay laughter reached the nursery Pierrot would call down to the toys on the floor:

"Do you hear them? Monsieur le Vicomte is the gayest of them all."

After a while the fireflies would begin to dance on the lawn. Sometimes the children would race and leap after them, but oftener they would clasp one another's hands and kneel in a circle around the *charmille enchantée* at the edge of the lawn. The tree was bewitched, and when the fireflies came into the ring the children could see quite plainly that they were fairies. Mademoiselle de Neufville would only kneel on one knee because she was seven and the eldest of the de Lornay grandchildren.

"Very well, Princess Proudface," said the vicomte, "then you can only see half a fairy."

Mademoiselle de Neufville wept and the other little girls clustered around her, looking unutterable things over their shoulders at the vicomte, who, however, remained firm in the matter.

"The carriage of Madame de Neufville blocks the way!" Pierrot shouted to end the quarrel. Mademoiselle de Neufville drove home vowing never to come again, but the next day at tea-time she was there just the same.

Jane had about decided to return to Oil City when strange things began to happen at Lornay-Trianon. Monsieur de Lornay, who had been absent for some time, suddenly appeared in a uniform, and Madame de Lornay and the old marquise clung to him and wept.

"Something is wrong," said Jane uneasily. "Madame la Comtesse has lost all her local color, and little Élie does not kiss the hand of his mère and his grand'mere when he bids them good night. Can it be that they know I am leaving and are quite upset?

"They have protected me and mine," said Jane unctuously, "so I will stay until Friday. That will give them a chance to get used to the idea of my departure."

But on Friday things were no better at Lornay-Trianon. All the motors disappeared from the garage, and no horses neighed and stamped in the empty stables. Jane felt called upon to make further concessions.

"Next Tuesday being Ash Wednesday," she told the other dolls, "I will stay for another fortnight."

There was no calendar in the playroom, so they could not contradict her. "I never heard of Ash Wednesday in September," said Monsieur Polichinelle with deep suspicion. "Personally I don't care for these so-called American improvements." He was beginning to get tired of Jane.

Just then, however, the great storm began, and Jane's departure was indefinitely postponed. It was a peculiar storm. There was no rain or wind, and the sun shone in the daytime and the stars came out at night.

"I have counted them carefully," said Jane, "and there is not a single star missing. I don't understand this storm."

It thundered incessantly. When dark clouds began to appear on the horizon the family left in great haste.

"They will come back," said Susette. "They have forgotten to close the windows and the tea-things are still in the garden, Madame de Lornay's hat is on the chair, and Élie has left his wooden duckling in the fountain. It will get wet through."

But the family did not come back. The windows remained open and a door in the wall hung on a broken hinge and croaked dismally. The leaves dropped from the vines and the gnarled branches clutched at the face of the house like the thin-veined hand of an old woman. When the flowers died you could see all the cracks in the wall and the dingy stains on the shabby plaster. The house was horribly still. No music in the salon, no small feet trotting busily up and down the shallow stairs.

Even Jane missed the children. She had never cared for them particularly, but now they were gone she would have liked to have them back.

"Do you remember the early morning when the performing bears came into the courtyard and a little face in a frilled nightcap appeared at each window? It looked like a Guignol flower-fête," said Monsieur Polichinelle.

"And when they were playing on the lawn like a flock of white butterflies?" said Jane, feeling unaccountably depressed. "I wish they would come back."

But they did not come back. On the

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third day Jane let all the rabbits out of their hutches. "You must swear solemnly not to eat in our garden," she told them first.

"On the contrary, we will eat entirely in the garden of the baronne," they promised her faithfully. They were honorable rabbits and they crossed their long ears and wiggled their pink noses earnestly.

A day or two later Jane found a carp dying in the fish-pond. She took it up in her pinafore and fanned it carefully, but it went on dying just the same. "I thought you carps almost never died," said Jane in surprise.

ON THE THIRD DAY JANE LET ALL THE RABBITS OUT OF THEIR HUTCHES.

"We only do it once in our lives, stupid," said the old carp irritably. "But when they drop hot irons on us at night—you'd better be careful," and the carp gave one final flap and passed away.

This made Jane very thoughtful, and after that none of the dolls ever went out without their umbrellas.

One day high above the garden appeared a great gray bird. It climbed up into the air until it was as small as a lark and then it dropped in great, lazy circles until you could hear the beating of its wings.

"It's an eagle," said Jane, who had a passion for giving information.

"It's too large for an eagle," said Monsieur Polichinelle.

"Not for an American eagle," said Jane proudly. "They grow to an enormous size."

The bird appeared about Lornay-Trianon for many days, until once out of the clear sky a puff of smoke appeared just below it, and instead of dropping down in easy circles it sped straight toward the earth and disappeared in the wood. The dolls heard a loud crash in the underbrush, a long hiss, and then everything was silent again.

"If it is an American eagle," said Monsieur Polichinelle, craftily, to Jane, "go out and put salt on its tail and we will capture it and keep it to play with."

Jane did not care about the task particularly. "After all," she said, "I am only a woman." But in the end she took the salt-cellar and went. She crossed the lawn and entered the wood. Pretty soon she came to the labyrinth. Deep in its heart she could see a gray, enormous shape, but she did not dare to go in, for she did not know the way out. She waited a reasonable length of time and then went back to the nursery.

"Yes," she said, "I found it. It had returned to its nest. The mother bird was sitting on the nest and in the nest were five eggs. I couldn't think of disturbing them on account of my connection with the Audubon Society. Shortly, however, the eggs will be hatched and I will let you watch the parent birds feeding their young."

Jane described the size and shape of the eggs with great detail. Some, she said, were red and some were blue, but they all had stars on them. The other dolls believed her implicitly, and after she had told it several times, Jane believed it too.

Every day Jane would go down to the labyrinth and bring back to the nursery a report on the eggs. "The larger the bird the longer the period of incubation,"

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she told the other dolls, who were becoming impatient as the days lengthened into weeks.

One night a light snow fell on Lornay-Trianon.

"This is winter," said Polichinelle, and all the dolls shivered and drew close together on the nursery table. Pierrot put his arms around Colombine and she went to sleep with her yellow head on his shoulder. Arlequin tried to warm himself by turning somersaults in the air. Suddenly a step sounded on the gravel. All the dolls stopped talking and Arlequin paused in mid-air. Before humans, dolls are never really themselves.

The door was pushed open and a little boy entered the room. At first the dolls did not perceive that it was Monsieur le Vicomte. His hair was cut very close to his little round head and he no longer wore his beautiful white suit. "He looks like a child from the *orphelinat*," said Susette. On the breast of his black sateen apron was pinned a medal and on it were the words, "*Pour la Patrie.*"

There was something very strange about the vicomte.

"It is not healthy for a child to be so transparent," said *la femme de* Polichinelle. "I can count all the buttons on the back of his blouse."

"Moreover," said Jane, "Fanchette has been careless with him. There is a crack on his forehead, and he has lost one of his little hands."

"Hush," said the other dolls, for these things are never referred to among well-bred toys. Even when a doll loses its head, its friends pretend not to notice and say, "My dear, how well you are looking!"

Monsieur le Vicomte crossed the room and climbed up on his chair. The toys all crowded around him anxiously. They did not like to see him so pale. His mouth looked like a faint pink stain, and his eyes were like the late November violets after they have been drenched with rain.

"*Bonsoir, mes amis,*" said Élie, and his tired little voice seemed to come from a long distance away.

"*Bonsoir, Monsieur,*" said the toys politely and determined to be as amusing as possible. Arlequin swallowed his sword over and over again, and Polichinelle and his wife woke the Polichinelle baby and with the *sergent de ville* gave a tableau on the spot. Monsieur le Vicomte smiled politely, but it was only a poor little ghost of a smile at that. "I have come to find my father," said Monsieur le Vicomte.

"GIVE YOURSELF NO CONCERN, MADAME," SAID THE SERGENT DE VILLE. "I WILL ATTEND TO THE PROPRIETIES."

"But he is at the Cercle du Jockey Club," said Susette. "He is always there. I have heard your mother say so repeatedly."

"Did Fanchette come with you?" asked Jane, determined to upbraid the careless creature.

"No," said Monsieur le Vicomte.

"But were you not afraid to come so far alone?" persisted Jane.

A faint, mysterious little smile played around the pale lips of the vicomte. "But I was never alone," he said. For a minute the dolls thought they saw a dim white figure behind his chair.

"To-morrow is Christmas," he explained. "It is necessary that I find my father. I have here his medal, which I promised *le général* to deliver in person. My father went up in his aeroplane and I am told he came down very close to Lornay-Trianon. You have not seen him?"

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The dolls shook their heads. They had never heard of an aeroplane. "There is an American eagle in the labyrinth," they told him. "Perhaps he has seen *Monsieur le Capitaine.*"

"I will inquire," said the vicomte and slipped down from his chair. "Pray accept the expression of my distinguished regard and my thanks for your entertainment," he said gravely.

The dolls all bowed as he went out. Jane followed him to the door. She was feeling distinctly uncomfortable.

"Is an aeroplane something like a great gray bird?" she asked as they crossed the court.

"Very like it, mademoiselle," replied the vicomte.

"Then I think you will find your father in the labyrinth, in the alley of La Belle au Bois Dormant, the second turn to the left as you enter, if you recollect."

"Perfectly, Mademoiselle," said the vicomte, and hurried away into the dark. Jane returned to the nursery. The other dolls were talking softly together and Polichinelle was saying: "Now I understand. *C'est la guerre.*"

Out in the woods they could hear the vicomte calling, his voice clear and sweet and ringing like a silver bell. Once they thought they heard some one answer, and after a while there was a great noise in the labyrinth. Something big and dark and birdlike rose from the woods. The dolls could hear the whirr and beating of its wings. They rushed to the doorway and watched it circle over Lornay-Trianon. Suddenly it dropped quite low and in its midst the dolls could see the white face of Monsieur le Comte and against his side the little black figure of his son.

"*Bonsoir, mes amis,*" called the vicomte, and they sped upward. The dolls watched them until they were out of sight. They seemed to follow a shaft of light straight up into the moon.

The moonlight fell on the dolls' upturned faces. Who could tell what they saw in the sky? Something glorious, no doubt, for the face of the Widow Capet was transfigured.

Suddenly the dolls became aware that Jane was crying. They looked at her in wonder.

"Do not weep, dear Jane," they said softly.

"But it is all so sad," said Jane.

The dolls looked at one another and exchanged wise, tender little smiles.

"We could never explain," they told one another, but they said it very gently. "She has not a French soul. She could never understand why it is not sad. In Oil City, perhaps—but here—*pour la patrie*—no, it is not sad."

THE MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A remarkable new serial, with a startling big idea and a daring setting. It's a story sure to be talked about.

BEGIN IT IN JUNE

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·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

SECRETARY BAKER HEADS HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNITED STATES

THE list of officers of the H. S. V. U. S. is complete, and we are now able to announce the names of the men who have agreed to lend their influence and experience to the guidance of that new, growing association of high-school boys.

The past year's effort of EVERYBODY'S to put the Wyoming Idea into every high school in the country has spontaneously drawn together the most earnest and eminent friends of the American boy everywhere, who have recognized in the Wyoming Idea a large step toward a stronger and nobler citizenship. Out of these there has been formed a well-rounded, compact, and effective group of workers, strong in enthusiasm and energy, and wide in the necessary influence and experience for the work of building up a great democratic organization for the high-school boy which shall lay the foundation of a new American manhood through the training and ideals embodied in the Wyoming plan.

Here are the men:

Honorary President—**Newton D. Baker,** Secretary of War, who was among the first to recognize and support the Wyoming Idea by word and act.

President—**Col. L. R. Gignilliat,** Superintendent of Culver Military Academy, known the country over as an expert of long experience and high enthusiasm in the education of the American boy.

First Vice-President—**Ira B. Fee,** Superintendent of Schools, Cheyenne, Wyoming, who as educational leader in the birthplace of the Wyoming Idea has watched its growth from the beginning, and stands to-day a stronger supporter of the plan than ever.

Second Vice-President—**Edward Amherst Ott,** who as a Chautauqua and Lyceum lecturer of national repute and Chairman of the H. S. V. U. S. field organization of volunteer publicists and lecturers, has sent the message of the Wyoming Idea into hundreds of American communities during the past year.

Secretary-Treasurer — **George Creel,** publicist and writer of national prominence, and lifelong exponent of the newer constructive ideals of American life.

Director of Boys' Work—**Captain E. Z. Steever,** whose life has been dedicated to the service of the American boy.

For an Executive Board has been chosen a group of men who have been handling the practical details of the organization or who have been associated prominently with boys' work, constituted as follows:

Howard Wheeler, Editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, *Chairman.*

Edward Bushnell, President, Board of Education, Cleveland, Ohio, the latest addition to the growing list of large cities that have introduced the Wyoming Idea.

John Van Schaick, Jr., President, Board of Education, Washington, D. C., a pioneer and long time supporter of the Wyoming Idea in the high schools of the Capital.

William C. Knoelk, Superintendent of Schools, Waukegan, Illinois, whose school was one of the pioneers of the Wyoming Idea and the first to affiliate with the H. S. V. U. S.

William F. Slocum, Principal, Carl Schurz High School, Chicago, where Capt. Steever is now at work bringing the Wyoming Idea to ten thousand boys.

Arthur S. Hoffman, Editor "Adventure," former President National School Camp Association, long associated with

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L. R. Gignilliat
Colonel, U. S. R.

E. Z. Steever
Captain

Raymond Baird
1st Lieutenant

James L. Frink
Lieutenant

James M. Ord
Lieutenant

William Nalle
Lieutenant

movements of constructive patriotism for boys.

Lieutenant Sherman Conrad, Instructor at Culver and Secretary of the Association of High Schools Giving Military Training, recently formed for the discussion of the problems of school authorities in developing the Wyoming Idea.

V. D. Jordan, Associate Editor of EVERYBODY'S, *Executive Secretary.*

And the officers of the organization.

With the advice and assistance of these officers a constitution for the H. S. V. U. S. has been completed. Copies of it will be sent for ratification to all schools the cadets of which have joined the H. S. V. U. S., or may be had upon application to headquarters.

It provides, in addition to the officers named above, an Advisory Board composed of high-school boys chosen by their respective cadet corps. This Student Advisory Board is expected to take a large part in the work of the organization, and every high-school that desires to share in the direction of the High-School Volunteers should elect its representative for the Advisory Board now if it has not already done so.

A complete list of the names of all members of the H. S. V. U. S. and of student representatives in each high school should be sent in to headquarters immediately. This is necessary for the officers in preparing plans of the competitions, games and

Alfred Brandt
1st Sergeant

John Cockriel
1st Sergeant

Alfred Turgeon
1st Sergeant

Louis Cook
Sergeant

George Furgit
Sergeant

John Simpson
Sergeant

other activities of the High-School Volunteers to which Captain Steever is looking forward. All records of the H. S. V. U. S. will be kept for the present in the office of EVERYBODY'S.

Membership application blanks for the H. S. V. U. S. may be had from headquarters. An entrance fee of ten cents is charged to cover cost of insignia, membership card and postage.

With a roll of nearly thirty thousand boys training under the Wyoming plan, a body of active, enthusiastic officers, a constitution affording a growing opportunity for the student to direct the activities of the organization, H. S. V. U. S. becomes every day more nearly what it was in the hopes of its founders—an organization *of, by* and *for* the American high-school boy.

It is this inexhaustible reservoir of young American energy that explains the rapid spread of the movement. Shortly before this was written the news came that the School Board of Cleveland had voted to introduce the work in their high schools. Ninety per cent. of the five thousand eligible boys have volunteered for the training. This will add more than four thousand boys to the H. S. V. U. S. and take the entire time of another officer for instruction.

We print in these pages the pictures of Captain Steever and his group of workers who are

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supervising the introduction of the Wyoming system in the Middle West. Captain Steever could use many more men for this work. There are no more active Army officers available for it, and any day even these may be called away. He would like any retired commissioned or non-commissioned officers desiring detail at high schools in the Middle West to communicate with him at Culver.

In some places Mr. American Boy has jumped into this breach himself. The boys of Waukegan and Ottawa had been wearing the bronze button of H. S. V. U. S. many months before Captain Steever and his

LATHROP FOLLETT, OTTAWA TOWNSHIP HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENT, WHO UNASSISTED RECRUITED, ORGANIZED, AND DRILLED A COMPANY OF ONE HUNDRED HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS.

assistants came out of the East, as have those in many other schools. And in Ottawa we have at least one proof that this is Mr. American Boy's work and Mr. American Boy's movement.

Ottawa, like a good many other towns, has been stirred by the Wyoming Idea; but while the other towns were marking time waiting for somebody to come in, organize, and start the work from the outside, Ottawa put the machinery in motion from within. The one who did it was Mr. Lathrop Follett, then a junior in his seventeenth year in the Ottawa Township High School.

Young Mr. Follett's equipment consisted of eight weeks of work in the Summer Naval School at Culver, and barrels of enthusiasm.

When he returned to Ottawa at the close of the summer school he found his high school much interested in introducing the Wyoming training, but face to face with the problem of securing a competent instructor, uniforms, etc. With the consent of the principal, Mr. Charles H. Kingman, he got together the twenty-six boys who had attended the two weeks' camp for high-school students at Culver last May. With these he proceeded to recruit a company one hundred strong. He organized, drilled them, and worked them as only a healthy boy of eighteen—with a conviction—can. They now have fifty new recruits and are the pride of the town.

And Follett is just one of us—one of the growing number of young Americans who believe in Steever and his work. He had behind him, of course, an unusually broad-gage principal; but, even at that, it has been a pretty big job with no adult military instructor on the spot. What he has done should be an inspiration to other high-school men throughout the country. With more like him, the H. S. V. U. S. might be assured that the great work would go on and belong still more to the American high-school boys—if for whatever reason Captain Steever and his assistants were obliged to leave it in their hands.

Walter Mullins
Sergeant

George Kaiser
Sergeant

Herman Schierloh
Sergeant

Samuel Woodward
Sergeant

Harry Schoenfeld
Sergeant

Leon Weeks
Sergeant

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THE HANDWRITING ON THE SCREEN

by Karl Schmidt

THERE are those who contend that the ideal screen-play will be acted from beginning to end without a single subtitle of comment or explanation.

Douglas Fairbanks thinks differently. No sooner had he disposed of his court troubles—a suit for violation of contract—than he engaged at once an expert subtitle writer, Anita Loos, to do the scenarios for the pictures he is to bring out himself.

"Time and again," said Mr. Fairbanks, "I have sat through plays with Miss Loos and have heard the audience applaud her subtitles as heartily as the liveliest scenes. This has convinced me of the great value of the kind of work she does."

Miss Loos took up subtitle writing largely because it was found that her scenarios when filmed or "shot," as the movie phrase has it, had lost much of their originality. It was generally agreed that her scripts were better than the pictures they made. The scenario might seem to be unusual; the picture had less point. Bit by bit, parts of the scenarios found their way on to the screen as subtitles, and thus an incidental part of Miss Loos's work began to dominate.

During the run of a famous pantomime, back-stage was said to have been made lively in the intermissions by the professional bickerings of performers whose work deprived them of speech. It was as if the actors needed this outlet for curbed tongues.

Nor does the enforced silence of the screen make marionettes of the players who face the camera. Through their press-agents they not only talk much but often in a new language. Most persons know something of this lingo of the studios; many are familiar with the ghastly close-up and know that the director is a czar-like stage-manager who can crush or create careers at will. Only to the initiated is it given to know continuity, locations, cut-ins, dissolves, fade-outs, *Iris in*, titles, and subtitles.

The subtitle has only been in vogue a few years. It differs from the title—the wording between scenes which describes the action of the picture that is to come—in that it need not attend to business. It is meant only for the audience, and though at times in the supposed speech of the characters in the film, it may be a mere comment outside the picture and addressed to the audience like the aside of our fathers' theatre.

Titles and subtitles get the undivided attention of the audience. Often in the spoken drama a humorous line is lost because of the distraction of many things. No one may miss lines on the screen.

In "The Birth of a Nation" and in "Intolerance," most of the trouble was caused by subtitles. A single one in the latter film—a paraphrase by Anita Loos of a quotation from Voltaire—caused a protest from the club women of Los Angeles and aroused Pennsylvania's easily agitated censors.

Anita Loos has not only written subtitles for Griffith's pictures, but she has written many for Douglas Fairbanks' triumphant crusades against villainy.

"My most popular subtitle introduced the name of a new character," confessed Miss Loos. "The name was something like this: 'Count Xxerkzsxxv.' Then there was a note, 'To those of you who read titles aloud, you can't pronounce the Count's name. You can only think it.' "

Thus it will be seen how little the subtitle need fit into the story. A subtitle writer wields an editorial influence, and like writing for the press this part of writing on the screen is especially ephemeral.

In the course of a Fairbanks film, "Doug," as all the world knows him, quells a score or more of rioting workmen by telling them a funny story. This gave Miss Loos her opportunity to write in moving letters:

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"We'd like to let you in on this, but it takes 'Doug' himself to put it over."

In the lore of the theatres there is a tale that "Officer 666," which went lamely in rehearsals when played as a melodrama, scored a success on the first night because the actors changed the play to a farce. According to Miss Loos this is not infrequently done in the movies. "Often a script intended for drama has become comic by the invention of subtitles that 'kidded' the story."

ANITA LOOS, EXPERT CREATOR OF MOVIE SUBTITLES.

Miss Loos has not only written subtitles. She has written many scenarios. In fact, her introduction to the movies was through a scenario sent East when she was still a schoolgirl. Though it does not cover many years, the career of Anita Loos is full of surprises.

"I began to write early," she confided, "and I think I have one distinction: The first things I wrote were for a New York newspaper column called 'All Round Manhattan,' or something of the sort. I wonder would the editor have taken my work had he known I hadn't been out of California, and wasn't destined to see New York until years later?

"I have always had a lot of first luck. I sold my first writing, my first vaudeville sketch, my first scenario; just now I sold my first short story. Griffith put on my first scenario, 'The New York Hat,' with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore.

"I suppose I wrote two hundred scenarios before I saw the inside of a studio, and until I went to see Griffith at the Triangle Studios on the Coast I was just an outside contributor. Griffith knew my name, but when I entered he almost fell off the Christmas tree. I had my hair down my back and was dressed like the rube-child I was.

"That was the beginning of my work on the inside. Since I have known something of the technical work I have been more than ever convinced of the great possibilities of the movies. They have a wonderful future. Now they deal with trivialities. They will outgrow that—then I guess I'll ease out.

"Now I am never bored, but I would be if the movies hadn't come along. I lived in a small California town. I couldn't get away, though I threatened my parents with a runaway marriage as a means of seeing the world.

"I had read every book in the town library. When I had read all the English books I learned French and German, so as to read the few foreign books that the library contained. It's no credit to me if I am well-read. My reading has helped me in my writing, though I read not for information nor for amusement, but, as Flaubert counsels in one of his letters, 'I read to live.'"

That a subtitle and scenario writer who has grown up with the movies should know Voltaire and Flaubert is surprising; but then Miss Loos is not the conventional moving-picture subject for an interview.

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HIS FAMILY

By
ERNEST POOLE
Author of "The Harbor," etc.

Illustrations by Balfour Ker

THIS is the story of Roger Gale and his three daughters in the midst of a great modern city and its problems. The eldest daughter, Edith, is wrapped up in her family—an intensely maternal type of woman, whose devotion to her children shuts out the rest of the world. The second, Deborah, is the superintendent of a great public school, working out on modern lines a union between school and community. The youngest, Laura, a beauty, devotes her whole mind to pleasure. She marries a man as pleasure-loving as herself.

Deborah is in love with Allan Baird, her physician; but she fears a home of her own will lessen her devotion to the big service she has undertaken for the tenement children. Baird, willing to wait, opens a clinic in connection with Deborah's school, and works with her. Toward the end of the year the Board of Education approves Deborah's experiment and even extends it. Not long after, reassured by success, she consents to marry Baird.

Then, one evening, after a theatre, before Edith's eyes, her husband is hit by an automobile, and fatally injured. After his death Edith learns that there is almost no money, and that after their summer in the mountains she and the children must live with Roger. On Edith's account Deborah's marriage is postponed, and when the war breaks out it is put off still further, for Deborah, at her post in the tenements, strains every nerve, devotes all her resources to help solve the terrible unemployment problem. Meantime, Roger's business has been hard hit, but under Deborah's urging he keeps on, at a loss, for the sake of his employees. Only Laura's husband is prosperous, enriched by traffic in munitions.

Presently, too, Laura brings her troubles home. Her husband has started suit for divorce. After a terrible time, Deborah and her father accept the situation on the best terms possible, keeping the worst facts from Edith. But finally Edith finds out the truth; and Laura, unable to endure her sister's bitter reproaches, leaves for Rome with the man she expects to marry.

Meanwhile the financial pressure increases in Roger's business and in his household; and the strain of unemployment grows worse in Deborah's school. Edith, forced to give up luxuries for her family, sharply resents Deborah's spending money on "tenement children." Deborah, with real suffering under her eyes all the time, in turn resents Edith's selfish concentration on her own family. There is constant tension between the two. When Edith's baby falls very ill, Deborah realizes anew how, with a child of her own, she would sacrifice the tenement children, and she decides not to marry.

Her father, deeply disturbed, makes a supreme effort to secure her happiness. To do this, he tells her—what he has just learned—that he is to die within the year, that he has sold the house, and arranged to establish Edith's family on the mountain farm which is the old homestead. Deborah is to be free. Then he urges her to marry Baird. A few days later she consents, and they are married at once.

Roger's business, meantime, has revived, and he spends a very peaceful summer on the farm.

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CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

Deborah Prepares for Motherhood

THE next morning, on his arrival in town, Roger went to his office. He had little cause for uneasiness there, for twice in the summer he had come down to keep an eye on the business. John had taken brief vacations at a seaside place near by. The boy had no color now in his cheeks; as always, they were a sallow gray with the skin drawn tight over high cheek-bones; his vigor was all in his eyes. But here was a new John, nevertheless; a successful man of affairs. He had on a spruce new suit of brown—no cheap, ready-made affair, but one carefully fitted to conceal and soften his deformity. He was wearing a bright blue tie and a corn-flower in his buttonhole, and his sandy hair was sleekly brushed. He showed Roger into his private room, a small place he had partitioned off, where over his desk was a motto in gold:

"This is no place for your troubles or mine."

"Lord, but you've got yourself fixed up fine in here," said Roger. John smiled broadly. "And you're looking like a new man, Johnny."

"I had a great time at the seashore. Learned to sail a boat alone. What do you think of this chair of mine?" And John complacently displayed the ingenious contrivance in front of his desk, somewhat like a bicycle seat. It was made of steel and leather pads.

"Wonderful," said Roger. "Where'd you ever pick it up?"

"I had it made," was the grave reply. "When a fellow has got up in life enough to have a stenographer, it's high time he was sitting down."

"Let's see you do it." John sat down. "Now, how is business?" Roger asked.

"Great. Since that little slump we had in August it has taken a new start—and not only war business, at that; the old people are sending in orders again. I tell you what it is, Mr. Gale, this country is right on the edge of a boom!" And the junior member of the firm tilted triumphantly back in his chair.

With that solid comfort that comes to a man when he returns to find his affairs all going well, Roger worked on until five o'clock, and then he started for his home.

Deborah had not yet come in, and a deep silence reigned in the house. He looked all through the rooms down-stairs, and with content he noticed how little had been altered. His beloved study had not been touched. On the third floor, in the large back room, he found John comfortably installed. There were gay prints upon the walls, fresh curtains at the windows, a mandolin lying on a chair. The boy displayed his new quarters with pride; and Roger, glancing down at the keen, glad face of his partner, told himself that the doctor who had said this lad would die was a fool. "These doctors fool themselves often," he thought.

Deborah and Allan had the front room on the floor below. Roger went in, and for a moment he stood looking about him there. How restful and how radiant was this large old-fashioned chamber, so softly lighted, waiting. Through a passageway lined with cupboards he went into his room at the back. Deborah had repapered the room, but with a paper so similar that Roger did not notice the change. He only felt a vague freshness here, as though even this old chamber, too, were making a new start in life. And he felt as though he were to live here for years. Slowly he unpacked his trunk and took a bath and dressed at his leisure. Then he heard Deborah's voice at the door.

"Come in, come in!" he answered.

"Why, father! Dearie!" Deborah cried. "Oh, how well you're looking, dad!" And she kissed him happily. "Oh, but I'm glad to have you back——"

"That's good," he said, and he squeezed her hand. "Here, come to the light, let me look at you." He saw the deeper color in her wide and sensitive lips, her cheeks more full, a little flushed, gladness in her steady eyes. "Happy? Everything all right?" His daughter nodded, smiling, and he gave a whimsical frown. "No ups and downs at all? That's bad."

"Oh, yes, plenty—but all so small."

"Good fellow to live with?"

"Very."

"And your work?"

"All going splendidly. I'll tell you about it this evening, after you give me the news from the farm."

They chatted on for a short while, but he saw she was barely listening. She smiled into his questioning eyes.

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"Can't you guess what it means," she asked him softly, "to a woman of my age —after she has been so afraid that she was too old, that she'd married too late—to know at last—to be sure at last—that she's to have a baby, dad?"

He drew back a little then, and a lump rose in his throat. "By George!" he huskily exclaimed. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" And he held her close in his arms for some time, till both of them grew sensible.

Soon after she had gone to her room, he heard Allan coming up-stairs. He heard her low, sweet cry of welcome, a long silence, then their voices. He heard them laughing together and later Deborah humming a song. And still thinking of what she had told him, he felt himself so close to it all. And again the feeling came to him that surely he would live here for years.

Allan came in and they had a talk.

"Deborah says she has told you the news."

"Yes. Everything's all right, I suppose —her condition, I mean," said Roger.

"Couldn't be better."

"Just as I thought."

"Those six weeks we had up in Maine——"

"Yes, you both show it. Working hard?"

"Yes——"

"And Deborah?" Roger asked.

"You'll have to help me hold her in."

They talked a few moments longer and then went down to the living-room. John was there with Deborah. All four went in to dinner. And through the conversation from time to time Roger noticed the looks that went back and forth between husband and wife; and again he caught Deborah smiling as though oblivious of them all. After dinner she went with him into his den.

"Well? Do you like the house?" she inquired.

"Better than ever," he replied.

"I wonder if you'll mind it, father. There'll be people coming here to dinner, you know——"

"That won't bother me any," he said.

"And committee meetings now and then. But you're safe in here; it's a good thick door."

"Let 'em talk," he retorted, "as hard as they please. You're married now—they can't scare me a bit. Only at ten o'clock, by George, you've got to knock off and go to bed."

"Oh, I'll take care of myself," she said.

"If you don't, Allan will. We've had a talk."

"Scheming already."

"Yes. When will it be?"

"In April, I think."

"You'll quit work in your schools?"

"A month before."

"And in the meantime, not too hard."

"No, and not too easy. I'm so sure now that I can do both." And Deborah kissed him gently. "I'm so happy, dearie—and oh, so very glad you're here!"

THERE followed for Roger, after that, many quiet evenings at home, untroubled days in his office. Seldom did he notice the progress of his ailment now. His attention was upon his house, as this woman who mothered thousands of children worked on for her great family, putting all in order, making ready for the crisis ahead when she would become the mother of one.

Now even more than ever before, her work came crowding into his home. The house was old, but the house was new. For from schools and libraries, cafés and tenements and streets, that mighty formless hunger which had once so thrilled her father poured into the house itself and soon became a part of it. He felt the presence of the school.

He heard the daily gossip of that bewildering system of which his daughter was a part; a world in itself, with its politics, its many jarring factions, its jealousies, dissensions, its varied personalities, ambitions, and conspiracies; but in spite of these confusions its more progressive elements downing all distrusts and fears and drawing steadily closer to life, fearlessly rousing everywhere the hunger in people to live and learn and to take from life all the riches it holds; the school with its great challenge steadily increasing its demands in the name of its children, demands that went deep down into conditions in the tenements and ramified through politics to the City Hall, to Albany, and even away to Washington; while from all over the country, from cities, towns, and villages came the vast prophetic story of the free public schools of the land.

And meanwhile, in the tenements, still groping and testing, feeling her way, keeping close watch on her great brood, their

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wakening desires, their widening curiosities, slowly she was bringing them, children, mothers, and fathers too, together through the one big hope of brighter and more ample lives for everybody's children. Step by step this hope was spread out into the surrounding swamps and jungles of blind, driven lives, to find amazing treasures there, deep buried under dirt and din, locked in the common heart of mankind—old songs and fables, hopes and dreams and visions of immortal light, handed down from father to son, nurtured, guarded, breathed upon and clothed anew by countless generations, innumerable millions of simple men and women blindly struggling toward the sun. Over the door of one of the schools were these words carved in the stone:

"Humanity is still a child. Our parents are all people who have lived upon the earth—our children, all who are to come. And the dawn at last is breaking. The great day has just begun."

This spirit of triumphal life now poured deep into Roger's house. It was as though his daughter, in these last months that she had left for undivided service, were strengthening her faith in it all and pledging her devotion—as, communing with herself, she felt the crisis drawing near.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

Laura Flits Back

THERE came an interruption. One night when Deborah was out and Roger sat in his study alone, the maid came in, highly flustered, and said:

"Mr. Gale! It's Miss Laura to see you!"

He turned with a startled jerk of his head and his face slowly reddened. Then he saw the maid's eager, excited expression. Plainly she was expecting a scene. With a frown of displeasure he rose from his chair.

"Very well," he said, and he went to his daughter. He found her in the living-room. No repentant Magdalene, but quite unabashed and at her ease, she came to her father quickly.

"Oh, dad, I'm so glad to see you, dear!" And she gave him a swift, impetuous kiss, her rich lips for an instant pressing warmly to his cheek.

"Laura!" he said thickly. "Come into my study, will you? I'm all alone this evening."

"I'm so glad you are!" she replied. She followed him in and he closed the door.

He glanced at her confusedly. In her warmth, her elegance, an indefinable change in the tone and accent of her high, magnetic voice, and in her ardent, smiling eyes, she seemed to him more the foreigner. And Roger's thoughts were in a whirl. What had happened? Had she married again?

"Is Edith here still?" she was asking.

"No, she's up in the mountains. She's living there now," he answered.

"Edith? In the mountains?" demanded Laura, in surprise. And she asked innumerable questions. He replied to each one of them carefully, slowly, meanwhile getting control of himself.

"And Deborah married—married at last! How has it worked? Is she happy, dad?"

"Very," he said.

"And is she still keeping up her schools?"

"Yes, for the present. She'll have to stop soon."

Laura leaned forward, curious: "Tell me, dad—a baby?"

"Yes."

She stared a moment. "Deborah!" she softly exclaimed, and then she said, "I wonder."

"What do you mean?" her father asked; but Laura evaded his question. She plied him with her inquiries for a few minutes longer, then turned to him with a challenging smile:

"Well, father, don't you think you had better ask me now about myself?"

He looked away a moment, then turned resolutely back: "I suppose so. When did you land?"

"This morning, dear, from Italy—with my husband," she replied. And Roger started slightly. "I want you to meet him soon," she said.

"Very well," he answered.

At his expression she laughed a little and rose and came over and hugged him tight. "Oh, but, father dearest, it *is*—it's all working out so splendidly! I want you to know him and see for yourself! We've come to live in New York for a while—he has more to do here about war supplies."

"More shrapnel, eh, machine-guns? More wholesale death," her father growled.

Laura smiled good-naturedly. "Yes, love, from America. Aren't you all ashamed of yourselves—all scrambling to get rich quick out of this war that you disapprove of?"

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"*You* look a bit rich," her father retorted.

"Rather — for the moment," was her cheerful answer.

"And you still like living in Italy?"

"Tremendously! Rome is wonderful now!"

"Reborn, eh. Wings of the Eagles."

"Yes, and we're doing rather well."

"I haven't noticed it," Roger said. "Why don't you send a few of your troops to help those plucky Frenchmen?"

"Because," she replied, "we all have a feeling that this is a war where we had much better help ourselves."

"High ideals," he snorted.

"Rome reborn," she remarked, unabashed. And her father scowled at her whimsically.

"You're a heathen. I give you up," he declared.

Laura had risen, smiling. "Oh, no, don't give me up," she said. "For you see," she added softly, "I'm a heathen with a great deal of love in her heart for thee, my dearest. May I bring him down—my husband?"

"Yes——"

"I'll telephone to Deborah to-morrow and arrange it."

When she had gone he returned to his chair and sat for a long time in a daze. He was still disturbed and bewildered. What a daughter of his! And what did it mean? Could she really go on being happy like this? Sinning? Yes, she was sinning! For though he had no use for churches, Roger had unconsciously held fast to certain habits of thought bred in him deep in his childhood. Laura had broken her marriage vows, she had "run off with another fellah." Those were the plain, ugly facts. And now, divorced and re-married, she was careering gaily on! And her views of the war—plain heathenish still! And yet there was something about her—yes, he thought, he loved her still! What for? For being so happy! And yet she was wrong to be happy, yes, all wrong! His thoughts went round in circles.

And this vague, confused dismay grew even deeper the next night when Laura brought her new husband to dine. For in place of the dark, polished scoundrel that Roger had expected, here was a spruce and affable youth with thick, light hair and ruddy cheeks, a brisk, pleasant manner of talking, and a decidedly forcible way of putting the case of his country at war. They kept the conversation to that. For despite Deborah's friendly air, she showed plainly that she wanted to keep the talk impersonal. And Laura, rather amused at this, replied by treating Deborah and Allan and her father, too, with a bantering forbearance for their old-fashioned, narrow views and Deborah's religion of brotherhood, democracy. All that to Laura was passé.

From time to time Roger glanced at her face, into her clear and luminous eyes so warm with the joy of life with this man, with this new man, her second. A picture rose in his memory of Laura and her sisters when they were little children here. But the picture faded quickly out. How his family had split apart! He wrote Edith the news of her sister, and he received but a brief reply. Nor did Deborah speak of it often. She seemed to want to forget Laura's life as the crisis in her own drew near.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

"One of the Family"

DEBORAH had not yet stopped work. Again and again she had put it off. For in her busy office so many demands both old and new kept pressing in upon her, such unexpected questions and vexing little problems kept cropping up as Deborah tried to arrange her work for the colleague who was to take her place that spring, that day after day she lingered there—until one afternoon in March her husband went to her office, gave her an hour to finish up, and then brought her home with him. She had a fit of the blues that night. Allan was called out on a case, and a little while later Roger found his daughter alone in the living-room, a book unopened in her lap, her gray eyes glistening with tears. She smiled when she caught sight of him.

"It's so silly!" she muttered unsteadily. "Just my condition, I suppose. I feel as though I had done with school for the remainder of my days! . . . Better leave me now, dearie," she added. "I'm not very proud of myself to-night—but I'll be all right in the morning."

The next day she was herself again, and went quietly on with her preparations for the coming of her child. But still the ceaseless interests of those hordes of other children followed her into the house. Not only her successor, but principals and teachers

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came for counsel or assistance. And later, when reluctantly she refused to see such visitors, still the telephone kept ringing and letters poured in by every mail. For in her larger family there were weddings, births, and deaths, and the endless savage struggle for life; and there were many climaxes of dreams and aspirations, of loves and bitter jealousies. And out of all this mass of life, this fever of humanity, came messages to Deborah: last appeals for aid and advice and gifts for the child that was to be born—tiny garments quaintly made by women and girls from Italy, from Russia and from Poland; baby blankets, wraps and toys, and curious charms and amulets. There were so many of these gifts.

"There's enough for forty babies," Deborah told her father. "What on earth am I to do to avoid hurting any one's feelings? And isn't it rather awful, the way these inequalities will crop up in spite of you? I know of eight tenement babies born down there in this one week. How much fuss and feathers is made over *them* and *their* coming into the world, poor mites?"

Roger smiled at his daughter. "You remind me of Jekyll and Hyde," he said.

"Father! What a horrible thought! What have Jekyll and Hyde to do with me?"

"Nothing, my dear," he answered. "Only it's queer and a little uncanny, something I've never seen before, this double mother-life of yours."

It was only a few days later, when coming home one evening he found that Deborah's doctor had put her to bed and installed a nurse. There followed a week of keen suspense, when Roger stayed home from the office. She liked to have him with her, and sitting at her bedside he saw how changed his daughter was, how far in these few hours she had drawn into herself. He had suspected for some time that all was not well with Deborah, and Allan confirmed his suspicions. There was to be grave danger both for the mother and the child. It would come out all right, of course, he strove to reassure himself. Nothing else could happen now, with her life so splendidly settled at last. That Fate could be so pitiless—no, it was unthinkable!

"This is what comes of your modern woman!" Roger exclaimed to Allan one night. "This is the price she's paying for those nerve-racking years of work!"

The crisis came toward the end of the week. And while for one entire night and through the day that followed and far into the night after that, the doctors and nurses fought for life in the room up-stairs, Roger waited, left to himself, sitting in his study or restlessly moving through the house. And still that thought was with him—the price! It was kept in his mind by the anxious demands which her big family made for news. The telephone kept ringing. Women in motors from up-town, and humbler visitors, young and old, kept coming to make inquiries. More gifts were brought, and flowers. And Roger saw these people, and as he answered their questions he fairly scowled in their faces—unconsciously, for his mind was not clear. Reporters came. Barely an hour passed without bringing a man or a woman from some one of the papers. He gave them only brief replies. Why couldn't they leave his house alone? He saw her name in headlines: "Deborah Gale at Point of Death." And he turned angrily away.

Vividly, on the second night, there came to him a picture of Deborah's birth so long ago in this same house. How safe it had been, how different, how secluded and shut in. No world had clamored *then* for news. And so vivid did this picture grow, that when at last there came to his ears the shrill, clear cry of a new life, it was some time before he could be sure whether this were not still his dream of that other night so long ago.

But now a nurse had led him up-stairs, and he stood by a cradle looking down at a small, wrinkled face, almost wholly concealed by a soft woolly blanket. And presently Allan behind him said:

"It's a boy, and he's to be named after you."

Roger looked up. "How's the mother?" he asked.

"Almost out of danger," was the reply.

Then Roger glanced at Allan's face and saw how drawn and gray it was. He drew a deep breath and turned back to the child. Allan had gone, and so had the nurse, and he was alone by the cradle. Relief and peace and happiness stole into his spirit. He felt the deep remoteness of this strange new little creature from all the clamoring world without—which he himself was soon to leave. The thought grew clearer, clearer, as with a curious steady smile Roger stood there looking down.

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"Well, little brother, you're here, thank God! And nobody knows how close we'll be—for a little while," he thought. "For we're almost out of the world, you and I."

Days passed. Deborah's strength increased, and soon they let Roger come into the room. She, too, was remote from the world for a time. That great family outside was anxious no longer; it left her alone. But soon it would demand her. Never again, he told himself, would she be so close, so intimate, as here in her bed with this child of hers to whom she had given her father's name. "These hours are my real good-bys."

TWO long quiet weeks of this happiness, and then in a twinkling it was gone. The child fell sick. Within a few hours its life hung in the balance—and to Roger's startled eyes a new Deborah was revealed! Tense and silent on her bed, her sensitive lips compressed with pain, her birthmark showing a jagged line of fiery red upon her brow, as her ears kept straining to catch every sound from the nursery adjoining, through hours of stern anguish she became the kind of mother that she had once so dreaded—shutting out everything else in the world: people, schools; all other children, rich or poor, well, sick, or dying! Here was the crisis of Deborah's life!

One night as she lay listening, with her hand gripping Roger's tight, frowning abruptly she said to him, in a harsh, unnatural voice: "They don't care any longer; none of them cares! *I'm* safe and they've stopped worrying, for they know they'll soon have me back at work—the work," she added fiercely, "that made my body what it is—not fit to bear a baby!" She threw a quick and tortured look toward the door of the other room. "My work for those others, all those years, will be to blame if this one dies! And if it doesn't live—I'm through! I won't go on! I couldn't! I'd be too bitter after this—toward all of them—*those children!*" These last two words were whispers so bitter they made Roger cold.

"But this child is going to live!" he responded hoarsely. Its mother stared up with a quivering frown. The next moment her limbs contracted as from an electric shock. There had come a faint wail from the other room.

And this went on for three days and nights. Again Roger lived as in a dream, which was more like a nightmare now. He saw haggard faces from time to time of doctors, nurses, servants. He saw Allan now and then, his tall, ungainly figure stooped, his features gaunt, his strong, wide jaw set like a vise, but his eyes kind and steady still, his low voice reassuring. And Roger noticed John at times hobbling quickly down a hall and stopping on his crutches before a closed door, listening there. Then these figures would recede, and it was as though he were alone in the dark.

At last the nightmare ended. One afternoon as he sat in his study, Allan came in slowly and dropped, quite exhausted, into a chair. Then he turned to Roger with a smile. "Safe now, I think," he said quietly.

Roger went to Deborah and found her asleep, her face at peace. He went to his room and fell himself into a long, dreamless slumber.

In the days that followed, again he sat at her bedside and together they watched the child in her arms. So feeble still the small creature appeared that they both spoke in whispers. But as little by little its strength returned, Deborah too became herself. And though still jealously watchful of its every movement, she had time for other thinking now. She had many talks with her husband, not only about their baby but about his work and hers. Slowly her old interest in all they had had in common returned. And to the messages from outside she gave again a kindlier ear.

"Allan tells me," she said one day, when she was alone with her father, "that I can have no more children. And I'm glad of that. But at least I have one," she added, "and he has already made me feel like a different woman than before. I feel sometimes as though I'd come a million miles along in life. And yet again it feels so close, all that I left back there in school, because I'm so much closer now—to every mother and every child. At last I'm one of the family."

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

John Abandons Crutches

OF THAT greater family, one member had been in the house all through the month that had just gone by. But he had been so quiet, so carefully unobtrusive, that he had been scarcely noticed there. Very

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early each morning, day after day, John had gone outside for his breakfast and thence to the office, where he himself had handled the business as well as he could, only coming to Roger at night now and then with some matter he could not settle alone, but always stoutly insisting that he needed no other assistance.

"Don't come, Mr. Gale," he had urged. "You look all worn out. You'll be sick yourself if you ain't careful. And anyhow, if you hang around you'll be here whenever she wants you."

Early in Deborah's illness, John had offered to give up his room for the use of one of the nurses.

"That's mighty thoughtful of you, Johnny," Allan had responded, "but we've got plenty of room as it is. Just you stick around. We want you here."

"All right, doc. If there's any little thing, you know—answering the phone at night or anything else that I can do——"

"All right, son, I'll let you know. But in the meantime go to bed."

From that day on, John had taken not only his breakfast but his supper, too, outside, and no one had noticed his absence. Coming in late, he had hobbled silently up to his room, stopping to listen at Deborah's door. He had kept so completely out of the way that it was not till the baby was three weeks old, and past its second crisis, that Deborah thought to ask for John. When he came to her bed, she smiled up at him with the baby in her arms.

"I thought we'd see him together," she said. John stood on his crutches staring down. And as Deborah watched him, all at once her look grew intent. "Johnny," she said softly, "go over there, will you, and turn up the light, so we can see him better."

And when this was done, though she still talked smilingly of the child, again and again she glanced up at John's face, at the strange self-absorbed expression there. When he had gone the tears came in her eyes. And Deborah sent for her husband.

The next day, at the office, John came into Roger's room. Roger had been there several days and they had already cleared up their affairs.

"Here's something," said John gruffly, "that I wish you'd put away somewhere."

And he handed to his partner a small blue leather album, filled with the newspaper clippings dealing with Deborah's illness. On the front page was one with her picture and a long record of her service to the children of New York.

"She wouldn't want to see it now," John continued awkwardly, "but I thought maybe later on the boy would like to have it. What do you think?" he inquired.

Roger gave him a kindly glance. "I think he will. It's a fine thing to keep." And he handed it back. "But I guess you'd better put it away and give it to her later yourself."

John shifted his weight on his crutches so quickly that Roger looked up in alarm: "Look here! You're not well!" He saw that the face of the cripple was white and the sweat was glistening on his brow.

John gave a harsh, nervous little laugh. "Oh, it's nothing much, partner," he replied. "That's another thing I wanted to tell you. I've had some queer pains lately—new ones!" He caught his breath.

"Why didn't you tell me, you young fool?"

"You had your own troubles, didn't you?" John spoke with difficulty now. "But I'll be all right, I guess! All I need is a few days off!"

Roger had pressed a button, and his stenographer came in.

"Call a taxi," he said sharply. "And John, you go right over there and lie down. I'm going to take you home at once!"

"I've got a better scheme," said John, setting his determined jaws. The sweat was pouring down his cheeks. "It may be a week—but there's just a chance it—may be a little worse than that! So I've got a room in a hospital! See? Be better all round!" He swayed forward.

"Johnny!" Roger caught him just in time, and the boy lay senseless in his arms.

At home, a few hours later, Allan came with another physician down from John's room. He saw his colleague to the door and then came in to Roger.

"I'M AFRAID Johnny has come to the end."

For a moment Roger stared at him. "Has, eh?" he answered huskily. "You're absolutely sure he has? There's nothing—nothing on earth we can do?"

"Nothing more than we're doing now."

"He has fooled you fellows before, you know——"

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"Not this time."

"How long will it be?"

"Days or hours—I don't know."

"He mustn't suffer!"

"I'll see to that."

Roger rose and walked the floor. "It was the last month did it, of course——"

"Yes——"

"I blame myself for that."

"I wouldn't," said Allan gently. "You've done a good deal for Johnny Geer."

"He has done a good deal for this family! Can Deborah see him?"

"I wish she could."

"Better stretch a point for her, hadn't you? She's been a kind of a mother to John."

"I know. But she can't leave her bed."

"Then you won't tell her?"

"I think she knows. She talked to me about him last night."

"That's it, a mother!" Roger cried. "She was watching! We were blind!" He came back to his chair and dropped into it.

"Does John know this himself?" he asked.

"He suspects it, I think," said Allan.

"Then go and tell him, will you, that he's going to get well. And after you've done it I'll see him myself. I've got something in mind that I want to think out."

After Allan had left the room, Roger sat there thinking of John. He thought of John's birth and his drunken mother, the accident and his struggle for life, through babyhood and childhood, through ignorance and filth and pain, through din and clamor and hunger, fear; of the long, fierce fight that John had made not to be "put away" in some big institution; of his battle to keep up his head, to be somebody, make a career for himself. He thought of John's becoming one of Deborah's big family, only one of thousands there, but it seemed now to Roger that John had stood out from them all, as the figure best embodying that great, fierce hunger for a full life, and as the link connecting, the one who slowly year by year had emerged from her greater family and come into her small one. And last of all he thought of John as his own companion, his only one, in that immense adventure on which he was so soon to embark.

A few moments later he stood by John's bed. "Pretty hard, Johnny?" he gently asked.

"Oh, not so bad as it might be, I guess——"

"You'll soon feel better, they tell me, boy."

John shut his eyes. "Yes," he muttered.

"Can you stand my talking, just a minute?"

"Sure I can," John whispered. "I'm not suffering any now. He's given me something to put me to sleep. What is it you want to talk about? Business?"

"Not exactly, partner. It's about the family. You've got so you're almost one of us. I guess you know us pretty well."

"I guess I do. It's meant a lot to me, Mr. Gale——"

"But I'll tell you what you don't know, John," Roger went on slowly. "I had a son in the family once, and he died when he was three months old. That was a long time ago—and I never had another, you see—to take his place—till you came along." There fell a breathless silence. "And I've been thinking lately," Roger added steadily. "I haven't long to live, you know. And I've been wondering whether—you'd like to come into the family—take my name. Do you understand?"

John said nothing. His eyes were still closed. But presently, groping over the bed, he found Roger's hand and clutched it tight. After that, from time to time his throat contracted sharply. Tears welled from under his eyelids. Then gradually, as the merciful drug which Allan had given did its work, his clutch relaxed and he began breathing deep and hard. But still for some time longer Roger sat there quietly.

The next night he was there again. Death had come to the huddled form on the bed, but there had been no relaxing. With the head thrown rigidly far back and all the features tense and hard, it was a fighting figure still, a figure of stern protest against the world's injustice. But Roger was not thinking of that, but of the discovery he had made, that in their talk of the night before John had understood him—completely. For upon a piece of paper that Allan had given the lad that day, these words had been painfully inscribed:

"This is my last will and testament. I am in my right mind—I know what I am doing—though nobody else does—nobody is here. To my partner, Roger Gale, I leave my share in our business. And to my teacher, Deborah Baird, I leave my crutches for her school."

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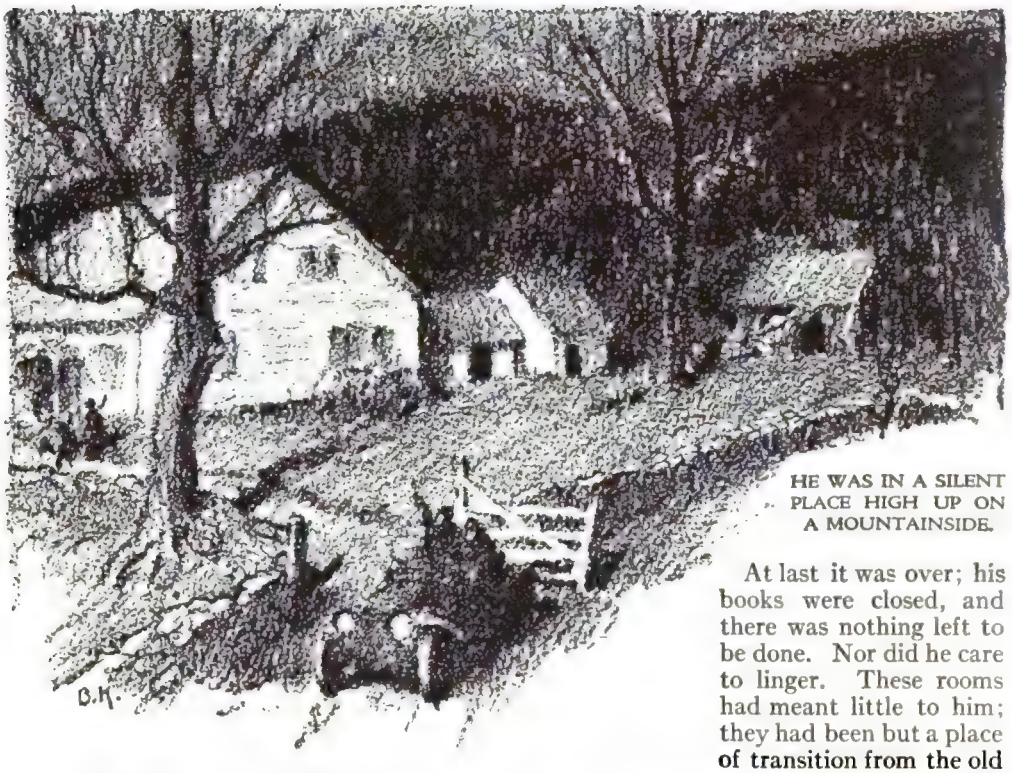

HE WAS IN A SILENT PLACE HIGH UP ON A MOUNTAINSIDE.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

A World of Good-bys

AFTER John had gone away the house was very quiet. Only from the room upstairs there could be heard occasionally the faint, clear cry of Deborah's child. And once again to Roger came one of those seasons of repose. He was far from unhappy. His disease, although progressing fast, gave him barely any pain; it rather made its presence felt by the manner in which it affected his mind. His inner life grew strangely uneven. At times his thoughts were as in a fog, again they were amazingly clear, and vistas opened far ahead. He could not control his thinking.

This bothered him at the office, in the work which he still had to do. For some months he had been considering an offer from one of his rivals, a modern concern that wished to buy out his business together with that of three other firms and consolidate them all into one corporation. And Roger was selling, and it was hard; for the whole idea of bargaining was more distasteful than ever now. He had to keep reminding himself of Edith and her children.

At last it was over; his books were closed, and there was nothing left to be done. Nor did he care to linger. These rooms had meant little to him; they had been but a place of transition from the old office far down-town, so full of memories of his youth, to the big corporation looming ahead, the huge, impersonal clipping-mill into which his business was to merge. And it came to his mind that New York was like that—no settled, calm abiding-place cherishing its memories, but only a town of transition, a great, turbulent city of change, restlessly shaking off its past, tearing down and building anew, building higher, higher, higher, rearing to the very stars, and shouting, "Can you see me now?" What was the goal of this mad career? What dazzling city would be here?

For a time he stared out of his window as into a promised land. Slowly at last he rose from his desk. Clippings, clippings, clippings. He looked at those long rows of girls gleaning, in items large and small, the public reputations of all kinds of men and women, new kinds in a new nation seething with activities, sweeping on like some wide river swollen at flood season to a new America, a world that Roger would not know. And yet it would be his world still, for in it he would play a part.

"In their lives, too, we shall be there—the dim, strong figures of the past."

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From his desk he gathered a few belongings. Then he looked into John's small room, with the big gold motto over the desk: "This is no place for your troubles or mine." On the desk lay that small album, John's parting gift to Deborah's boy. Roger picked it up and walked out of the office. He had never liked good-bys.

In the elevator he noticed that his shoes needed shining, and when he reached the street below he stopped at the stand on the corner. The stocky Greek with bushy black hair, who had run the stand for many years, gave him a cheery greeting; for Roger had stopped there frequently—not that he had cared about his shoes, but he had always liked to watch the crowds of people passing.

"No hurry, boss?"

"None," said Roger.

"Then I give a fine shine! Polish, too?"

"Yes, polish, too." And Roger settled back to watch. "And put in new shoestrings," he added, with a whimsical smile.

Men and women, girls and boys by thousands passed him, pushing, hurrying, shuffling by. Girls tittering and nudging and darting quick side glances. Bobbing heads and figures, vigorous steps and dancing eyes. Life bubbling over everywhere, in laughter, in sharp, angry tones, in glad, expectant chatter. Deborah's big family. Across the street was a movie between two lurid posters, and there was a dance-hall overhead. The windows were all open, and faintly above the roar of the street he could hear the piano, drum, fiddle, and horn. The thoroughfare each moment grew more tumultuous to his ears, with trolley-cars and taxis, motor-buses, trucks and drays. A small red motor dashed up-town with piles of evening papers; a great black motor-hearse rushed by. In a taxi that had stopped in a jam a man was kissing a girl in his arms, and both of them were laughing. The smart little toque of blue satin she wore was crushed to one side. How red were her lips as she threw back her head!

"Silk or cotton, boss? Which you like?"

Roger glanced at the shoe-strings and pondered. "Silk," he grunted in reply.

Idly for a moment he watched this busy little man. From whence had he come in far-away Greece? What life had he here; what life would he have through those many years to come? A feeling half of sadness crept into Roger's heavy eyes as he looked at the man, at his smiling face and then at other faces in the multitudes sweeping past. The moment he tried to single them out how doubly chaotic it all became! What an ocean of warm desires, passions, vivid hopes and worries! Vaguely he could feel them pass. Often in the midst of his life, his active and self-centered life, Roger had looked at these crowds on the street and had thought these faces commonplace. But now at the end it was not so.

A woman with a baby-carriage stopped directly in front of him and stood there anxiously watching for a chance to cross the street. And Roger thought of Deborah. Heavily he climbed down from his seat, paid the man and bade him good night, and went home to see Deborah's baby.

FOR a long time he sat by the cradle. Presently Deborah joined him there, and soon they were laughing heartily at the astonishing jerks and kicks and grimaces of the tiny boy. He was having his bath, and he hated it. But safe at last on his mother's lap, wrapped to his ears in a big soft towel, he grew very gay and contented and looked waggishly about.

There followed long lazy days of spring, as April drifted into May. Early in the morning Roger could hear through his window the cries of the venders of flowers and fruits. And he listened drowsily. He rose late and spent most of the day in the house. Only now and then he went out for a stroll. And one balmy evening, when groups of youths came trooping by, singing in close harmony, Roger called a taxi and went far down through the tenement streets to a favorite haunt of his, a little Assyrian pawnshop, where after long delving he purchased a ring to put in the new collection that he had been making lately. He had nearly a dozen now.

Days passed. The house was still so quiet; Deborah was still up-stairs. At last, one night upon leaving his study, he stopped uncertainly in the hall. He took more time than was his wont in closing up the house that night, in trying all the windows, in turning out the various lights. Room after room he left in the dark. Then he went slowly up the stairs, his hand gratefully feeling those guiding-points grown so familiar to his touch through many thousand evenings. His hand lingered on the banister and he stopped again to listen there. He did not come down-stairs again.

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He was able to sleep but little at night. Turning restlessly on his bed, he would glance out of the window up at the beetling wall close by, tier on tier of apartments from which faint voices dropped out of the dark. Gradually, as the night wore on, all these voices would die away into long, mysterious silences—for to him, at least, such silences had grown to be very mysterious. Alone in the hours that followed, even these modern neighbors and this strange new eager town pressing down upon his house seemed no longer strange to him nor so appallingly immense, seemed even familiar and small to him, as the eyes of his mind looked out ahead.

From his bed he could see on the opposite wall that picture Judith had given him, always so fresh and cool and dim with its deep, restful tones of blue, of the herdsmen and the cattle on the dark mountain rim at dawn. And vaguely he wondered whether it was because he saw more clearly, or whether his mind in this curious haze could no longer see so well, that as he looked before him he felt no fear nor any more uncertainty. All his doubts had lifted, he was so sure of Judith now. As though she were coming to meet him, her image grew more vivid, with memories emerging out of all the years gone by. What memories, what vivid scenes! What intimate conversations they had, her voice so natural, close in his ear, as together they planned for their children! Wistfully he would search the years for what he should soon tell his wife—until the drowsiness returned, and then again came visions.

But by day it was not so, for the life of the house would rouse him and at intervals hold his attention.

ONE evening a slight rustle, a faint fragrance in the room, made Roger suddenly open his eyes. And he saw Laura by his bed, her slender figure clad in blue silk, something white at her full bosom. He noticed her shapely shoulders, her glossy hair and moist red lips, and her black eyes smiling down at him.

"See what I've brought you, dear," she said.

And she turned to a chair where, one on the other, tray after tray, was piled his whole collection of rings. At sight of them his eyes grew fixed; he could feel his pulse beat faster.

"How did you ever find them?" he asked his daughter huskily.

"Oh, I had a long hunt all by myself. But I found them at last and I've brought them home. Shall we look them over a little while?"

"Yes," he said.

She turned up the light, then came and sat down at the bedside with a tray of rings in her lap. One by one she held them up to his gaze, still smiling and talking softly on in that rich, melodious voice of hers, of which he heard but snatches. How good it felt to be so gay! No solemn thoughts or questionings, just these dusky, glittering beauties here, deep, soft gleams of color, each with its suggestion of memories for Roger, a procession of adventures reaching back into his life. He smiled and lay there watching, until at last she bent over him, kissed him softly, breathed a good night, and went out of the room. Roger followed her with his glance. He knew he would never see her again. How graceful of her to go like that!

He lay there thinking about her. In her large blue limousine he saw his gay young daughter speeding up the avenue, the purple gleaming pavement reflecting studded lines of lights. And he thought he could see her smiling still. He recalled scattered fragments of her life, that first luxurious little ménage, then the second. How many more would there be? She was only in her twenties still. Uneasily he tried to see into the years ahead for her, and he thought that he saw a lonely old age, childless, loveless, cynical, hard. But this fear soon fell from his mind. No; whatever happened, she would do it gracefully, an artist always, to the end. He sighed and gave up the effort. For he could not think of Laura as old, nor could he think of her any more as being a part of his family.

Edith came to him several times, and there was something in her face that gave him sharp forebodings. Making a great effort, he tried to talk to her clearly.

"It's hard to keep up with your children," he said. "It means keeping up with everything new. And you stay in your rut and then it's too late. Before you know it you are old."

But his words subsided in mutterings, and Roger wearily closed his eyes. For a glance up into Edith's face had shown him only pity there and no heed to his warning.

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He saw that she looked upon him as old and still upon herself as young, though he noticed the threads of gray in her hair.

Then he saw that she had gone and that his chamber had grown dark. He must have been dreaming. Of what? he asked. He tried to remember. And suddenly out of the darkness, so harsh and clear it startled him, a picture rose in Roger's mind of a stark, lonely figure, a woman in a graveyard cutting the grass on family graves. Where had he seen it? He could not recall. What had it to do with Edith? Was she not living in New York?

His last talks were with Deborah. All through those days and the long nights, too, he kept fancying she was in the room, and it brought deep balm to his restless soul. He asked her to tell him about the school, and Deborah talked to him quietly. She was going back to her work in the fall. She felt very humble about it all—she told him she felt older now, and she saw that her work was barely begun. But she was even happier than before. Her hand lay in his, and it tightened there. He opened his eyes and looked up into hers.

"All so strange," he muttered, "life."

There was a sharp contracting of her wide and sensitive mouth. "Yes, dearie, strange," she whispered.

"But I'm so glad you're going on." He frowned as he tried to be simple and clear, and make her feel he understood what she had set herself to do. "All people," he said thickly, "never counted so much as now. And never so hungry—all—as now—for all of life—like children—children who should go to school. Your work will grow—I can see ahead. Never a time when every man and woman and child could grow so much—and hand it on—and hand it on—as you will do to your small son."

He felt her hand on his forehead and for some moments nothing was said. Vaguely in glimpses Roger saw his small grandson growing up; and he pictured other children here, not her own but of her greater family, as the two merged into one. He felt that she would not grow old. Children, lives of children; work, dreams, and aspirations. How bright it seemed as he stared ahead. Then he heard the cry of her baby.

"Shall I nurse him here?" he heard her ask. He pressed her hand in answer. And when again he opened his eyes she was there by his side with the child at her breast. Its large, round eyes, so pure and clear, gazed into his own for a long, long time.

"Now he's so sleepy," she whispered. "Would you like him beside you a moment?"

"Please."

He felt the faint scent of the tiny boy, and still those eyes looked into his. He forgot his daughter standing there; and as he stared, a sweet, fresh sense of the mystery of this life so new stole deep into his spirit. All at once the baby fell asleep.

"Good night, little brother," he whispered. "God grant the world be very kind." He could feel the mother lift it up, and he heard the door close softly.

Smiling, he, too, fell asleep. And after that there were only dreams.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

Dreams

AND his dreams were of children. Their faces passed before him. Now they were young again in the house. They were eating their suppers, three small girls, chattering like magpies. From her end of the table their mother smiled quietly across at him. "Come, children," she was saying, "that will do for a little while." But Roger said, "Oh, let them talk!"

Then he saw newcomers here. Bruce came in with Edith and George and young Elizabeth, and Allan came with Deborah, who had a baby in her arms, and Laura stood beside them. Here were his three daughters, grown, but still in some uncanny way they looked to him like children still; and behind them he detected figures long forgotten, of boys and girls that he had known far back in his own childhood. John, too, had come into the house. Strangely now the walls were gone, had lifted, and a clamorous throng, laughing, shouting, pummeling, hedged him in on every hand—Deborah's big family!

Soon the uproar wearied him, and Roger tried to shut them out, to bring back again the walls to his house. And sometimes he succeeded, and he was left for a while in peace with Judith and his three small girls. But despite his efforts to keep them there, new faces kept intruding. Swiftly his small family grew, split into other families, and these were merged with other figures pressing in from every side. Again he felt the presence of countless families all around,

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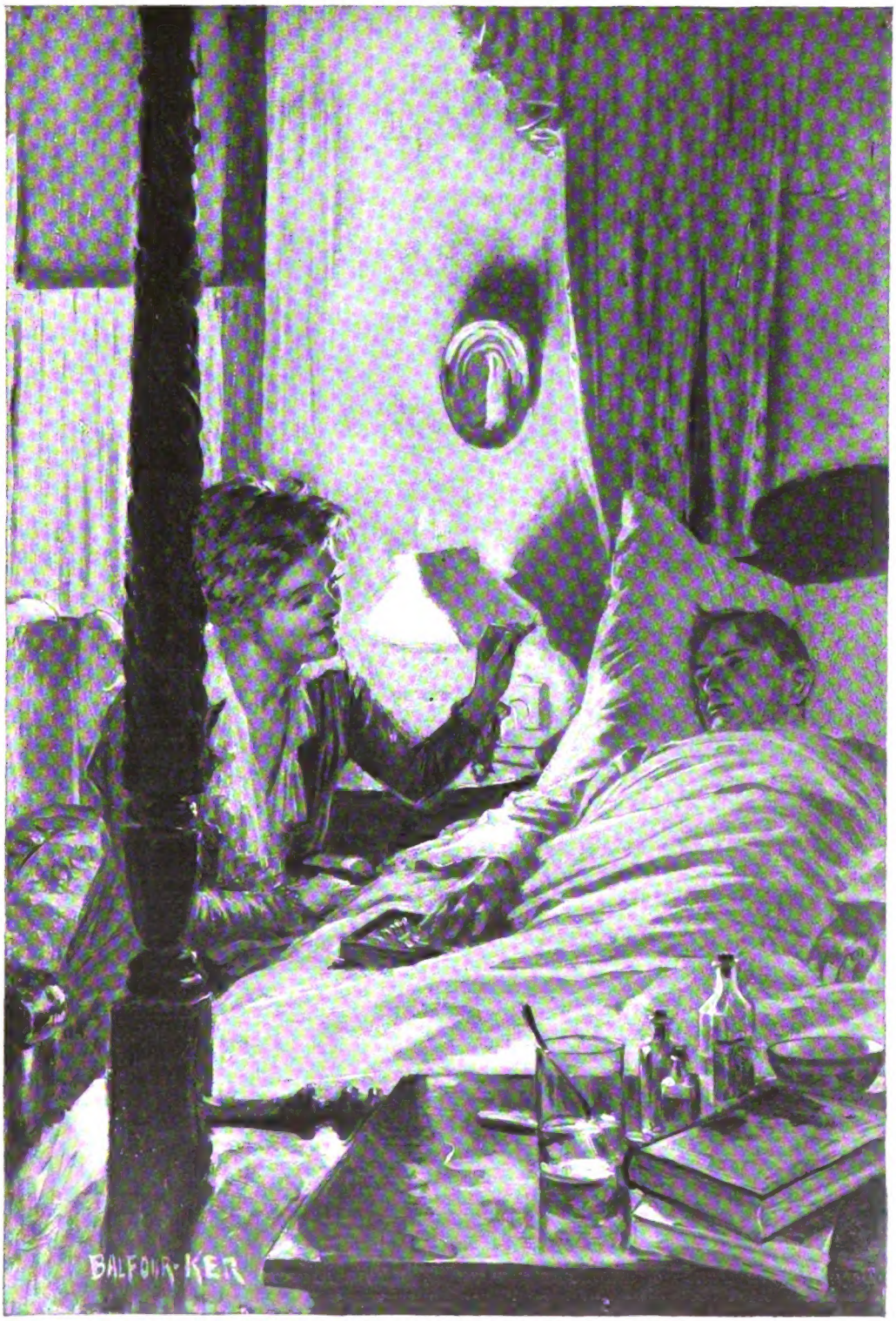

LAURA SAT DOWN AT THE BEDSIDE WITH A TRAY OF RINGS IN HER LAP.
ONE BY ONE SHE HELD THEM UP.

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dividing, reuniting, with ceaseless changes and fresh life—a never-ending multitude.

Here they were singing and dancing, and Laura gaily waved to him. At another place were only men, and they were struggling savagely to clutch things from each other's hands. A sea of scowling visages, angry shouts, fists clenched in air. And he thought he saw Bruce for an instant. Behind them lay wide valleys obscured by heavy clouds of smoke, and he could hear the roar of guns. But they all vanished suddenly, and he saw women mourning now, and Edith with her children turned to him her anxious eyes. He tried to reach and help her, but already she had gone. And behind her came huge, bending forms, men heaving at great burdens, jaws set in scowls of fierce revolt. And John was there on his crutches, and near him was a figure bound into a chair of steel, with terror in the straining limbs, while in desperation Deborah tried to wrench him free. Abruptly Roger turned away.

And in a twinkling all was gone, the tumult and the clamor, and he was in a silent place high up on a mountainside. It was dusk. A herd of cattle passed, and George came close behind them. And all around him Roger saw, emerging from the semi-dark, faces turning like his own to the summits of the mountains and the billowy splendors there. It grew so dark he could see no more. There fell a deep silence, not a sound but the occasional chirp of a bird or the faint whir of an insect. Even the glow on the peaks was gone. Darkness, only darkness.

"Surely this is death," he thought. After that he was alone. And presently from far away he heard the booming of a bell, deep and slow, sepulchral, as it measured off his life.

Another silence followed, and this time it was more profound; and with a breathless awe he knew that all the people who had ever lived on earth were before him in the void to which he himself was drifting: people of all nations, of countless generations reaching back and back and back to the beginnings of mankind: the mightiest family of all, that had stumbled up through the ages, had slaved and starved and dreamed and died, had blindly hated, blindly killed, had raised up gods and idols and yearned for everlasting life, had laughed and played and danced along, had loved and mated, given birth, had endlessly renewed itself and handed on its heritage, had striven hungrily to learn, had groped its way in darkness, and after all its struggles had come now barely to the dawn. And a voice within him cried:

"What is humanity but a child? In the name of the dead I salute the unborn!"

Slowly a glow appeared in his dream, and once again the scene had changed. The light was coming from long rows of houses rising tall and steep out of a teeming city street. And from these lighted houses children now came pouring forth. They filled the street from wall to wall with a torrent of warm, vivid hues, they joined in mad, tempestuous games, they shouted and they danced with glee, they whirled each other round and round. The very air seemed quivering.

Then was heard the crash of a band, and he saw them marching into school. In and in and in they pressed, till the school seemed fairly bursting. Out they came by another way, and went off marching down the street with the big flag waving at their head. He followed and saw the street divide into narrower streets and byways, into roads and country lanes. And all were filled with children. In endless multitudes they came —marching, marching, spreading, spreading, like wide, bobbing fields of flowers rolling out across the land, toward a great, round, flashing sun above a distant rim of hills.

The sun rose strangely dazzling. It filled the heavens with blinding light. He felt himself drawn up and up—while from somewhere far behind he heard the cry of Deborah's child. A clear, sweet thrill of happiness came. And after that—we do not know.

For he had left his family.

THE END

Beginning in June—a remarkable new serial, ***"The Messiah of the Cylinder,"*** *by Victor Rousseau.*

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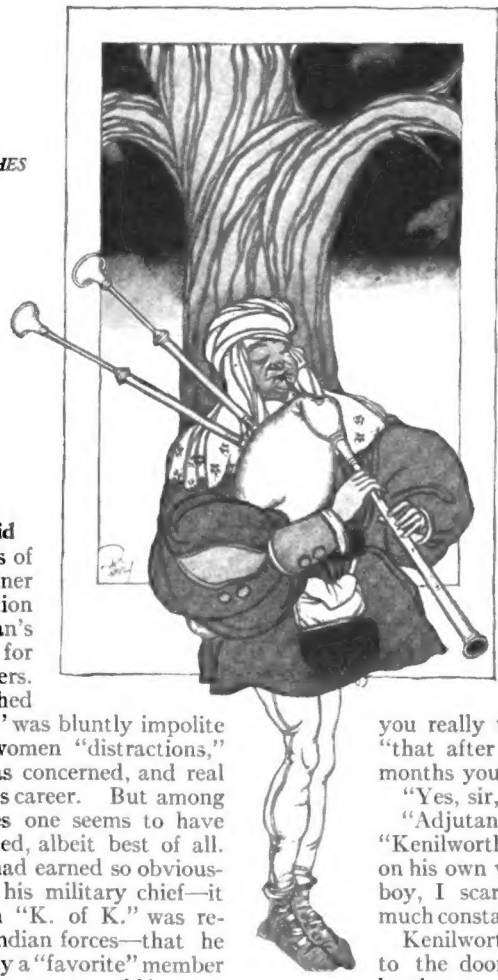
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON



EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"K. of K." and Cupid

THE many life-stories of the late Earl Kitchener have without exception touched upon the man's marked preferences for unmarried co-laborers. "The most distinguished bachelor in the world" was bluntly impolite enough to consider women "distractions," so far as real work was concerned, and real work was the aim of his career. But among these retold anecdotes one seems to have been entirely overlooked, albeit best of all.

A youthful officer had earned so obviously the good graces of his military chief—it was in the days when "K. of K." was remaking the British Indian forces—that he was considered as nearly a "favorite" member of the staff as any one man ever could become with so impartially exacting a commander. Of course his record was unimpeachable; equally of course he was more than merely able to support a wife. Still, in view of the Kitchenarian point of view in matters marital, it was with fear and trembling that he asked for furlough to go home and be married.

Kitchener listened patiently, if a trifle wearily, and spoke kindly when he said: "Kenilworth, you're not yet twenty-five. You're in the midst of a piece of work I value and which you're doing excellently. Wait a year. By that time you'll have cleaned the slate—and tried out your own young mind. If then you still desire to do this thing, speak to me again, and you shall have leave, and I'll take you back on the staff afterward."

The year passed. The officer once more proffered his request. "And you really tell me," asked Kitchener, "that after thinking it over for twelve months you still wish to marry?"

"Yes, sir, very much indeed."

"Adjutant," commanded Kitchener, "Kenilworth is to have furlough to go on his own wedding. And, frankly, my boy, I scarcely thought there was so much constancy in the masculine world."

Kenilworth 'bout-faced and marched to the door, but turned as he was leaving to say: "Thank you, sir. Only it's not the same woman."

FATHER—Tommy, go out to the barn and hitch the horse to the old sleigh.

Son—Why not to the new sleigh, father?

Father—Wear out the old first, is my motto, my son.

Son—Well then, father, you go out and hitch up the horse.

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PAT O'FLAHERTY, very palpably not a prohibitionist, was arrested in Arizona recently charged with selling liquor in violation of the prohibition law. But Pat had an impregnable defense.

His counsel, in addressing the jury, said:

"Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury, look at the defendant."

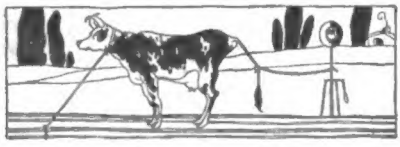
A dramatic pause, then:

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, do you honestly think that if the defendant had a quart of whisky he would *sell* it?"

The verdict, reached in one minute, was "Not guilty."

THE beginner gazed wrathfully at the caddie for a moment. "Look here," he said, "I'm tired of you laughing at my game. If I hear any more of your impudence I'll crack you over the head."

"All right," replied the caddie, moving away, "but I'll bet yer don't know what's the right club to do it with."



SHORTLY after a new administration took over a well-known Western railway a great number of claims were preferred against the company on account of horses and cattle being killed along the line in Texas. Not only that, but it appeared that every animal killed invariably figured in the claims presented as being of the best blood in Texas.

The claims finally became so numerous and the majority so unreasonable, that one day the president of the road became much excited while discussing the situation with one of the road's attorneys.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, bringing down his fist on the desk by way of emphasis, "I have reached the conclusion that nothing in Texas so improves live stock as crossing it with a locomotive."

"ARE you going to the seashore this summer?"

"No," answered the tired-looking man. "There's no use of my going myself. I can send the money every week by registered letter."

WILLIE—Pop, what are ancestors?

Father—Well, *I'm* one of yours—and your granddad is another.

Willie—Oh, but why is it that folks brag about them?

AT ONE time J. M. Barrie, playwright and author, attended a rehearsal accompanied by a friend, at which a lively discussion arose between two of the actresses as to the possession of the center of the stage during a certain scene. While the manager poured oil upon the troubled waters Barrie sat carelessly swinging his feet from the rail of an adjoining box. Finally the friend, who was an exceedingly temperamental fellow, could stand it no longer.

"Good Lord, Barrie," he exclaimed earnestly, "this will ruin your play! Why don't you settle matters yourself? You could if you only would."

Barrie shook his head gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye. "No, Bill," he replied, "the Lord made only one man who could ever manage the sun and the moon, and you remember even he let the stars alone."

A LITTLE boy of seven was being scolded in a room adjoining one in which his grandma lay ill. He motioned toward grandma's room and quietly said, "Sh—! it's too much for her; it'll wear her out."

Later, grandma thanked him for his consideration, whereupon he replied, "Don't mention it, gran; that was fifty-fifty—part for you and part for me."

ONE evening a panhandler sidled up to William Collier as the player was walking around to the theatre, and addressed him thus:

"Sir, I began life poor and in hard luck. I——"

"Don't say anything more, my man," interrupted Collier, as he slipped the man a quarter. "It's worth money to learn how well you have held your own."

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